Collier's

JANUARY 29, 1944

TEN CENTS

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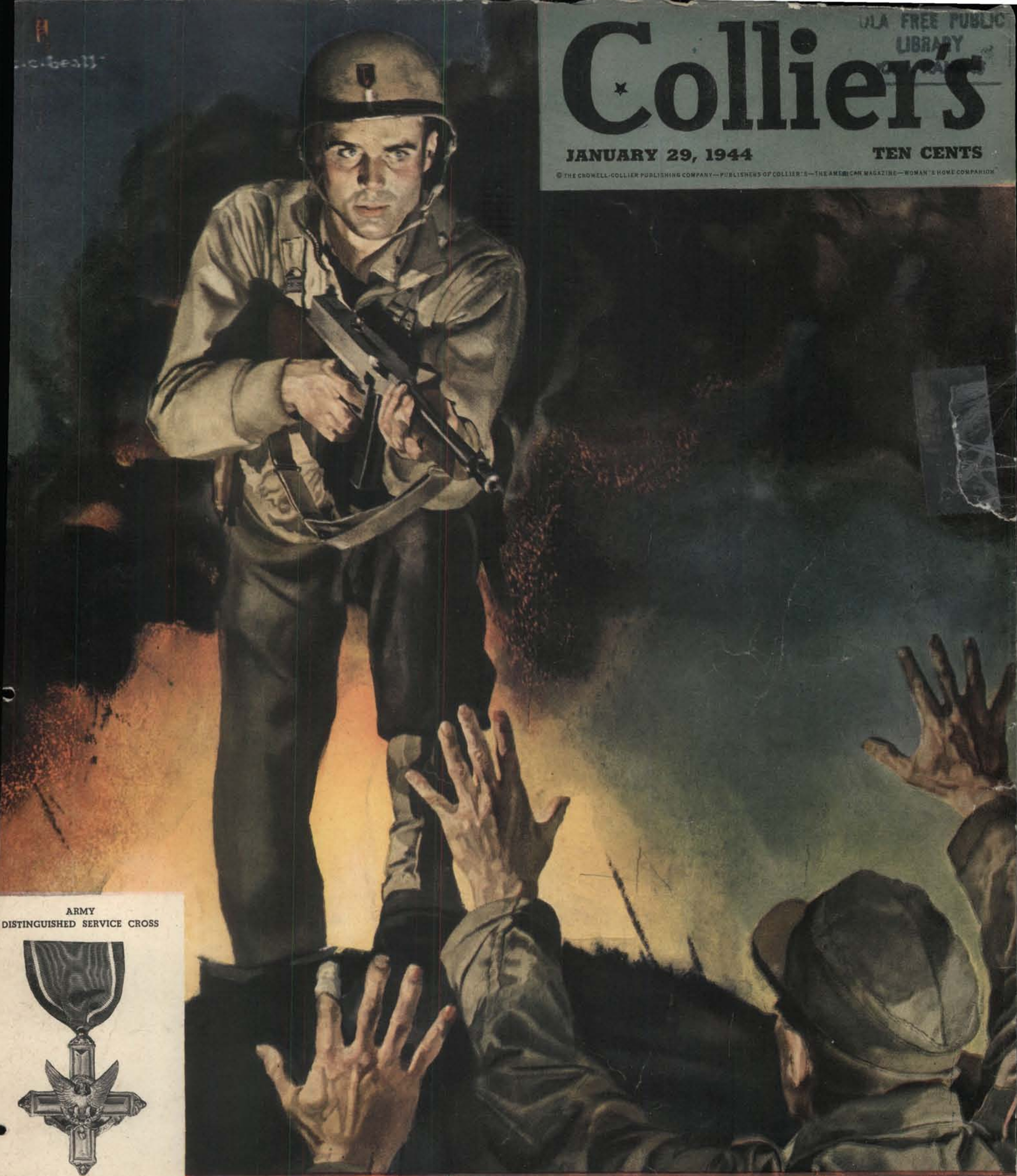

ARMY
DISTINGUISHED SERVICE CROSS

AWARDED TO
CAPTAIN
RICHARD LEWIS HARRIS
ACTION AT MATEUR
April 30, 1943
See page 16

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA

BY DONALD NE

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Jan. 29, 44

PRESCRIPTIONS

He's Helped You Many Times...

Now Your Druggist Needs Your Help

You haven't heard them complaining . . . but druggists are on a spot. The armed services are calling thousands of pharmacists—those left are working long hours serving the home front. Supplies are limited; manpower is scarce.

Remember how your druggist has helped you? Now you can help him in these ways—

PRESCRIPTIONS

1. WHEN FILLING PRESCRIPTIONS, allow as much time as you can. Don't say it's RUSH unless you actually need it immediately.

2. SHOP DURING THE DAY and *early* evening. Many stores must close earlier for lack of trained men and women.

3. DON'T BLAME YOUR DRUGGIST when he's "out" of something. Many products are limited. Leave your order to be filled later.

4. SHOP IN PERSON WHENEVER POSSIBLE and carry your packages. Help your druggist reserve delivery for emergencies, when a life may be at stake.

5. DON'T FORGET YOUR EMPTY TUBES. Salvage of many materials today is as vital as new production. Paper particularly is scarce . . . carry anything you can unwrapped.

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..TOMORROW'S PACKAGES
... HERE *Today!*

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OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO—DEVELOPERS OF Duraglas THE IMPROVED TECHNIQUE FOR MAKING GLASS CONTAINERS

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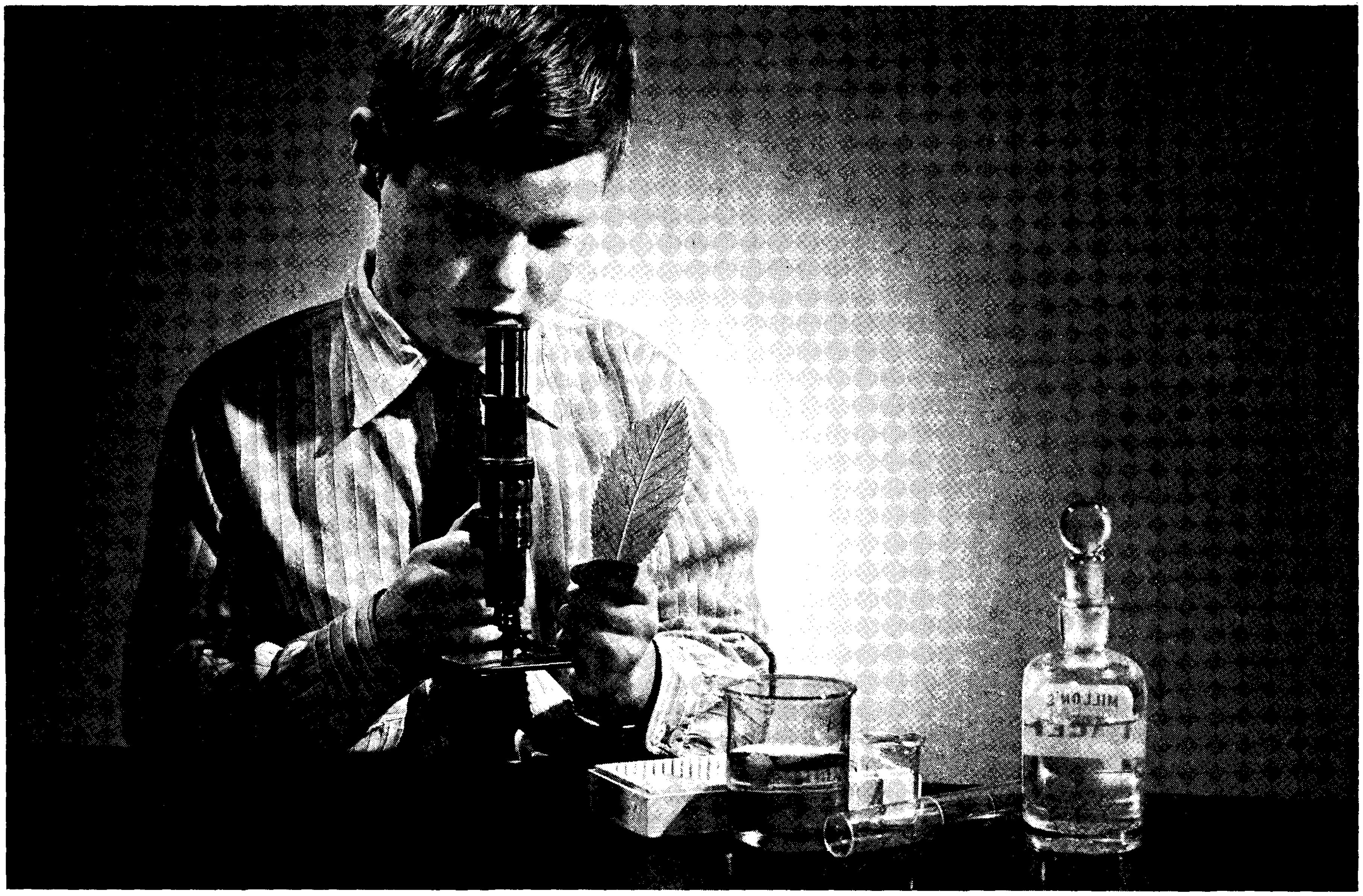
A Boy Lifts the Curtain On the Universe about Him.

In such Inquisitive Minds Lies Assurance for the Future.



And we see This Boy a Man—Intelligent and Smiling—with a Smile that owes much to His Lifelong Use of Ipana and Massage.

FOLLOW YOUR HOBBY, SON! Discover the secrets and the wonders of nature! Yours are the pliant mind and the questioning spirit of youth—youth that will meet its destiny prepared and confident and *smiling.*

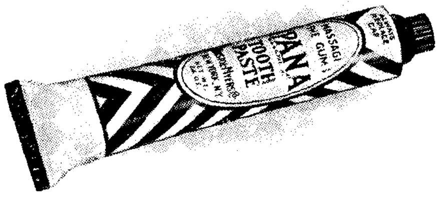
Yes—*smiling!* For even his smile has the best of care. In classrooms today, all over these United States, thousands of youngsters are being taught an important lesson of dental health—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans already know that today's foods are often soft and creamy—deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know that's why our gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their weakness with a tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" is a Warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may simply say that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. So let the regular dental health routine of Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums, a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

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Frederick Stock, some months before his death, conducted the Chicago Symphony Orchestra in a Victor recording of the Chausson Symphony in B Flat Major—a performance so breathtaking that the album is now issued as a memorial to his genius.
Album DM-950 (or M-950)..$4.50*

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Roumanian Rhapsody No. 1—Enesco. Arthur Whittemore and Jack Lowe, Duo-Pianists.
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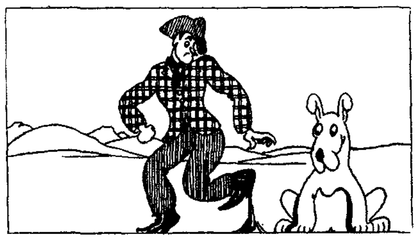
ANY WEEK

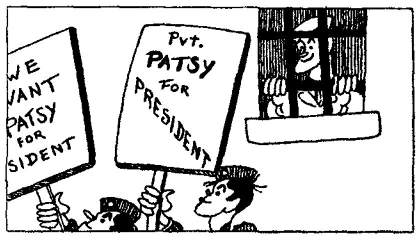
TIME was when writers of letters to this column were pretty well united in their theses. We were a tool of Wall Street. Or we were godless. Or this magazine had insulted their intelligence. Or Collier's was the greatest of all publications. There would be weeks when our correspondents had no other desire than to march on these offices with clenched fists and dynamite—the former for us and the latter for the building. And there were weeks when our correspondents were almost as one in covering us with scorn for some handsome opinion we had launched. But a lack of concentration is general today.



FOR EXAMPLE, Mr. Brian Boru Dunne of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has discovered a dog who chews gum just as you do. When this dog is through with his gum, he spits it out exactly where Mr. Dunne will step on it. Mr. Dunne is using this fact to emphasize the splendors of New Mexico. And Mr. Joseph O. Melt of Lawrence, Kansas, reports that Mrs. Lizzie Mae Lily has had her tongue frostbitten, and the young folks of thereabouts are taking advantage of Mrs. Lily's enforced silence which, her doctor says, will last for at least a month. A lot of our readers are telling us that on our cover for October 9th was the news that "Beginning This Week Nobody Lives Forever." Rita E. Sargent thinks that perhaps it's just as well.

BUT just why Mr. Alvin Goldstein, personnel officer for the Brewster Aeronautical Corporation sends us formal advice that "Toots O'Malley has terminated his services with this corporation as of December 12, 1943," we are having some trouble understanding. All we have to say is that we hope the Brewster people know what they're doing. Miss Eugenia Marett of Sandusky, Ohio, wants to know, "How many different kinds of vitamin pills do you have to take before you get a buzzing in the ears?" And Mrs. Jennie Dumpfrow of Brownsville, Maine, sends a post card on which she has written: "You don't have to be crazy to live up here in the winter but it helps some."

THAT gives you the idea. Naturally there's nothing we can do about it. Not that we want to. And yet it's nice, somehow, to know that the old booster spirit is reviving in the great ebullient state of California. Mr. Ray I. Smith of Long Beach insists that we broadcast an ad from the Long Beach Independent, asking us to be sure to attribute it to California's whisker-encouraging sunshine: "Iowa Barber Shop—Seven A. M. to eight P. M. Catering to children under twelve. Shaves 35 cents." And from Hollywood Mr. Edwin V. Westrate sends us a clipping from the Lawton (Oklahoma) Constitution showing just what's going on in Judge Toby Morris' District Court: "Lee Adams, Negro, charged with murder, failed to make an appearance because of the cotton-picking season, but his attorney stated that he would be present for trial later."



ABOUT the nearest we can come this week to dragging the martial spirit into this column is a letter from Pvt. Patsy Tessalino who has just emerged from the guardhouse after a ten-day stretch for some doubtless heinous crime which he fails to identify. "While doing my time," writes Pvt. Tessalino, "I get a chance to read the paper. I see where a guy who is in the Army can run for office. Does this mean any dogface or is it just the stars? I am born in this country and would like to run. Even Vice-President. Who is this

(Continued on page 57)

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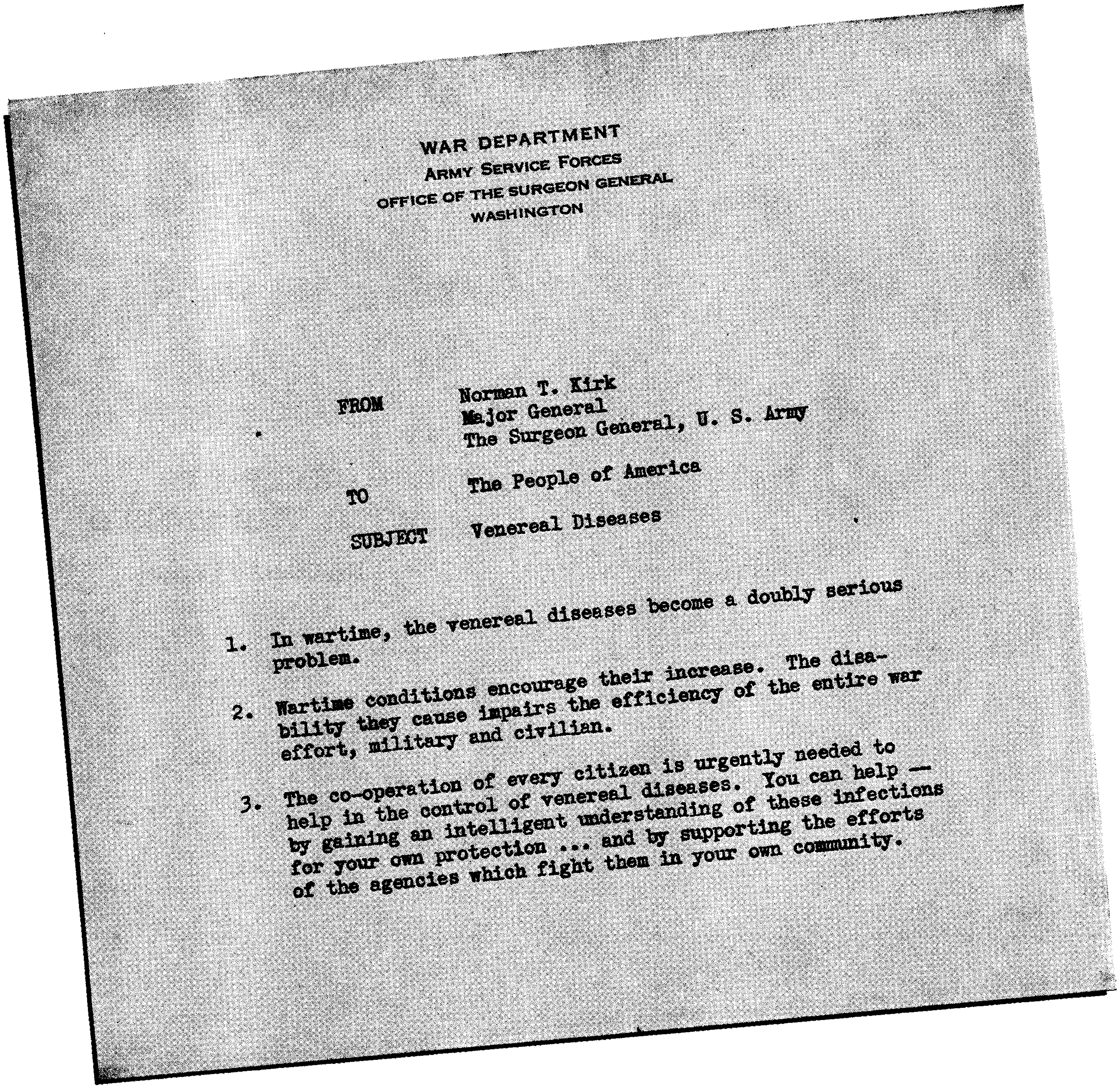

WAR DEPARTMENT
ARMY SERVICE FORCES
OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL
WASHINGTON

FROM Norman T. Kirk
Major General
The Surgeon General, U. S. Army

TO The People of America

SUBJECT Venereal Diseases

1. In wartime, the venereal diseases become a doubly serious problem.

2. Wartime conditions encourage their increase. The disability they cause impairs the efficiency of the entire war effort, military and civilian.

3. The co-operation of every citizen is urgently needed to help in the control of venereal diseases. You can help — by gaining an intelligent understanding of these infections for your own protection ... and by supporting the efforts of the agencies which fight them in your own community.

DO YOU KNOW THESE FACTS?

Syphilis is Dangerous! It is a contagious disease and may be contracted innocently.

If untreated, it can destroy health and mind. It can wreck marriages. It can cause disability among productive workers. Early symptoms may disappear, deceiving the victim into neglecting medical care. Then, sometimes years later, syphilis strikes.

Syphilis is Curable! The first step toward cure is the guidance of a reputable physician. Prompt, regular treatment cures most cases. *Delay reduces the chance of cure . . . self-treatment is worse than no treatment.* Medical science is continually searching for improved methods of treatment. Just now, its attention is directed toward ways of safely shortening the period of treatment. Meanwhile, it is advisable to continue treatment over the longer period which is known to give excellent results.

"The Facts About Syphilis" is the title of a free booklet which Metropolitan will gladly send you upon request.

Eighth National Social Hygiene Day is being observed on Wednesday, February 2, 1944. The American Social Hygiene Association Headquarters, 1790 Broadway, New York 19, New York, will gladly send you literature and full particulars.

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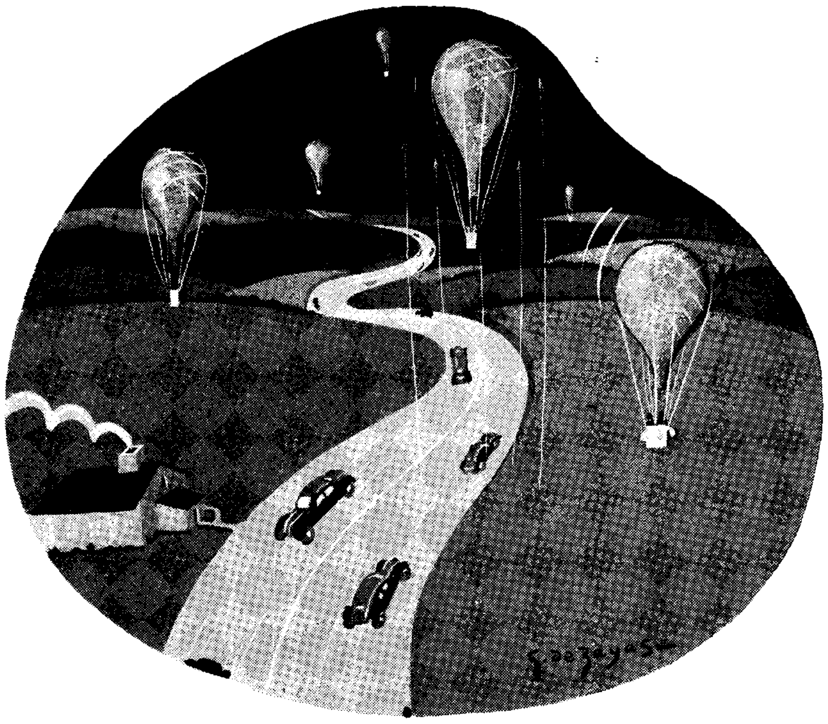


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

The Navy's balloons, in which future blimp navigators are taught free ballooning, are so sensitive to vertical air currents that those reflected from a concrete road, on a still day, will cause a balloon, even at an altitude of 1,000 feet, to go up and over the highway as though jumping a hurdle.

A current checkup shows that, of the 153 personal names mentioned in the Bible, 26 of the 30 feminine and 86 of the 123 masculine names are still in use today.

In the Russian language, the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics is spelled Soyuz Sovetskikh Sotsialisticheskikh Respublik. But because in the Russian alphabet the letters C and P stand respectively for the English letters S and R, the initials for that country in its own language are CCCP, the equivalent of our USSR.

Between 1923 and 1938, the Dutch geodesist, Vening Meinesz, using his own invention, the first apparatus that accurately measured gravity at sea, determined the acceleration of gravity at more than 1,000 points in the Atlantic, Pacific and Indian oceans. The work was done from a submarine at a depth where the wave motion was too slight to interfere with his equipment.

Because the law requires a person to have and use only one given name, a middle name has no importance in a court action. Therefore, its insertion, omission or incorrect spelling in legal papers is immaterial.

In Portland, Oregon, a shipyard that builds lighters for the Navy now names these boats for its employees holding plant records.

Madame Tussaud's famous waxworks in London put on display a correctly dressed effigy of Rudolph Hess four hours after he landed in Scotland in May, 1941.

During the past 15 years, virtually the entire orchestrations of nine out of every ten successful musical comedies that played on Broadway have been written by a team of three men —Don Walker, Hans Spialek and Robert Russell Bennett. Usually starting with only the composer's harmonized lead sheets, they require approximately two weeks to finish a complete score, which contains some 400,000 notes and costs the producer about $6,000.

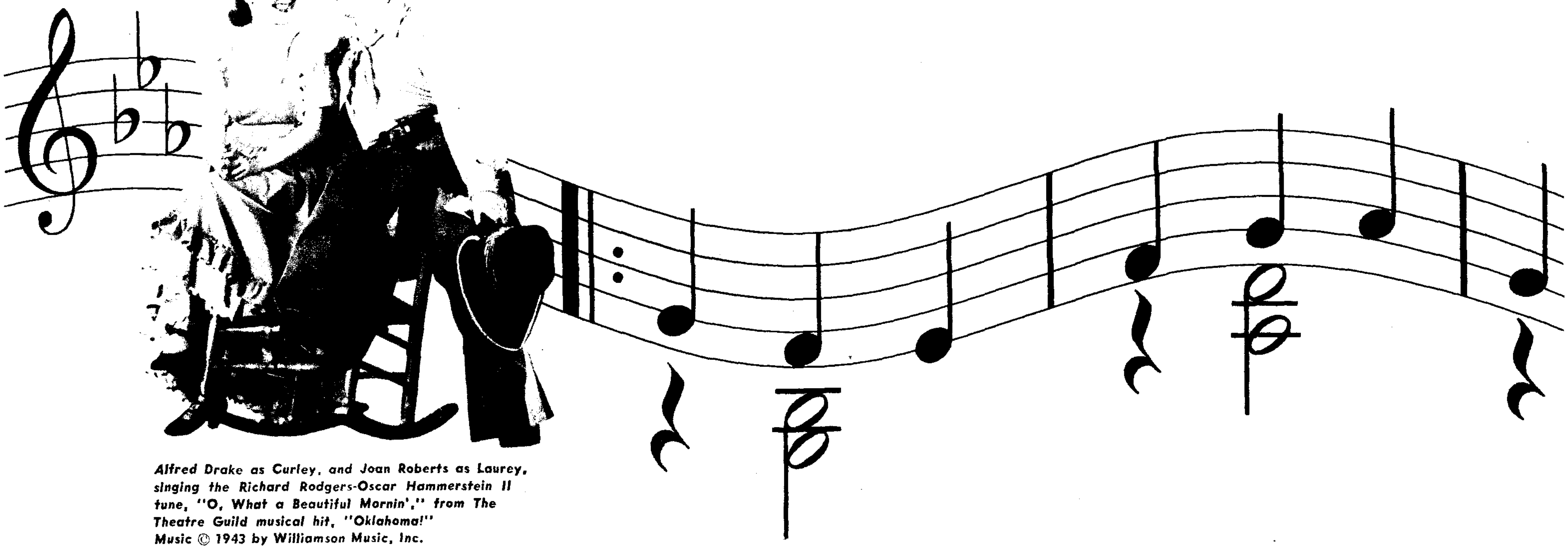
While inmates of prisons in many states are paid nothing for their productive work, prisoners in some federal penitentiaries receive as much as $1.50 a day with overtime and double time compensation for their labor.

Between March, 1942, and December, 1943, 3,000 old brands of whisky were replaced with 3,000 new and differently priced ones, under an OPA regulation that allowed manufacturers, putting a new product or brand on the market, to give it the ceiling price of the "commodity most nearly like it."

To prevent any Nazi warship from getting very far from its present base on a raiding expedition, planes of the Royal Air Force make daily an aerial photograph of each one in every German and German-controlled port. In fact, both morning and afternoon photographs of the Admiral Scheer in Hamburg harbor are taken so they may be studied for signs of steam or other indications of the ship's early departure.

Of the 10,000,000 Americans who are unable to vote because of poll taxes, at least 6,000,000 are white citizens.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



Alfred Drake as Curley, and Joan Roberts as Laurey, singing the Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein II tune, "O, What a Beautiful Mornin'," from The Theatre Guild musical hit, "Oklahoma!" Music © 1943 by Williamson Music, Inc.

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FM (Frequency Modulation) is an entirely new kind of radio. On conventional radio, notes literally "get lost" on the way from studio to your home. You hear only a *third* of the notes it is possible to hear.

But an FM radio receives *all* the notes — high, middle, low in all their original clarity — *plus* the overtones that give music its color and beauty!

In a Chicago demonstration, a violinist stood near an FM radio receiver, though hidden from the audience. Over the radio came a violin solo. Suddenly, the radio was turned off. The violinist on the stage instantly took up the melody. So realistic was the glorious FM tone that the audience did not realize what had happened!

Your General Electric radio tomorrow will be FM at its finest. For your selection, G.E. will offer radio-phonographs, table models, and a new self-charging portable with its own built-in storage battery and charger — all at modest prices.

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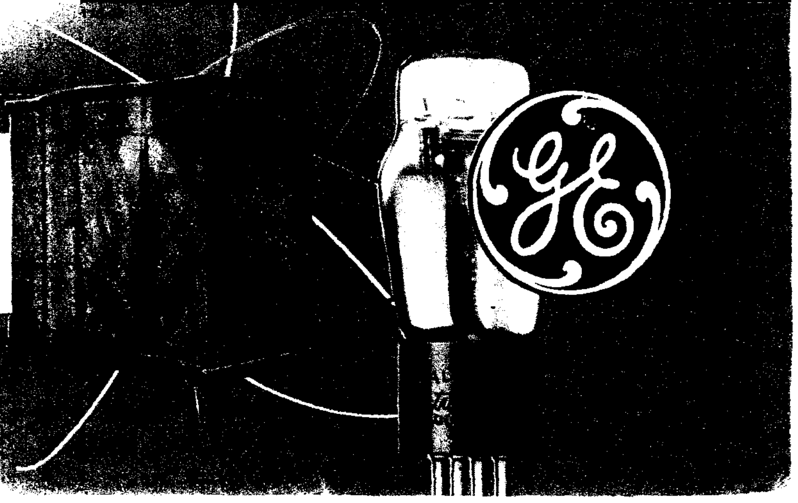
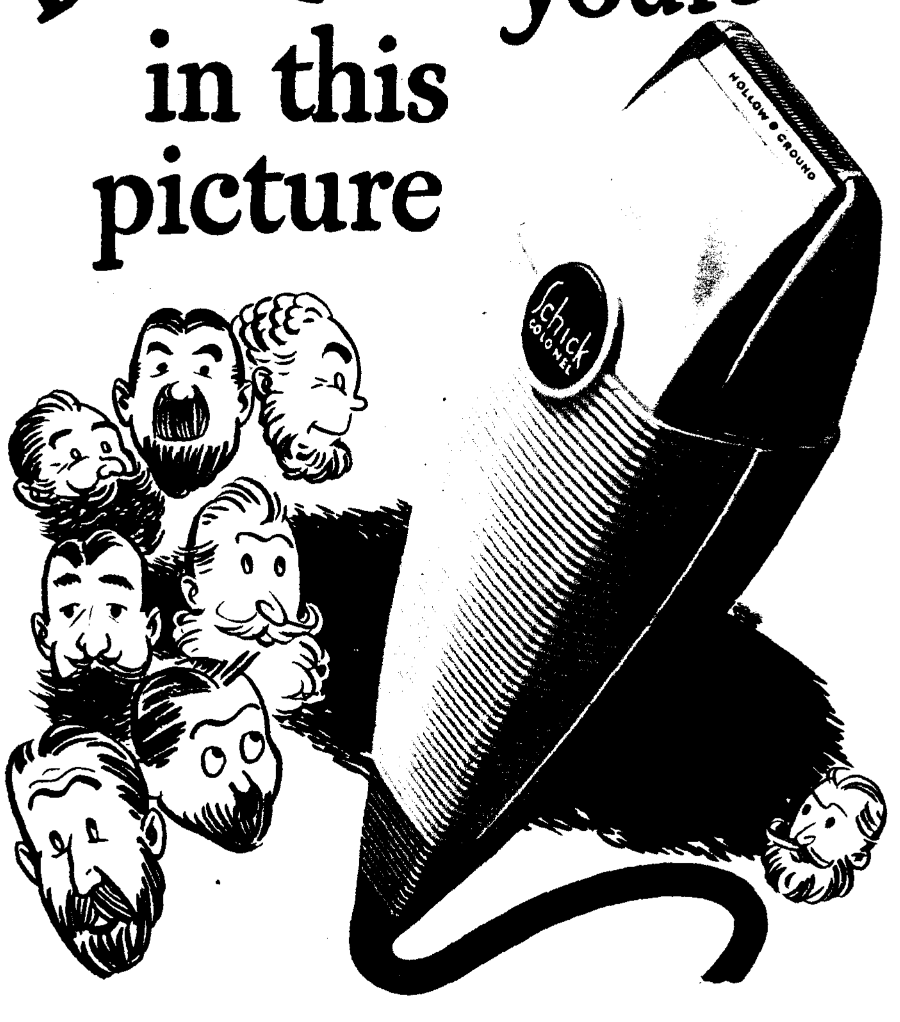


Don't put yourself in this picture



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*Slightly higher in Canada

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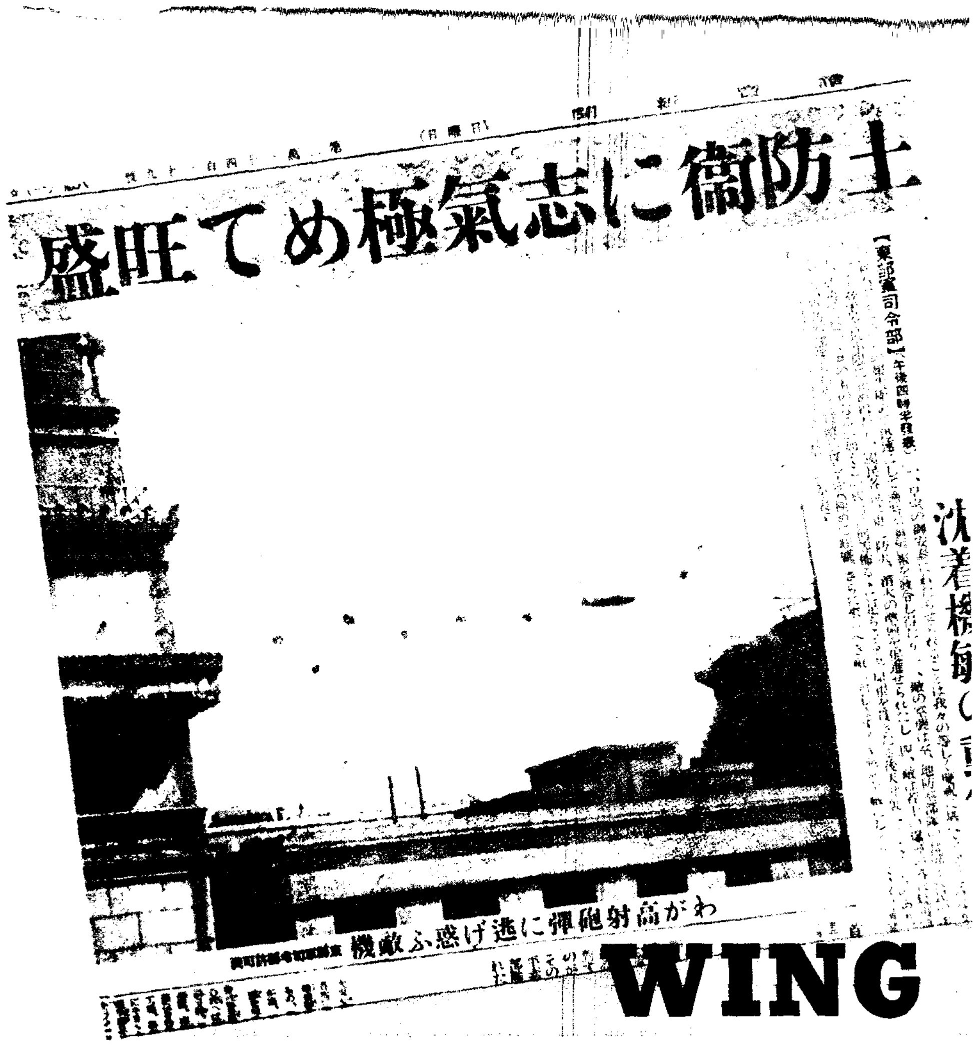


Robert Bellaire saw this through a barred window. Jap paper headlined it as "Home Defense Morale High," with "enemy plane running away"

WING TALK

THROUGH the heavily barred window of my cell in a Tokyo concentration camp, I was watching Japanese fighter planes engaged in mock dogfights 10,000 feet over the capital. The day was bright and clear—ideal for such maneuvers.

In the distance, half a dozen barrage balloons were being lazily raised and lowered over the vital Kawasaki war-plant district. I knew the Japs could put twenty balloons up over that area *if* they wanted to.

I could count about thirty of those fighter planes, diving, rolling and looping, but they were constantly coming and going. Probably there were more than a hundred of them over the entire city.

"You monkeys might as well come down and save the gas," I mumbled at them. "Someday the job you'll have on your bloody hands up there will be too hot for you to handle, anyway."

That's the way a war prisoner's mind fights to cling to sanity. Defy the hopeless doom of the present and invest endless blind faith in the future.

An Unwitting Prediction

"You won't be any help, either," I sneered at three bombers which suddenly appeared over the near horizon, flying straight at me and only fifty feet off the ground. But immediately it occurred to me that this was something new in Japanese bombing technique. I had watched the Japanese air force in action in China for four years, sometimes flying with them, but more often being on the receiving end. I had also studied their bomber maneuvers for many months in Japan, but never before had I seen them use or practice the low-flying "rooftop" attack.

Suddenly the three bombers broke formation. The plane on the left banked steeply and headed for the heart of the capital where Emperor Hirohito was witnessing the air maneuvers from the Imperial Palace gardens.

Before I could believe what my eyes told me as that bomber banked, someone shouted, "Those are American planes!" There on that bomber, for all Japan to see, was the American emblem! America! Now so close to us, and yet so desperately far.

I am within fifty feet of freedom—fifty hopeless feet, I thought, as the other two bombers roared overhead and disappeared beyond the prison roof.

I prayed for that plane streaking toward the center of the capital. I wanted to warn those boys that scores of antiaircraft guns had been waiting patiently there for them for months, but none of those guns fired. There was no urgent air-raid alarm, and the Jap fighter planes overhead still aimlessly pursued one another for the emperor. I could see only four barrage balloons in the sky now.

Camouflage Did the Trick

Then everything happened at once. Sirens shrieked. Barrage balloons began to go up all around us. The Rising Sun fighter planes suddenly leveled off and maneuvered into squadron formations as the fantastic news, "Enemy planes over Tokyo," flashed over their radios.

But still the Japs flew about blindly. They couldn't see the American bombers below them. The Japanese said later that the upper surfaces of our bombers had been so cleverly camouflaged to blend with the colors of Tokyo's rooftops that it was almost impossible to spot them from above.

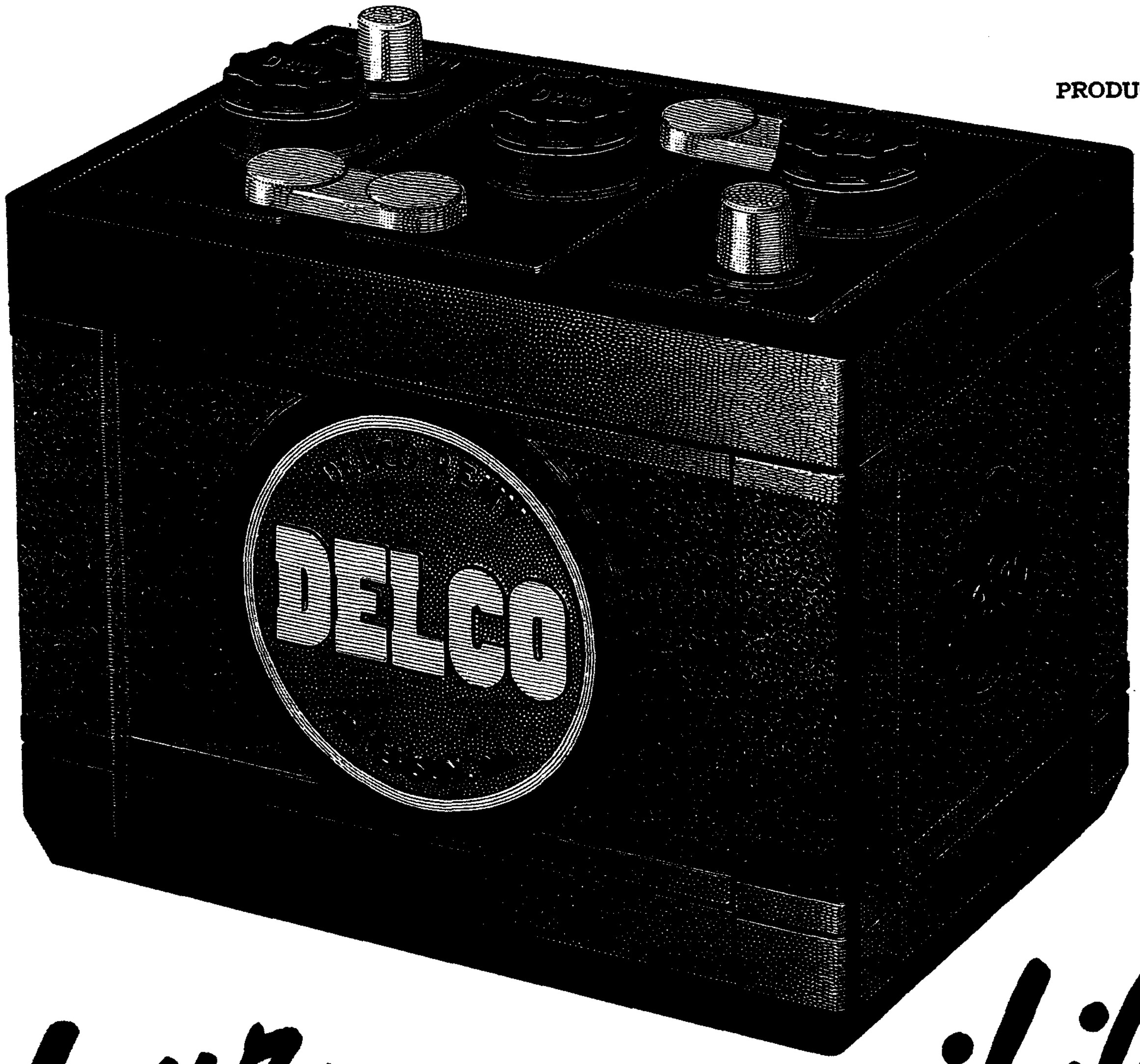
Below me, I saw one of our guards don his steel helmet and run into his sentry box. Apparently he hoped that flimsy wooden hut would lend him added protection.

I could hear some American prisoners yelling: *"Give us hell, boys! Give us hell!"*

That was what all of us wanted, but that wasn't what we got right then. The bomber I had been watching suddenly was engulfed by a dozen black puffs of deadly antiaircraft fire. The heavy plane rocked crazily, zoomed upward several hundred

(Continued on page 41)

PRODUCT OF DELCO-REMY



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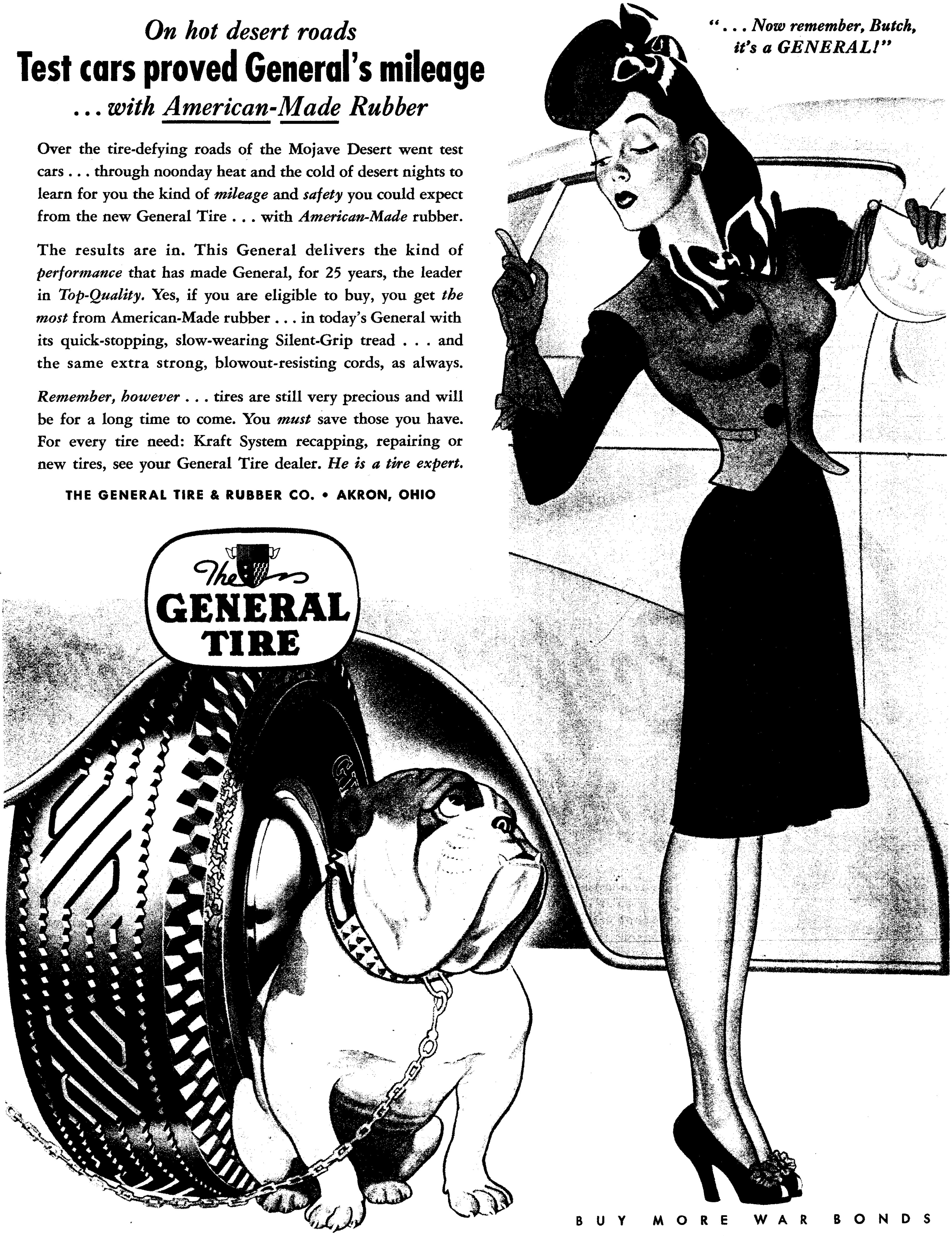
". . . Now remember, Butch, it's a GENERAL!"
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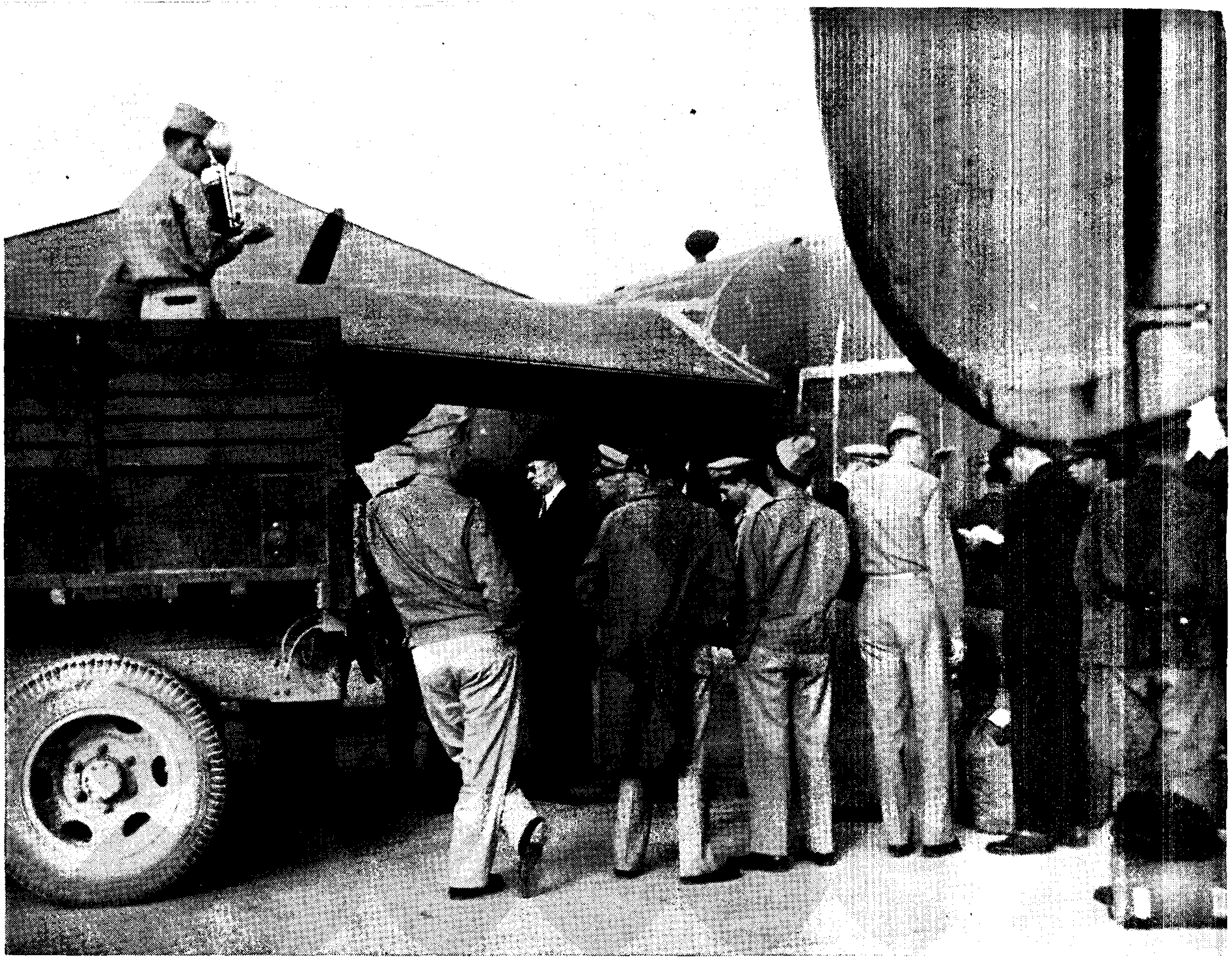
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JANUARY 29, 1944

WHAT I SAW IN RUSSIA

BY DONALD M. NELSON
CHAIRMAN, WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

Our War Production Board chief thinks we ought to become economic partners with the Soviets and he has arguments to back up his opinion



In Iran, Donald Nelson boards a plane for Russia, where he made the eye-opening study of Soviet industry that he tells you about here

IT IS all very well for us to congratulate Russia—and incidentally ourselves—that her armies are crushing Hitler's. Don't make the sorry mistake of thinking that when this war ends, Russia's place in this world of ours will be what it was before the Nazi committed his dismal strategical blunder of invading her.

Russia is no longer the massive, groping nation of our prewar world, fumbling at industry, suspicious of all beyond her borders, a dark threat to our democratic forms, our moral and religious standards. If we are going to fall back upon our old prejudices, the Russia that emerges from this war will smile—perhaps in pity—but will not hesitate for a moment in her steady march into the front rank of the world's industry.

In spite of the doubts of those whose prejudices rule them, we have long since recognized the U.S.S.R. as a sovereign nation. She has forced even the bitterest early skeptics (among them many of Britain's and our own foremost military minds) to recognize the devastating power of her arms. And yet, until very recently, we seemed to be satisfied with all but complete ignorance of her potential industrial greatness. As an American industrialist and the head of our War Production Board, I probably should have known better; but I have come home from Russia convinced by what I saw that I had not been wholly aware of Russia's industrial trend.

This new Russia, born in the closing days of the first World War, is planning to produce what we call "consumer goods" on a vast scale, in order to raise the living standards of 180,000,000 self-sacrificing people. But her present output of consumer goods is so small, and her internal needs are so great that she has no interest in competing in world industrial markets.

In Russia, the competitive industrial spirit is alive, but it has turned upward. It reveals itself in contests for improved production. You find it today in factories which of necessity have been forced to make munitions rather than the goods of peace.

Among these war plants are the keenest of industrial competitions, in which the Russians take a fierce joy. Even departments of the same plant vie with one another to show the best production records and win citations and prizes.

Russia is not a competitor of America, but she can develop into an excellent source of business for America. Some Russians, like some Americans, have not yet learned to accept this fact. One Russian asked me whether I didn't think it might be difficult for my country and his to do business after the war.

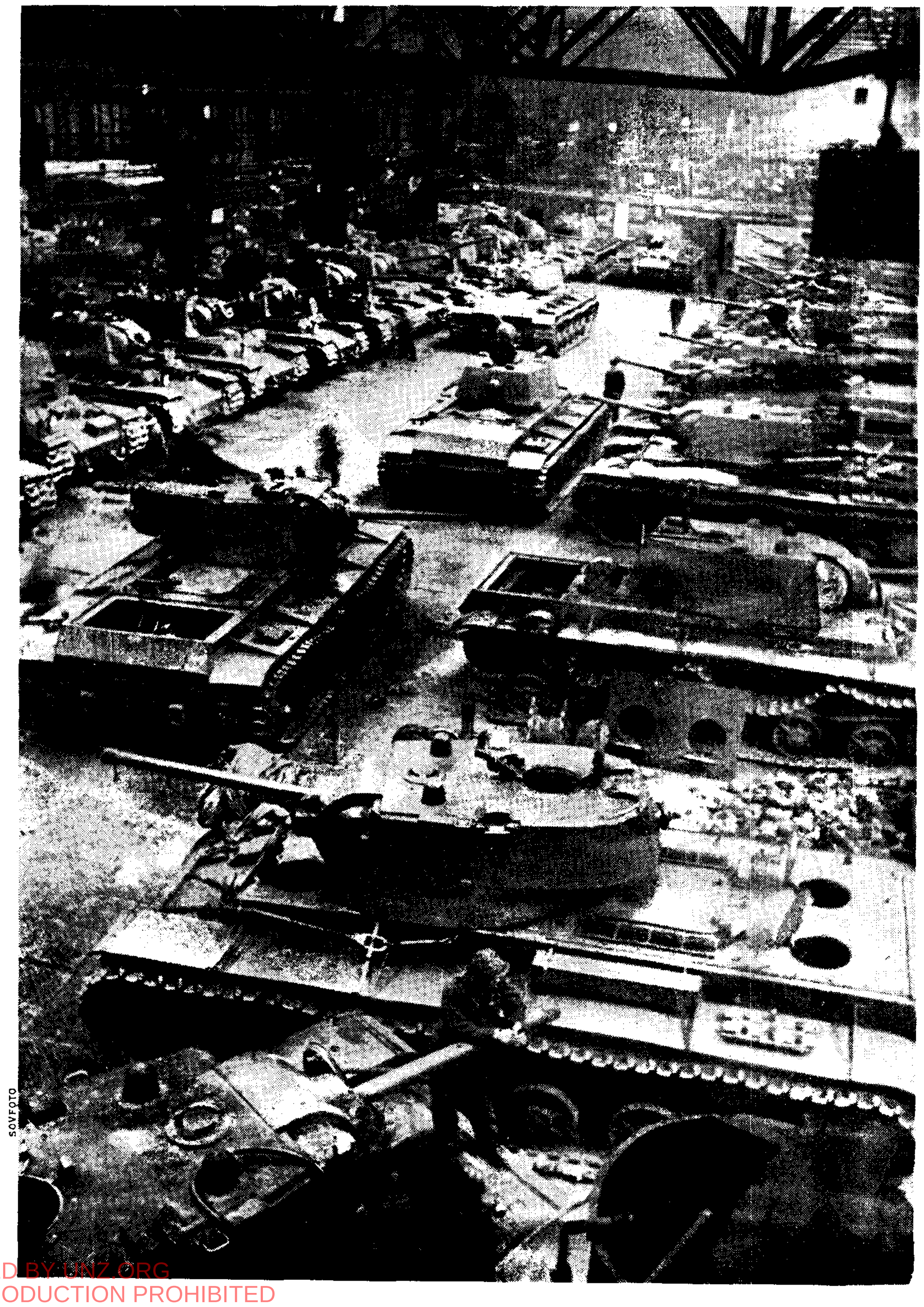
"After all," he said, with a smile, "yours is a capitalist country and ours is a socialist country."

I answered, "Yes. But aren't we both interested in the same thing—raising the standard of living and the prosperity of our countries? You do it your way. We'll do it our way. Let's have one of your production competitions, and we'll see who does it better."

He liked that answer—took to the idea at once—and repeated it to everybody within hearing.

This war is teaching Russia the science of mass production. But she has gone further than merely to take American mass-production formulas. She has done more than adapt those formulas to her own machines, to the temperament of her own workers. I saw in Russia production lines which stemmed from original Russian ideas, some of which we might copy with profit.

(Continued on page 68)



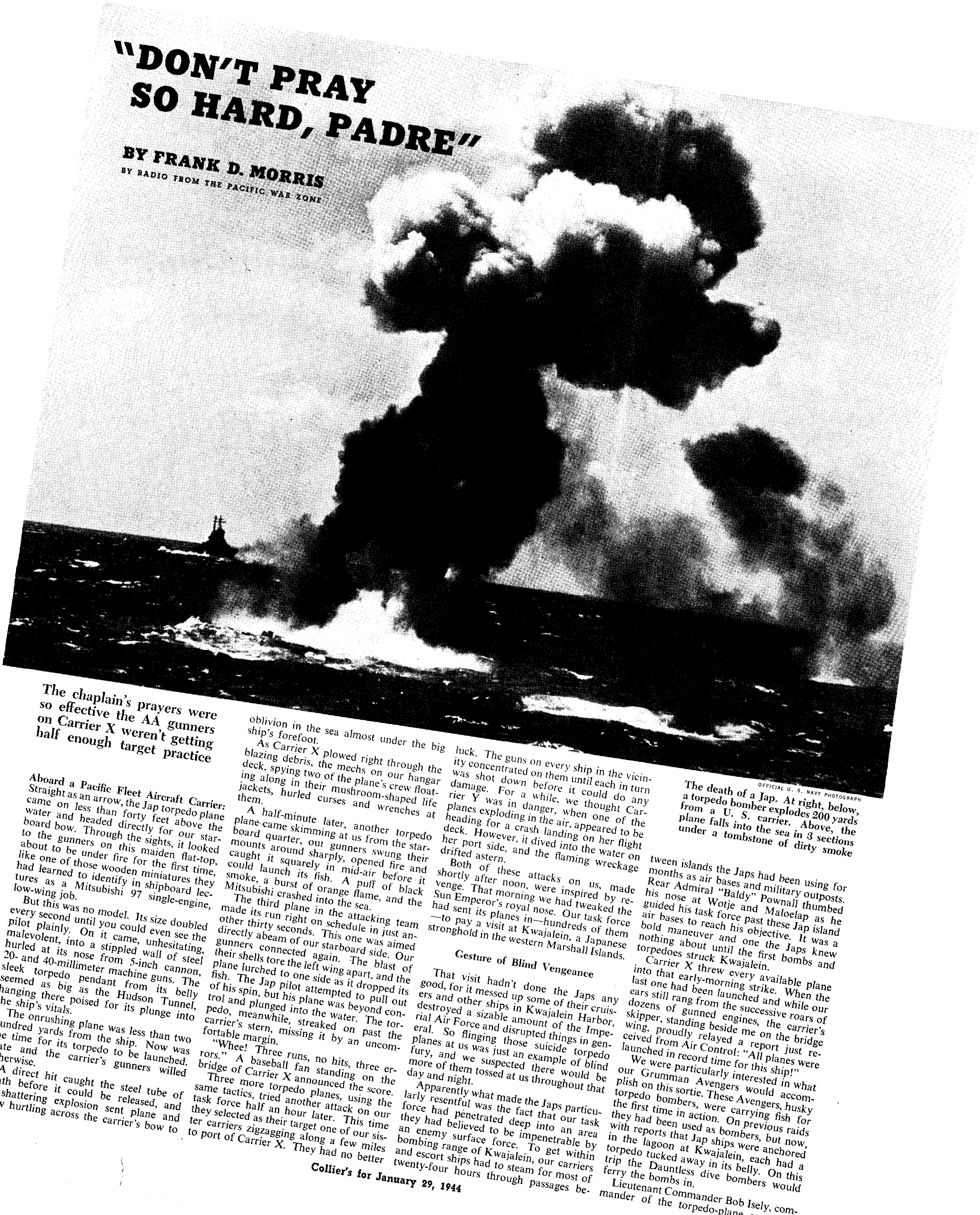
Mass production, Soviet style. In this tank factory all parts are made and assembled under one roof. Bombs may knock it out but tank production doesn't stop; other factories are not dependent on this one for parts

SOVFOTO

"DON'T PRAY SO HARD, PADRE"

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

BY RADIO FROM THE PACIFIC WAR ZONE



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

The death of a Jap. At right, below, a torpedo bomber explodes 200 yards from a U. S. carrier. Above, the plane falls into the sea in 3 sections under a tombstone of dirty smoke

The chaplain's prayers were so effective the AA gunners on Carrier X weren't getting half enough target practice

Aboard a Pacific Fleet Aircraft Carrier: Straight as an arrow, the Jap torpedo plane came on less than forty feet above the water and headed directly for our starboard bow. Through the sights, it looked to the gunners on this maiden flat-top, about to be under fire for the first time, like one of those wooden miniatures they had learned to identify in shipboard lectures as a Mitsubishi 97 single-engine, low-wing job.

But this was no model. Its size doubled every second until you could even see the pilot plainly. On it came, unhesitating, malevolent, into a stippled wall of steel hurled at its nose from 5-inch cannon, 20- and 40-millimeter machine guns. The sleek torpedo pendant from its belly seemed as big as the Hudson Tunnel, hanging there poised for its plunge into the ship's vitals.

The onrushing plane was less than two hundred yards from the ship. Now was the time for its torpedo to be launched. Fate and the carrier's gunners willed otherwise.

A direct hit caught the steel tube of death before it could be released, and its shattering explosion sent plane and crew hurtling across the carrier's bow to oblivion in the sea almost under the big ship's forefoot.

As Carrier X plowed right through the blazing debris, the mechs on our hangar deck, spying two of the plane's crew floating along in their mushroom-shaped life jackets, hurled curses and wrenches at them.

A half-minute later, another torpedo plane came skimming at us from the starboard quarter, our gunners swung their mounts around sharply, opened fire and caught it squarely in mid-air before it could launch its fish. A puff of black smoke, a burst of orange flame, and the Mitsubishi crashed into the sea.

The third plane in the attacking team made its run right on schedule in just another thirty seconds. This one was aimed directly abeam of our starboard side. Our gunners connected again. The blast of their shells tore the left wing apart, and the plane lurched to one side as it dropped its fish. The Jap pilot attempted to pull out of his spin, but his plane was beyond control and plunged into the water. The torpedo, meanwhile, streaked on past the carrier's stern, missing it by an uncomfortable margin.

"Whee! Three runs, no hits, three errors." A baseball fan standing on the bridge of Carrier X announced the score.

Three more torpedo planes, using the same tactics, tried another attack on our task force half an hour later. This time they selected as their target one of our sister carriers zigzagging along a few miles to port of Carrier X. They had no better luck. The guns on every ship in the vicinity concentrated on them until each in turn was shot down before it could do any damage. For a while, we thought Carrier Y was in danger, when one of the planes exploding in the air, appeared to be heading for a crash landing on her flight deck. However, it dived into the water on her port side, and the flaming wreckage drifted astern.

Both of these attacks on us, made shortly after noon, were inspired by revenge. That morning we had tweaked the Sun Emperor's royal nose. Our task force had sent its planes in—hundreds of them—to pay a visit at Kwajalein, a Japanese stronghold in the western Marshall Islands.

Gesture of Blind Vengeance

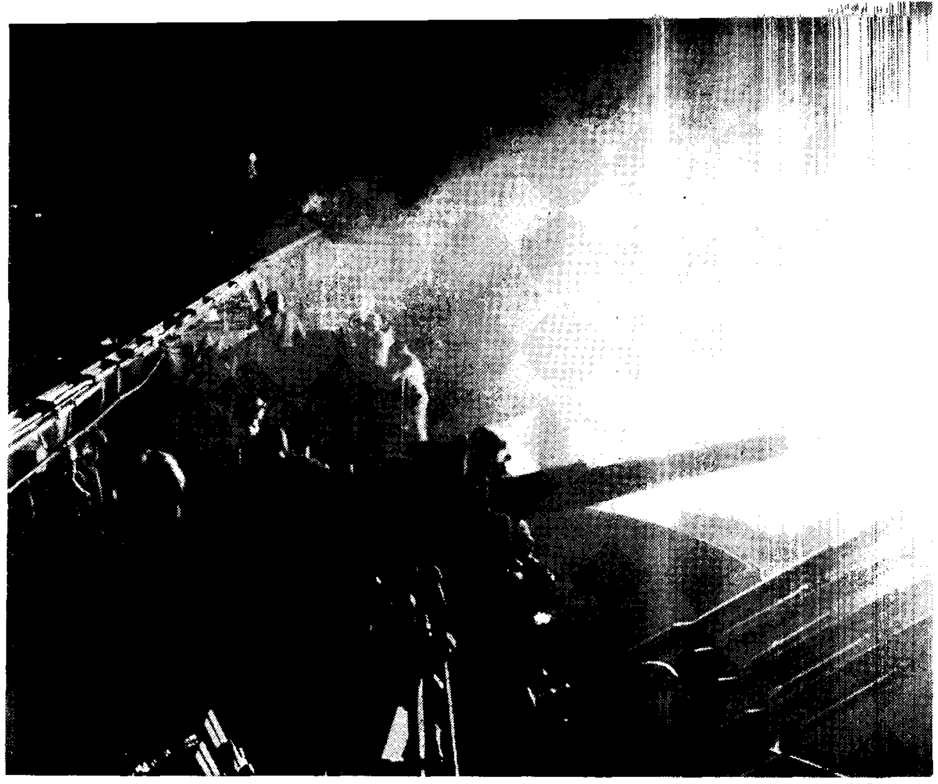
That visit hadn't done the Japs any good, for it messed up some of their cruisers and other ships in Kwajalein Harbor, destroyed a sizable amount of the Imperial Air Force and disrupted things in general. So flinging those suicide torpedo planes at us was just an example of blind fury, and we suspected there would be more of them tossed at us throughout that day and night.

Apparently what made the Japs particularly resentful was the fact that our task force had penetrated deep into an area they had believed to be impenetrable by an enemy surface force. To get within bombing range of Kwajalein, our carriers and escort ships had to steam for most of twenty-four hours through passages between islands the Japs had been using for months as air bases and military outposts. Rear Admiral "Baldy" Pownall thumbed his nose at Wotje and Maloelap as he guided his task force past these Jap island air bases to reach his objective. It was a bold maneuver and one the Japs knew nothing about until the first bombs and torpedoes struck Kwajalein.

Carrier X threw every available plane into that early-morning strike. When the last one had been launched and while our ears still rang from the successive roars of dozens of gunned engines, the carrier's skipper, standing beside me on the bridge wing, proudly relayed a report just received from Air Control: "All planes were launched in record time for this ship!"

We were particularly interested in what our Grumman Avengers would accomplish on this sortie. These Avengers, husky torpedo bombers, were carrying fish for the first time in action. On previous raids they had been used as bombers, but now, with reports that Jap ships were anchored in the lagoon at Kwajalein, each had a torpedo tucked away in its belly. On this trip the Dauntless dive bombers would ferry the bombs in.

Lieutenant Commander Bob Isely, commander of the torpedo-plane squadron,



ACME

When the moon came up that night, so did the Japs. A Marine crew fires a big dual-purpose gun aboard Carrier X. Entire U. S. task force escaped unharmed

ACME

Those Bofors gunners complained that when the chaplain prayed the Japs never got close enough for our boys to take a whack at them. They're not beefing now

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

led this attack. Months earlier, practice torpedo runs in sheltered waters against simulated targets had made Bob and his pilots eager to try the real thing. Here was their chance.

Arriving over the atoll, Bob saw two Jap ships anchored in the lagoon, a cruiser and a cargo ship. The Avenger pilots flying behind him in three divisions were given their orders, and Bob himself led the first group in. They made their runs on a light cruiser, guiding their bulky, slow torpedo planes low over the water to get into position for launching.

Hitting the Jack Pot

Ironically, Bob didn't get a hit, but one of his teammates, Lieutenant (jg) Ternaski, plunked a torpedo into the stern of the cruiser on its starboard side, and a few seconds later, Lieutenant Bowen scored a bull's-eye on the starboard beam. The crippled ship's crew made a frantic effort to get her under way, but the only result was a slow circling to the right, which meant that her steering control had been knocked out. A widening oil slick, trailing astern, testified to the accuracy of our torpedo pilots' aim.

Our dive bombers had started to work on the ships in the lagoon, and a large cargo vessel was blazing merrily as a result of their hits, when our second division torpedo planes came in for the kill. Two torpedoes they dropped found their way home, burrowing into one side of the 10,000-ton Jap auxiliary, believed to be an ammunition ship, and starting a new series of explosions and fires.

Their culmination was one terrific blast that sent smoke, debris and flame leaping two miles into the air. What remained of the ship sank quickly.

That left the rest of our Avengers without a suitable target until another light cruiser was sighted ten miles away. This one also had been set afire by bombers, but it was still under way when Lieutenant Swenson squared away on the port side and dropped his torpedo. There was a perfect hit amidships, and the cruiser lost speed fast. When last seen, it was creeping along at about two knots.

The Avengers were doing all right and so were the dive bombers. In addition to their job of softening up Jap ships for torpedo planes to finish off, the bombers had successfully fought off a flock of Zeros trying to shoot them down. When this bout was over, the dive bombers had shot down six Jap fighter planes and a medium bomber that happened to get in the way.

Carrier X's fighter pilots also were busy little men that morning. Twelve of them, led by their squadron commander, Lieutenant Commander "Slim" Buie, buzzed down over a Jap airfield on Roi Island in Kwajalein Atoll, caught a group of enemy planes taking off and gave them a strafing treatment which kept some of them grounded permanently. Then as our Hellcat pilots climbed for another strafing flight, they ran into trouble. A swarm of Zeros descended upon them. That was the beginning of the battle royal which fortunately ended in our favor. When the smoke of battle had cleared away, there were nineteen fewer Zeros in the air and a Mitsubishi 97 bomber had also been shot down.

In midmorning, our planes were landing back aboard Carrier X. Some of them had been badly shot up by Zeros and antiaircraft fire, which made their landings highly perilous. As one of our Hellcats —Number 13—circled the carrier, we could see that its fuselage and wings had been chewed up and that its landing flaps and tail hook, both necessary for a safe descent on deck, were not operating. The flight deck was cleared immediately for a crash landing.

A Wounded Eagle Returns

The Hellcat flew in over our stern, its wheels touched the deck, and the plane rolled up toward the bow at high speed. It was still hitting a good clip when it struck the last wire barrier and went over on its nose. The pilot, Ensign Eddie Wendorf, was slumped over in his seat with blood pouring from a gash in his head.

Doctor Marran, our flight surgeon, climbed into the upturned plane, lifted Wendorf out, and the wounded pilot was carried down to the sick bay on a stretcher. When he came to, some time later, he was able to tell what had happened.

Wendorf, a newcomer on Carrier X and

(Continued on page 56)

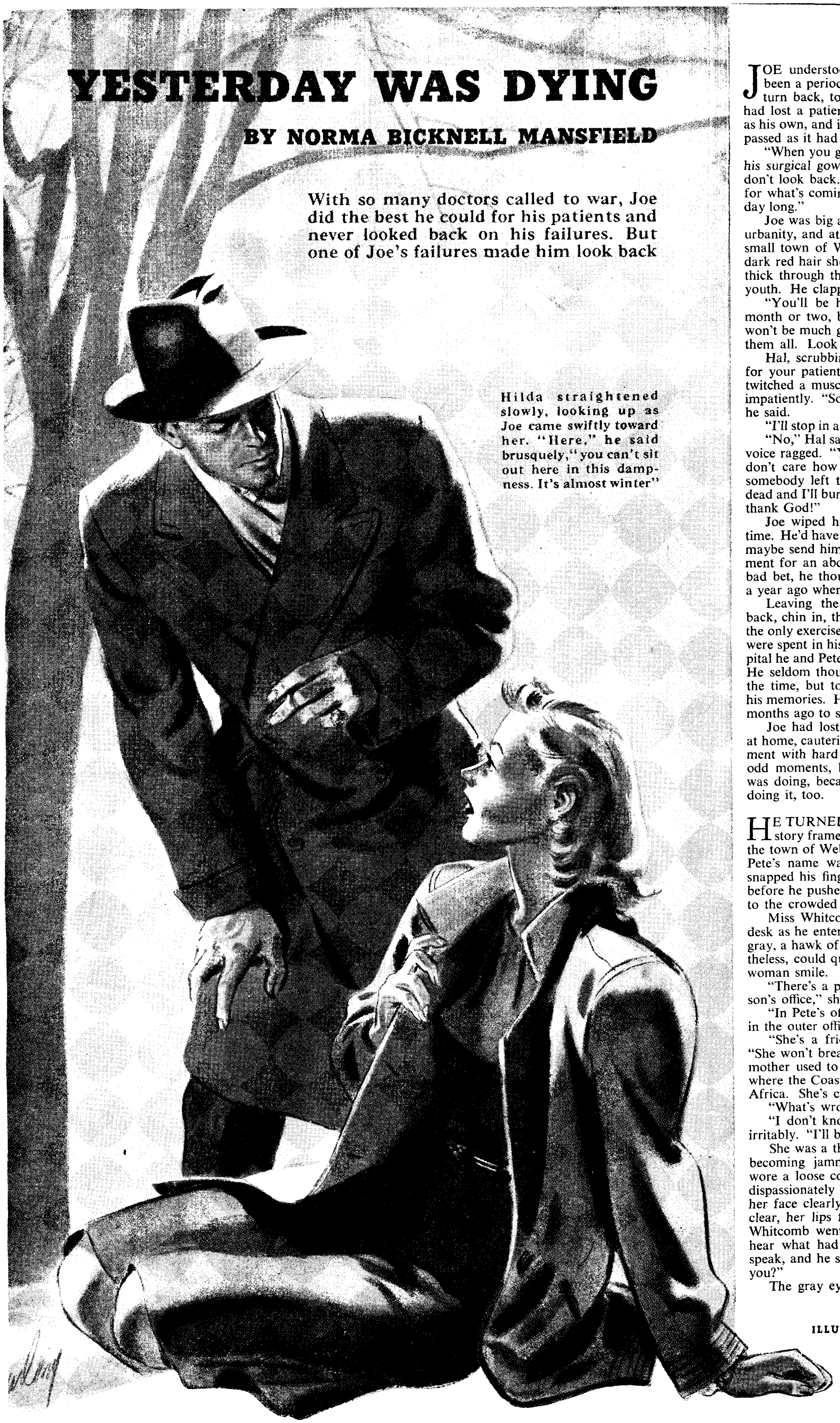
Slim Buie, skipper of the carrier's fighters, cuts a birthday cake for his "Airdales." He led the raid on Roi Airfield a few hours earlier

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

YESTERDAY WAS DYING

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

With so many doctors called to war, Joe did the best he could for his patients and never looked back on his failures. But one of Joe's failures made him look back



Hilda straightened slowly, looking up as Joe came swiftly toward her. "Here," he said brusquely, "you can't sit out here in this dampness. It's almost winter"

JOE understood what Hal was feeling. There had been a period when Joe himself had wanted time to turn back, to give him another chance, because he had lost a patient. He saw Hal's young, haggard face as his own, and it brought a swift nostalgia. The feeling passed as it had come, quickly.

"When you get to be my age," Joe said, stripping off his surgical gown, "you do the best you can and you don't look back. You live right now and save yourself for what's coming tomorrow. Yesterday was dying all day long."

Joe was big and burly, but the years had given him urbanity, and at thirty-nine he was conspicuous in the small town of Webster for his debonair neatness. His dark red hair showed graying edges and he was getting thick through the middle, but he had the heartiness of youth. He clapped Hal affectionately on the shoulder.

"You'll be headed for the battlefields in another month or two, boy. If you can't face death here, you won't be much good to them out there. You can't save them all. Look at the thing objectively."

Hal, scrubbing up, said wearily, "Save your patter for your patients, Joe. I'm all right." Strained nerves twitched a muscle in his thin face, and he rubbed at it impatiently. "Somebody's got to tell the girl's parents," he said.

"I'll stop in at her father's office on the way to mine."

"No," Hal said sharply. He faced the older man, his voice ragged. "You're smooth and tough, Joe, and you don't care how many of them die so long as there's somebody left to pay the bill. I do. You bury your dead and I'll bury mine. I'm not past praying over them, thank God!"

Joe wiped his hands methodically, one finger at a time. He'd have to move Hal out of surgery, he thought, maybe send him to the children's ward until his deferment for an abdominal operation was lifted. Another bad bet, he thought wryly; Hal had seemed promising a year ago when Joe had put him on the staff.

Leaving the hospital, he strode along, shoulders back, chin in, thinking of Pete Damson. Walking was the only exercise he allowed himself. His daylight hours were spent in his office or in the hospital, the large hospital he and Pete had pleaded and harangued into being. He seldom thought of Pete these days; he seldom had the time, but today his thoughts kept lapping against his memories. He and Pete had rolled the dice eighteen months ago to see which one of them could go to war.

Joe had lost, and he had carried on doggedly here at home, cauterizing the wound of his fierce disappointment with hard work, but sometimes, unbidden and at odd moments, he would wonder painfully what Pete was doing, because, whatever it was, he wanted to be doing it, too.

HE TURNED off the sidewalk directly into the one-story frame building that had been several things in the town of Webster before it became a doctor's office. Pete's name was still above Joe's on the door. Joe snapped his fingers lightly against it—good old Pete—before he pushed open the door, nodding right and left to the crowded room of patients.

Miss Whitcomb, the office nurse, got up from her desk as he entered the inner office. She was gaunt and gray, a hawk of a woman with knobby feet who, nevertheless, could quiet a crying child and make a weeping woman smile.

"There's a patient waiting for you in Doctor Damson's office," she said.

"In Pete's office?" Joe said. "Why couldn't he wait in the outer office with the rest of them?"

"She's a friend of mine," the nurse said blandly. "She won't break the furniture. It's Hilda Blaine. Her mother used to live in that big house out on the point where the Coast Guard is now. Hilda's been to North Africa. She's come home."

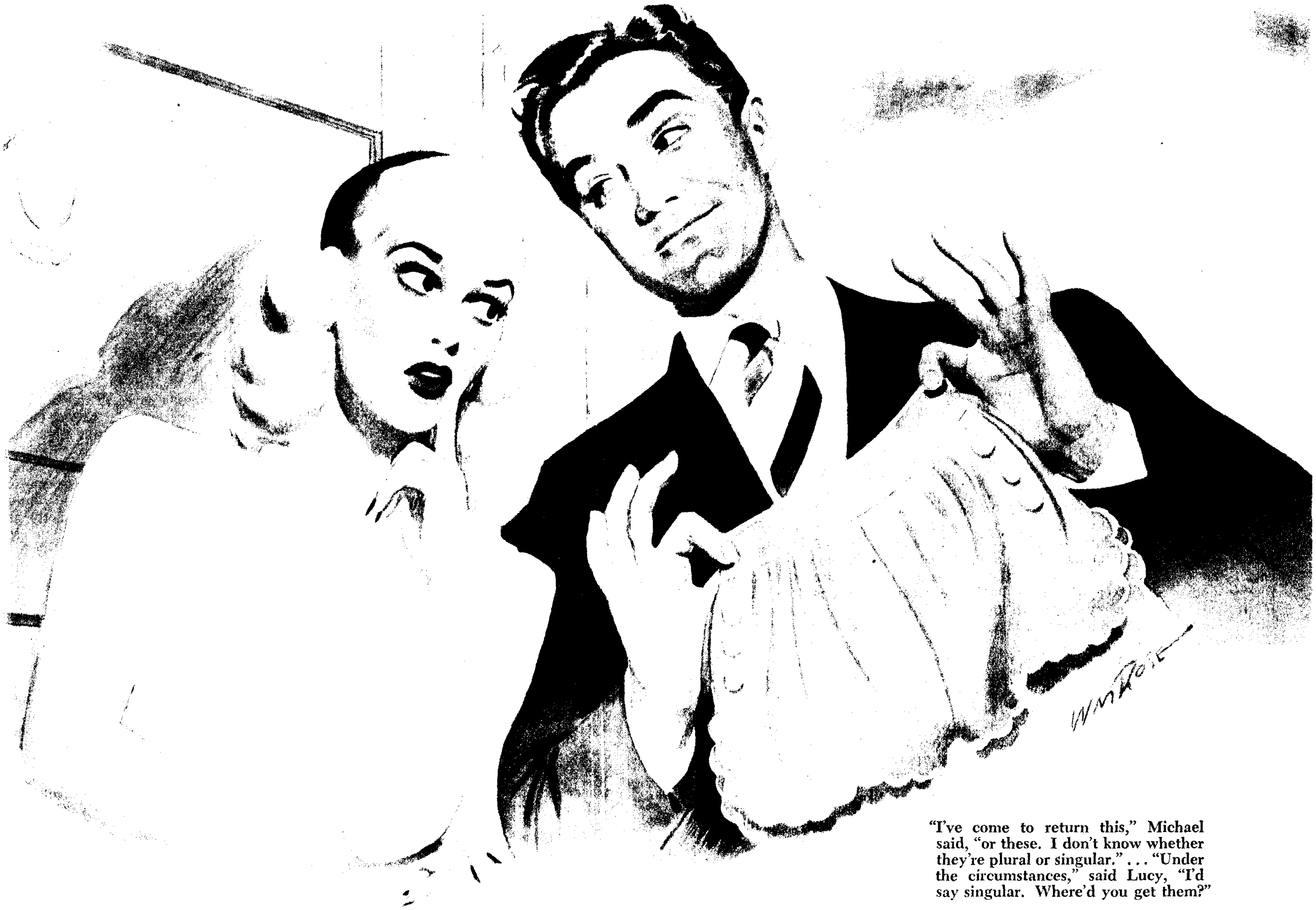
"What's wrong with her?"

"I don't know what's wrong with her," Nurse said irritably. "I'll bring her in."

She was a thin, tall girl, a hat that might have been becoming jammed unbecomingly on her head. She wore a loose coat and flat heels. Joe looked her over dispassionately before she sat down where he could see her face clearly. Her color was bad but her skin was clear, her lips full but pale, her eyes guarded. Nurse Whitcomb went out, and Joe sat patiently waiting to hear what had brought the girl here, but she didn't speak, and he said at last, bluntly, "What can I do for you?"

The gray eyes flicked and (*Continued on page* 49)

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING



"I've come to return this," Michael said, "or these. I don't know whether they're plural or singular." . . . "Under the circumstances," said Lucy, "I'd say singular. Where'd you get them?"

NICE GIRLS GET MARRIED

BY DANA BURNET

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

A beautiful collie with a touch of kleptomania, a blushing bridegroom, and two pairs of —er—pants, these are the various ingredients of this gay comedy of natural selection

I HAVE a friend named Michael. Michael has a dog named Judge. Judge has charm. So has my friend. So have I, for that matter; but the dog is doubly blessed because he can express his charm at both ends. A handsome collie, he can wag his beautiful bushy tail and he can smile. His wagging is for the world in general, his smile is for his master alone. Or it was, until a woman entered his life. And Michael's.

This happened in southern California, where smiling is almost obligatory, even in animals. Here in Los Angeles, a sad countenance is considered a form of sabotage. If you drive abroad with drooping lip, and the Chamber of Commerce hears of it, you are likely to lose your B-card.

Because he was a free-lance screen writer, Michael Lawrence had a B-card. He also had a sad countenance. This was because he had just been honorably discharged from the Army, which had found him too old—Michael was thirty-seven—to stand the rigors of basic training in the desert. Michael came home to his bachelor apartment on Wilshire Boulevard feeling younger and sprightlier than he had ever felt in his life, which was ironic and depressing, for he'd had his heart set on being a soldier and the thought of going back to a movie studio, there to convert some producer's cellulose dream into celluloid, was almost more than he could bear.

His reunion with Judge was the only bright spot in his return to civilian life. Judge greeted him with such an ecstatic smile that Michael promptly decided to stay home and loaf till the malaise lifted from his heart. He put his uniform in moth balls and bought a pair of deep blue shorts to match his mood.

But though he sunned himself religiously on his terrace, took his vitamin tablets and drank plenty of orange juice—as a chaser—his low state of mind persisted. His housekeeper, a capable and kindly matron named Mrs. Bins, spent brown coupons recklessly on the theory that he needed meat. But man does not live by brown coupons alone.

One monotonously fair morning Michael saw a young woman sunning herself on the terrace across the patio from his own. The three-story apartment building in which he lived consisted of two wings separated by an open space which, because it had a palm tree growing in the middle of it, was called the patio. Michael occupied the penthouse of the east wing. Now, obviously, its twin on the roof of the west wing had been taken by a tenant whose gender was unmistakable, who had long golden legs and golden hair and whose youth was revealed by a sketchy pink sun suit that barely achieved the spiritual plane prescribed by the Hays Code.

Michael had lived for years under the influence of the Hays Code, so that his thoughts regarding the girl were necessarily restricted. Nevertheless he remarked to his dog Judge, who as usual was close beside him, that she reminded him of something.

"She reminds me," said Michael, staring across the fifty-foot width of the patio, "that I haven't fallen in love for a long time. Romance is what I need, Judge. The shock of it would have a therapeutic value comparable to the coma induced in advanced cases of mental depression. Besides, I'd enjoy it. I'd give anything to be able to fall in love again. But it's got to be real. I won't put up with any passing fancy. Passing fancies are stimulants. What I want is the sedative of a lasting love." He paused and looked down at his faithful collie, who sat listening to every word. "Go out into the highways and the byways, Judge, my friend, and find me a girl I can love for better or worse. Preferably the former."

Unconsciously, perhaps, Michael had accompanied this command with a gesture toward the figure on the opposite terrace. Judge drew back his lips in an understanding grin, gave a short bark and dashed away.

A flight of stairs led directly down the outside of the building to the patio and a similar stairway ascended to the roof of the other wing. Before Michael realized Judge's intention, the dog had arrived on the girl's terrace and was approaching her with the same determination that his forebears had employed to round up sheep.

(Continued on page 59)

The Hero on the Cover

Richard Lewis Harris is his name. Artist C. C. Beall painted him from life in the act *of doing the thing that won* him the Distinguished Service Cross. Harris is 23, comes from Upper East Side of New York

YOUR children won't study what happened on Hill 523. It was a local action. Even in Bizerte, which smiles under the bony nose of 523, it is almost forgotten already. But Richard Harris won't forget it. Ever. Nor will the Germans who faced his tommy gun and his knuckle knife. At least, those who lived, won't.

It was April 30, 1943. A dark night. The battalion C.O. told Lieutenant Harris that Hill 523 must be taken now and held—held at all costs. GHQ wanted it held because it commanded a fine view of Bizerte, and a heavy-weapons group like Harris' could raise merry hell with the evacuating Germans. So it must be taken—and held.

About 800 men shuffled down the road in the darkness. Harris and the C.O. and other officers led the men up the rocky back slopes of 523, through the chatter of machine guns and the dry cough of mortars, to the top. In a sense, it wasn't too tough to take. Then the C.O. ordered a phone line strung back from the top, along a bottom road, to the American lines. It was done.

At dawn, the Germans in the valley below and in front began to lob shells on the road behind the hill, and Harris knew that things wouldn't be easy because retreat had already been cut off.

The Nazis were coldly mechanical. They came out of a wind-waved wheat field in groups of thirty and plodded up Hill 523 on the left flank. Their artillery blinded the defenders on top, and then ceased fire just as the Germans reached the summit. That's when the tommy guns and knuckle knives were used. When that attack died, the Germans below would wait a while, start new artillery preparation, and send a party up the right slope. Later, two parties would labor up both flanks simultaneously.

The C.O. was using the phone and begging for American artillery support. It came. The shells rippled over the hill and clumped down into the wheat, and the yellow became stained with gelatinous red. The C.O. crouched behind a rock and pinged rifle shots at the Germans. He made a mistake, though. He peeped over the same rock too often. Harris saw him lean backward, saw the perfect circle drilled in the middle of his forehead.

Harris took over. He counted his men. He had forty-five. Old 523 was being held "at all costs." He picked up the phone and asked for tank support in a hurry. "Fifteen practically on the way," a voice said. Harris looked back and saw six U.S. M-4s round the bend in parade formation—one behind the other. The Germans picked off the first, waited for it to stagger out of line, then picked off the second. They got four, before the Americans broke formation and ganged up on the Nazi antitank gun. The M-4s got the tank gun.

At 4 P.M., there were 25 men left out of 800. At 6 P.M., the Germans listened to the ragged fire coming from Hill 523 and they grew confident. They washed the entire hilltop with mortar fire and cut Harris' phone line. The sun was bloody behind the hill. Harris decided to wander around to a third, very rocky side of the hill—just in case. And "just in case" was waiting for him. He saw thirty Germans climbing slowly, painfully, up to the top. Their rifles were slung across their backs. He stood up, aimed his tommy gun down, and yelled, "Surrender!"

The leading German looked up in surprise, then smiled. He pointed at Harris and nodded: *"Ja!* Surrender!" He turned and spoke to the man behind him.

That man dropped to one knee, unslung his rifle, and drew a bead on Harris. The American dropped behind a boulder, aimed his gun through a crotch, and sprayed the bewildered Germans below. About fifteen were killed outright. Perhaps seven more were left to die. Two or three slipped and fell and plunged to the bottom.

Harris went back and counted his men. It was 7 P.M. and there were nineteen.

They dug slit trenches and sat in them. A corporal reported that eighty Nazis were coming up with grenades.

Halfway up, in the deepening purple, they yelled, "Surrender!"

The nineteen roared, "Go to hell!"

Too Close for Safety

They got out of the slits and poured tommy-gun fire down. They were still waiting for the American Army to come up that back road and rescue them. When it got dark, they knew they had lost Hill 523, because now the Nazis could sneak up from all sides and overwhelm them.

Harris said: "Okay, fellas. Leave, two at a time, and the rest of us will cover your withdrawal. Get back to our lines and wait for orders."

They went. In the blackness, they slipped back down the gully and up the road. After a while, there were two left—Harris and a mortar gunner.

Harris ordered the gunner to leave. "I'll cover you," the lieutenant said.

"Oh, no," the gunner said. *"You* leave."

"Leave!" barked Harris. "That's an order!"

"When two men are alone on a hill," said the gunner, "nobody gives orders."

Just then, there was a soft irregular sound, and a big potato-masher grenade landed at their feet. Without a word, both fell backward into their slit trenches. A moment later, Hill 523 trembled, rocks caromed off the hillside, and dust hung in the dark.

Then the gunner sat up, black with dirt, and said, "After thinking it over, you're right. I'll leave."

Harris covered him. Then he fired off all the ammunition and tossed all the grenades he could find and wandered back down to the road, last man off Hill 523.

The next morning Major General Terry Allen came up and hung a Distinguished Service Cross on his chest and promoted him to captain. At that very moment, the division was moving forward and took Bizerte from the Germans without even bothering to look at Hill 523, which was small potatoes to begin with. ★★★

YOU'D NEVER KNOW

BY AMY PORTER

Hollywood discovers how to have a baby and still keep that slim and girlish figure

YOU wouldn't call it the greatest problem facing the nation today, but it's important to 2,000,000 or more American women who are pregnant at the moment—and to their husbands. The question is: Can a woman keep her figure in spite of bearing children? Or must she ever after go around looking like a sack of potatoes?

Hollywood, where the stars have done their bit to increase the birth rate, is cheerful on the subject—and with reason. Look at the line-up of recent movie-actress mothers. They've all emerged intact as to figure and career, and with children to exhibit along with any Academy Awards that may come their way. There are Alice Faye, Joan Blondell, Lana Turner. There are Joan Bennett, Rosalind Russell, Margaret Sullavan and Brenda Joyce. There are Gene Tierney, Cobina Wright, Jr., Veronica Lake. Mammas all, and nothing bigger than a 25-inch waistline in the whole crowd. Betty Grable is expecting a child in April, and it's a safe bet that she too will snap right back to slender shapeliness.

It sounds irritatingly simple to a non-movie mother. You see an actress in a picture in the month of November, say. At the end of the month, you read that she has had a baby, mother and child both doing well. In February, as sleek and slim as ever, she is starting another picture. Nothing to it.

But there's quite a bit to it, really. The procedure in Hollywood, as elsewhere, is to consult a doctor very early, the moment you suspect you're going to have a child. Movie-colony doctors hand out much the same set of rules you'll get from your doctor, except that possibly the Hollywood men favor more exercise. That's because their patients are a hardy lot. (You would not, of course, attempt to do exactly as any of these movie mothers did, unless your doctor approved.)

Lana Turner played tennis during the first two months of pregnancy, and her doctor complimented her on the fine muscles she was building up. Then she went in for mild swimming and golf. At the beginning of the seventh month, even so active a girl as Lana had to slow down to a daily three-mile walk. She calls it a walk, but she took her puppy with her and when he ran, she chased him. Lana's

Cheryl, daughter of Lana Turner and Private Stephen Crane, is only six months old, but her mama is back on the M-G-M lot making Marriage is a Private Affair

CLARENCE S. [illegible]

You'd never know it to look at her, but 105-pound Margaret Sullavan, star of the movie Cry "Havoc," and of the play Voice of the Turtle, has three children

Alice Faye's first baby, Alice Faye Harris, represented a loss of more than a million to 20th Century-Fox. Now she's expecting another

baby girl, Cheryl, is six months old now, and her slim and smiling mother is back at work in a movie called Marriage Is a Private Affair.

Most of the movie mothers give up tennis and horseback riding from the start, but they walk at least two miles daily up to the time the hospital claims them. Joan Blondell did a special before-the-event exercise to keep her hips under control. She lay on the floor on her back, arms outstretched, and rolled from side to side, not rolling over completely. But Roz Russell considers before-the-baby exercises dangerous. Her method was to have a masseuse work on the spots apt to get flabby.

The exercise part is easy. What's difficult is eating. Movie mothers try not to gain more than about twenty pounds. Twice the weight of the baby, plus six pounds for extra strength, is the way Joan Bennett's doctor figured it. You'll lose about fourteen pounds in the hospital, and the extra six can be exercised away.

That's the theory. But can you do it? Joan Blondell says her trouble was that she was too healthy. "I wasn't sick half the time, the way you're supposed to be," she says. "I was just hungry. I ate and ate—chocolate sundaes and lots of mayonnaise, and pickles. I love pickles. Nothing disagreed with me. I felt grand. I told myself it didn't matter if I did get fat because I wanted the baby to be well nourished."

That "for the sake of the baby" dodge is a favorite with incipient mothers, but it's no good. The baby gets along just as well on a moderate diet, consisting largely of fruits and vegetables and milk. He takes what he needs and no more. The surplus only makes the mother plump in the wrong places.

Anyway, Joan gained 40 pounds. (This was with her first child, Norman. She reformed before the advent of Ellen.) After the baby's birth, she did all the exercise she could think of, hired a masseuse to pound her three times a day, and still weighed 20 pounds over her normal 115.

Problem in Avoirdupois

"I couldn't stop eating—no will power," she says.

Finally she got her sister to come live with her and go on a diet with her. "We locked ourselves up in the house, gave the cook a vacation, and quietly starved. For three days, we lived on nothing but hot water." It hurt, but it worked. After that, she wasn't so hungry, and the pounds began to disappear.

"No, the doctor didn't recommend my hot water diet," she says. "I thought that one up by myself because I was due to be in a picture soon, and I *had* to lose."

If you saw Cry "Havoc" you got a good view of two slim-in-spite-of-motherhood stars—Joan Blondell and Margaret Sullavan. Miss Sullavan, with three children ranging in age from two to five, is a little more than five feet tall and weighs 105 pounds. Both she and Miss Blondell are having a Broadway fling between pictures. Miss Sullavan is starring in The Voice of the Turtle, and Miss Blondell, after a spell

(Continued on page 40)

SOMETHING I REMEMBER

BY BERYL MARKHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

In man, the need for revenge stems from the memory of past cruelties and misdeeds, held like a hot coal to the human heart. But animals cannot think, so we are told, and have no memories. Who, then, can account for the hatred between two stallions?

WHEN I think about it, it seems to me that in twenty-odd years of breeding and training race horses, I ought to have encountered at least one with human qualities. I have read about such horses but I have never known one and I can't help feeling a little cheated. Whenever I have heard someone say, "Now *there's* a horse so intelligent he's almost human," I have had to admit to myself a little sadly that no horse I can bring to memory ever deserved that laudatory phrase. Of course, it may be that such comparison is, to a horse, of doubtful virtue. In the case of Wee MacGregor, I believe it was.

Wee MacGregor maintained throughout his life a gentle contempt for both men and the works of men, and I am convinced that his willing response to their demands was born wholly of tolerance. He rarely ignored a word or resisted a hand; and it was not until he began his blood feud with Chaldean that anyone realized the intensity of the fire that burned in his heart.

Wee MacGregor was an Arab. His coat was chestnut, and his mane and tail were black, and he wore a white star on his forehead—jauntily and a little to one side, more or less as an impudent street urchin might wear his cap. He was an urchin, too, by the standards prevailing in our stables. He was perfectly built but very small, and though he was a stallion, he was not bought to breed, certainly not to race, but only to work at carrying myself or my father—and even, if need be, to drag a buggy. I still remember the day he came.

Horses were always coming and going on our farm in Kenya. Some arrived for training, and others left for the races at Nairobi, Eldoret, Nakuru or even for Durban, more than two thousand miles away. Until the advent of Wee MacGregor, they were all thoroughbreds of course and, to the uninitiate, they must have looked alike, except for color. They were tall, tense horses of supreme arrogance and insolent beauty. They were pampered, they were groomed, they were cherished like the heirs to so many thrones.

They were, I am afraid, a snobbish clique, for when Wee MacGregor was led for the first time to his stall (in the lesser stable), he was greeted with silence. Not even a stallion raised his voice, and the brood mares in their spacious boxes scarcely stirred. There may have been other reasons for it, but the manner in which our thoroughbreds looked upon Wee MacGregor was, in effect, similar to the controlled dismay with which a gathering of the socially illustrious might view the arrival in their midst of a laborer with calloused hands.

NEVERTHELESS, in the days that followed, the little Arab worked hard and kept his peace; he toiled with patience and gave everyone to understand that he bore no grudge and that his was a placid soul. He was intelligent, he handled beautifully, he refused no effort asked of him, and it may have been that if Chaldean had not come to the farm, we would never have been disillusioned about Wee MacGregor's pacific nature. But Chaldean did come—and on a bad day, too.

We were clearing the trees from our farm—or rather we were fighting the great Mau Forest, which, in its centuries of unhampered growth, had raised a rampart of trees so tall I used to think their branches brushed the sky. The trees were cedar, olive, yew and bamboo, and often the cedars rose to heights of two hundred feet, blocking the sun.

Men said the forest could not be beaten, and this was true, but at least my father made it retreat. Under his command, a corps of Dutchmen with hundreds of oxen and an ax to every man assaulted the bulwark, day after day, and in time its outer walls began to fall.

On one such day, my father said to me, "Get Wee MacGregor and take this note to Mostert. The rains are due, and I don't want the teams bogged in the forest."

Christiaan Mostert was our foreman and when, an hour later, he took my father's message from my hand and read it, he looked upward involuntarily, but he could not see the sky.

"Ja," he said. "I see nothing, but I think the *baas* is right. I smell rain, and the monkeys have lost their tongues."

He spat on his hands and shouted an order, but it was too late. Thunder swallowed his voice, and rain swallowed the forest. It was a typical equatorial storm—instantaneous, violent, and all-encompassing. It made the world black, then split the

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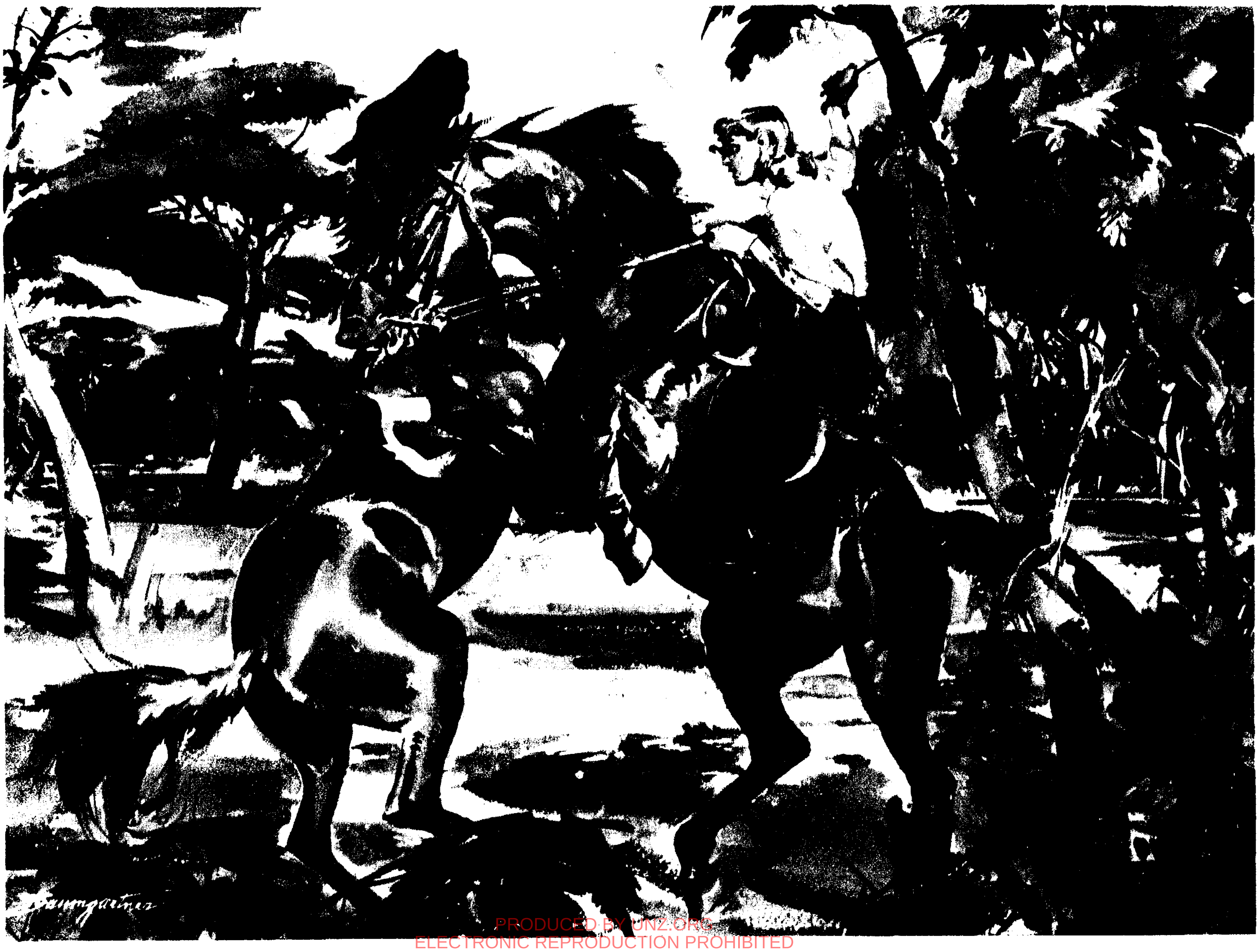
Chaldean plunged, sank his teeth into Wee MacGregor's neck and held fast; he reared again and hurled his enemy from him



NATURE IN FALSE-FACE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

The dyed-in-the-wool nature faker can imagine some strange things but, as a famous naturalist points out, many things that are true are even stranger

INTERNATIONAL

Although the shark and the octopus pictured above are fighting for keeps, the author has met both underwater many times and found they wanted only to be let alone

A MAN in whom I have complete trust once looked me in the eye and told me he had seen a snake, when alarmed, open its mouth and allow its six young to crawl down its throat out of sight, and when danger was past, permit them to reappear. Now cannibal snakes which subsist wholly on their fellows (once or twice removed) are not rare. A nearsighted parent black snake might conceivably, tempted by the pangs of hunger, devour one of its own offspring, but I cannot believe in the willful use by an infant serpent of its mother's acid-filled tummy as a shelter.

A strange thing about nature fakes is that they are almost always gone one better by actual truths. The snake-swallowing sanctuary idea becomes a minor stunt when compared with certain common tropical fish, which look like little perch. If you want to see sheer magic, tap on the glass of an aquarium which holds a mother, father and one hundred (count them) tiny young. The moment after an alarm, there will be only two fish visible; every youngster being snugly hidden within the mouth of a parent. When danger is over, the whole mob is gently spewed forth, rolling head over tail to form a dense, orderly cloud around and behind their parents.

A nature fake is like rumor or gossip or a snowball, and to buck a world-wide fake is no laughing matter. When my friends learned that I was deserting the jungle for a session of diving at sea, clippings and telephone calls apprised me of every man-eating shark tale in existence. They almost wore me down, and in my dreams I was pursued by packs of mad dogfish, while even puppy sharks snapped at me.

I could not call everything off, but when I started in the Arcturus for the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific, I had on board a sort of wire sentry-box affair with a swing door, into which I could pop when a menacing shark appeared. I also gripped a heavy steel and iron spear of comforting length.

On the way for my first dive, I passed a boatload of my fellow scientists catching sharks, which they gleefully held up for my inspection. We heaved the sentry box overboard, and although no shark was visible on the first descent, I squeezed into it for practice.

Face to Face with a Shark

On the second dive I saw a six-foot gray shape weaving toward me. Hurriedly I turned toward my haven, only to find that it had slid forever out of reach down into a vast chasm. The shark came nearer, looked at me, and I blinked back. Then, with a silly, adenoidal grin, it turned and swam away. My spear, held tight and pointing toward the shark, was a source of great comfort. It was only later I learned that the weapon was as useless under water as a papier-mâché dagger in slow-motion pictures. I fairly shot up the metal ladder to the boat overhead, and shouted that sharks do not eat men.

In time, I had occasion to modify this, and I have even taken a man's arm out of a shark's stomach. Sharks do eat men, especially drowned or badly injured men, and occasionally will attack human beings as they splash in terror along the surface. But in hundreds of dives in several oceans, in the presence of sharks of many species, little and big, I have never seen them display any emotion except curiosity and interest in small dead fish. Whenever I tried to pick up a dynamited fish, any shark in sight could always beat me to it, and the only time I have ever been injured was when one of these fish scraped my skin with his rough hide as he swam past.

WIDE WORLD

Below: Beauty in this case is a danger signal. The brilliantly colored sea anemone preys on small fish with its stinging tentacles

Once, near North Rock, Bermuda, a five-footer became a nuisance, grabbing all my rare fish before I could retrieve them, and even poked its nose into my scoop net. So I shoved a dynamite cap close to its snout and fired it. As far as I know that shark is still going, straight and with incredible speed, headed for the equator.

I have had the water around tinged faintly pink with blood from lacerated coral cuts on my shins and have seen no wild excitement on the part of adjacent sharks.

On the other hand, a disabled big fish or even the injured mate of a shark is attacked and torn to pieces at once.

There are enough things worthy of being afraid of in this world without conjuring up wholesale terrors. I put the lurid tales of a battle to the death with an octopus into a lower category even than the yarns about sharks. I have encountered these creatures so large and strong that with all my force I could not budge them an inch from their dens, but all they asked was to be let alone.

Once when several of us were catching fish around a surface light in mid-Atlantic from the bottom of a gangway as the ship drifted, a huge cuttlefish shot yards up into the air. A pooling of estimates allowed it a body of eight feet, with staring, lidless eyes as big as large dinner plates. Monstrous cuttlefish have been seen far out at sea measuring more than fifty feet over all. If a man dived into such a medusa tangle, he would be killed and devoured instantly. Also if a man poked his head into the paper nest of our country wasps, he would die in horrible agony, which does not mean that we should never walk in the country.

At the bottom of the ladder of marine nature fakes, is the story of how the devilfish wraps his great wings around unwary divers, smothers them and then sucks them as if they were lollipops. An oyster is probably the nearest relative of man ever swallowed by this creature.

Ignored by a Sea Giant

My only diving experience was when a giant devilfish swam past overhead, and twitched my air hose with a touch of his flapping fins, just as a plane might nudge the wire of a captive balloon. The next day we battled for hours and finally killed from rowboats the same or another devilfish, about twenty-two feet across and weighing a ton. Throughout the fray, its only efforts were attempts at escape.

We know that a dog's nose is keener than any man's, that an eagle has better sight and a horse can run faster, but it may be a surprise that animals can lie and pretend or nature-fake better than we can. With them, these are matters of life and death.

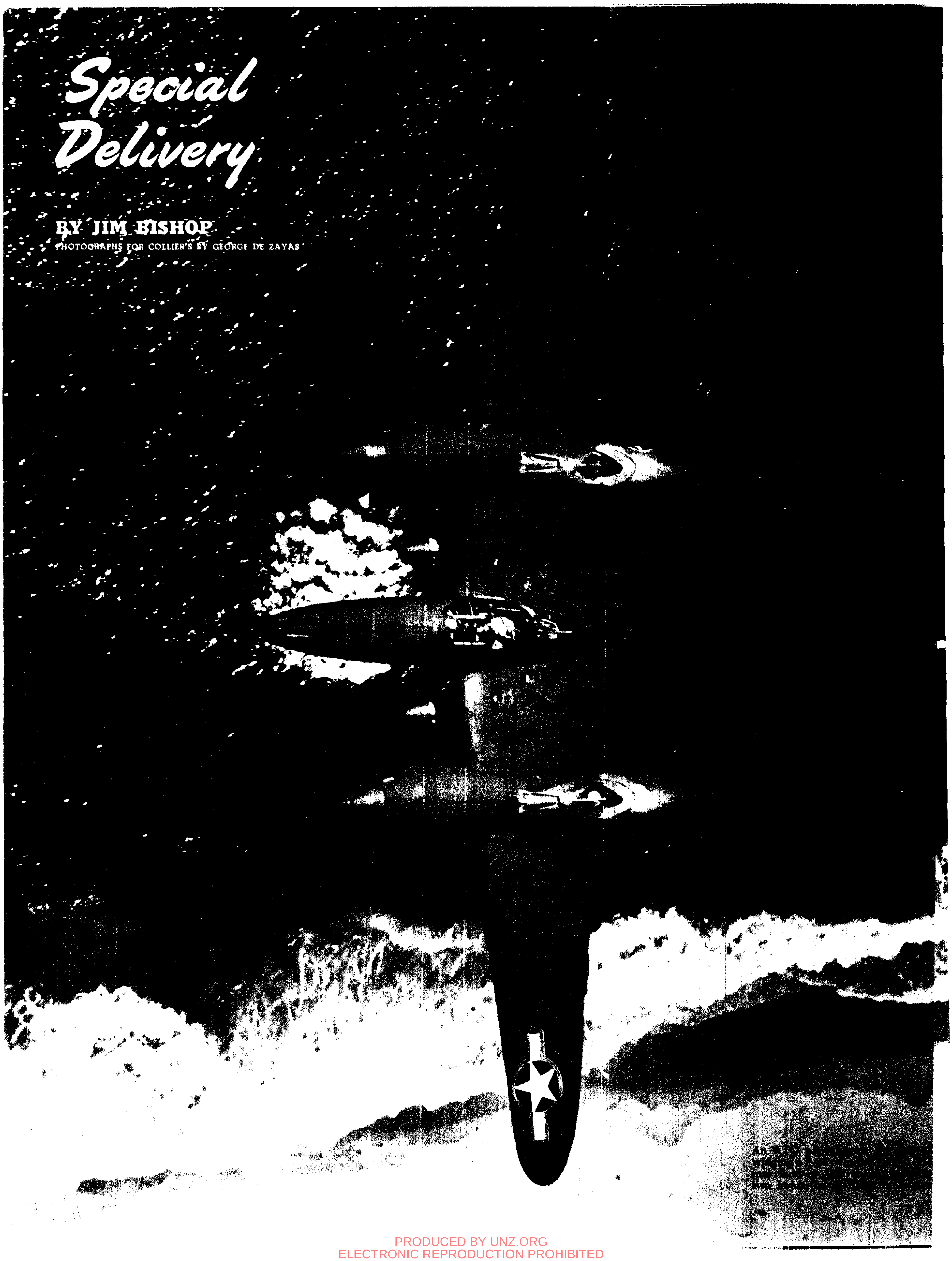
In the far north, there are two seasons, six months of snow and six of bare ground. Look out over a white expanse and you may see two small mounds. They move and turn into a white rabbit and a white grouse. A larger mound moves toward them, and this bit of snow changes into a white fox. A small white cloud appears and becomes a white owl, both it and the

(Continued on page 58)

Special Delivery

BY JIM BISHOP

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS



An [illegible]

America builds more fighting planes than any two other powers on earth. Building them well is a miracle of production. Delivering them to the various fighting fronts is a miracle of transportation. Meet the miracle men of the Air Transport Command

IT'S a simple little problem. Just deliver several thousand planes a month to fifteen United States Air Forces all over the world, take care of our Russian, British and Chinese allies, and fly enough spare parts to keep the planes already there in the air. Simple? Sure. About as simple as a blind man with galloping palsy trying to thread a needle with boxing gloves on.

Yet it's been solved by Major General Harold L. George and a very bright staff of colonels, majors and captains. These men are the Air Transport Command and they solve the problem anew every day in the week. Under General George is Brigadier General William H. Tunner, in charge of ATC's big kid brother, the Ferry Division. His job is to find the crews to fly the planes from factory to front. And then there's the little gadget of trying to fly them back, so that they can fly more planes to the front.

So far, ATC has mapped out 112.000 miles of new airways. It has delivered scores of thousands of planes and lost less than one half of one per cent en route. It carries more material to Chungking than the Burma Road ever did. So far as obstacles are concerned, ATC has overcome plenty. When it leased Ascension Island from Brazil as a hop-off point to Africa, a 3,000-foot mountain was found smack-dab in the middle of where the runway ought to go.

So ATC debated whether to blast the mountain into the Atlantic Ocean or carve a runway into its one fairly level side. The carving job won—but only because it was cheaper and quicker.

The men who man the ATC planes are the virtuosos of the air. They are classified according to their abilities. A Class 1 man is a beginner. He can fly a particular type of ship over a particular course. A Class 5 man is tops. He can fly a trainer, single-engine and double-engine fighters, medium bombers, four-engined heavies—and he can fly them anywhere in the world. He is, you gather, quite a guy.

A Job for the Brave

Ferrying these ships is, in some ways, more difficult than fighting them. In a bomber mission, the crew is briefed out, flies to a target seldom more than 750 miles away, takes its chances with flak and fighters, and tries to get home. In ferrying, you sometimes fly a fighter intended by its designers to go no farther than 300 miles on full tanks, over an ocean with more than 1,000 miles between stops; or you fly a bomber over oceans and deserts and icy peaks for 2.000 miles or more in a blacked-out, suspicious world and often over antiaircraft guns whose crews are trigger-happy.

One gray-haired captain, a one-time sportsman pilot, was winging a medium bomber across the Atlantic and had hit the halfway mark when one of his two engines cut out. He was at 9,000 feet and he pulled the wheel back into his belly trying to keep her up, but she wanted to sit down slowly in the sea, and there didn't appear to be much he could do about it. He was a lucky captain. He had a sergeant radio operator with ideas.

The sergeant dragged a 270-pound toolbox to the edge of the bomb bay, opened the doors, then, after removing a screw driver and a hammer, kicked it spinning into the blue. If he hadn't saved the screw driver and the hammer, he wouldn't have been able to remove the heavy machine-gun mounts and throw them out. After that, he dumped the reserve gas, and watched it sparkle behind the plane like a sequined bridal train. Next went the auxiliary generator, then side arms, carbines, ammo boxes, headsets, glasses, suitcases, winter equipment, engine covers, oxygen tanks and a horseshoe his girl had sent him—a total of 5,700 pounds. The bomber made it to England.

But these are pale stories. The ruddy ones cannot be told yet. And they won't be told until after the war because they involve military secrets and security.

As soon as new planes have been field-tested, Domestic Transportation Division men arrange for ferry crews to go there, pick up the ships, and fly them to the proper Ferry Division post. From there, they are flown to our training centers, tactical units and to any one of our fifteen United States Air Forces, or to any of our allies, anywhere. Some are flown by their own combat crews to a fighting zone under the jurisdiction of the ATC. Nor is this all. If they are big ships, they will carry valuable cargo. What they can deliver to General MacArthur in New Guinea, for instance, would make your head swim. In three days, too.

World-Wide Life Lines

The ATC must supply all these air forces promptly. Next week won't do. And sometimes, tomorrow won't, either. There are four U. S. Air Forces in the continental United States to be taken care of. There's another in Australia, one in the Canal Zone, one in Hawaii, one in England, one in the Middle East, two in North Africa, one in India, one in Alaska, one in the South Pacific and one in China.

They're all hungry. All the time.

The pilots who deliver the planes and the material take no bows and expect none. A man may fly a Thunderbolt fighter today over the Caribbean, over South America, over the South Atlantic, across the hot desert to General Ralph Royce in the Middle East. A week from now, he'll be winging back as supercargo in an ATC plane flown by someone else and he'll while the time away dozing on his haunches in the back. Two weeks later, he will be thundering a giant Liberator over the Aleutians, trying to find a hole in the icy oyster stew through which he flies to locate Kiska.

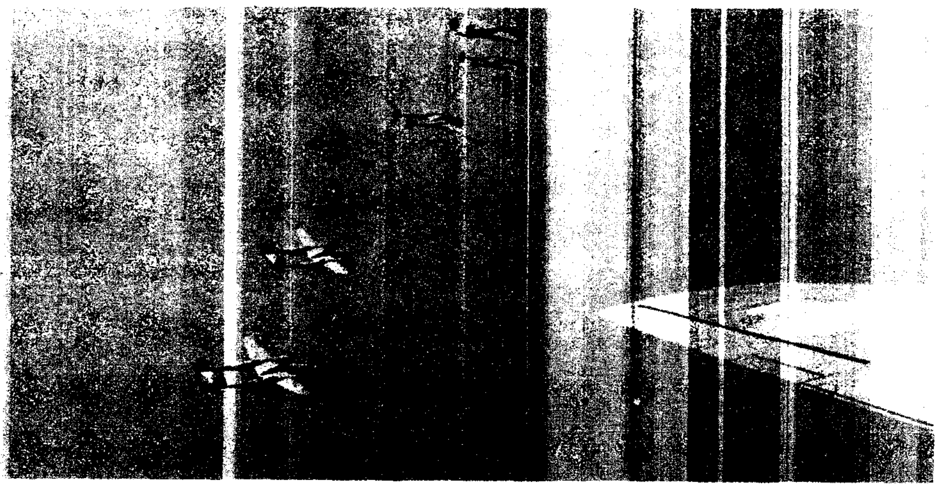
There are some women in the Ferry Division. They are called Wasps—Women's Air Force Service Pilots. Mostly, they fly the fast, light fighters. A few have been checked out as co-pilots on medium B-25s. But not many. They have a sure touch for the hot buggies.

The Ferry Division pilots tell a lot of tall stories. Their favorite is the one about the major who was flying a B-25 down to Texas from a Middle Western plant. It was a night like the inside of your fist. The copilot wrote in black crayon on the windshield, and it came up gray.

Suddenly, something big loomed in front. The major stood the ship on one wing and swung so violently that the engines were snapping at the rudders. Then something else loomed. Again the major turned the ship just in time. It happened a third time. And a fourth. This kept on until dawn, when the major discovered that he was flying around inside some farmer's silo.

Next time you see a picture of a beaming combat pilot bursting his buttons as the general pins a medal on him, look sharp and behind him you'll see the ghostly grin of the guy who delivered his plane to him, by hand. ★★★

Pilots of a ferrying group sit in the belly of a big transport for the trip home after a mass delivery. After two days' rest, they'll fly more planes over the seas. Below, the crews rendezvous at the parachute room at the Long Beach, Calif., station. Tomorrow, they'll be scattered



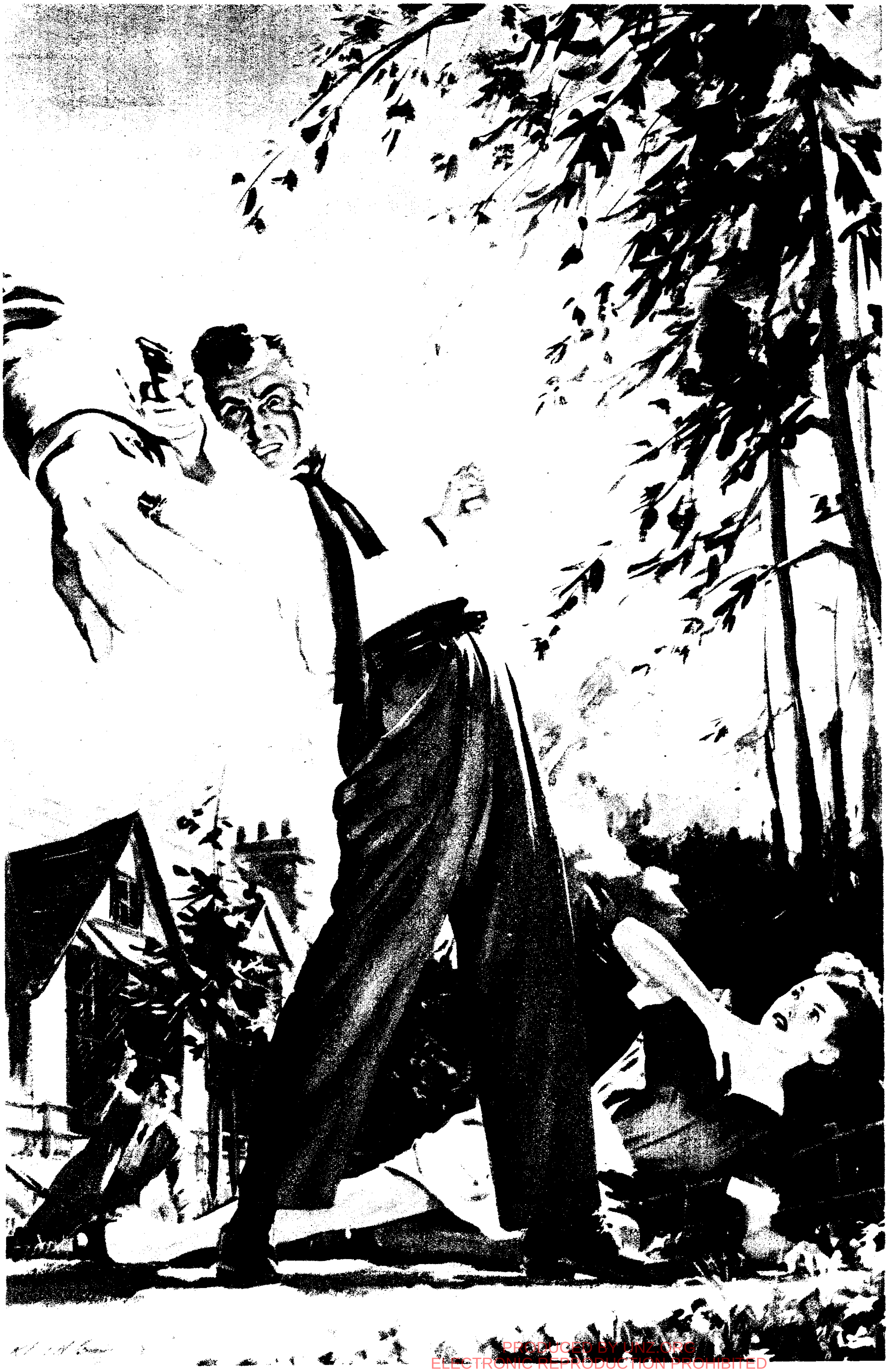
Lightnings fly the Pacific. The wing in the foreground belongs to the "mother" bomber, which navigates for the fighters and nurses them across. The P-38s have extra fuel tanks and several rounds of ammunition in case of Zero trouble

Sgt. James Reynolds of the Rickenbacker crew demonstrates the new 5-man raft. It has yellow color for high visibility, tackle, food, water, and an automatic radio between the knees. A turn of the crank sends out an automatic SOS

THE WOMAN IN THE PICTURE

BY JOHN AUGUST

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



Scott raised himself up. He saw Penfield drop Marta, aim his gun and fire. Taylor Damon went down

The Story Thus Far:

DIXON GALE shoots himself—or is shot—at "Silvertip," the Sierra Nevada estate of Eugene Penfield, a wealthy politician. Later, Penfield's wife, Marta, drowns herself.

Three years after the tragedy, it appears almost certain, should United States Senator Fetterman die (he is seriously ill in Denver), that Penfield—a Fascist whom Taylor Damon, an extremely powerful party boss, is grooming for the Presidency—will be appointed his successor!

While Fetterman is fighting for life, Scott Warner, an OWI official in Washington, who strongly suspects that Penfield murdered Gale, inspects some photographs submitted by Spectacle, a picture magazine. Among the photographs—to be used to illustrate an article about Jim Gislason's machine shop in Petit Marais, Wisconsin—are several of Gislason's bookkeeper: Marie Royce. Warner feels sure the girl in the pictures is *Marta Penfield!*

Realizing that, if he is right and the girl can be induced to talk, he can ruin Penfield politically and scotch the Nazi peril, he resigns from OWI, secures the co-operation of Morris Stein, a man of great wealth, and Irv Barney, an astute political reporter, and goes to Petit Marais.

The girl admits nothing. But when Damon—who has learned what Warner is up to—sends two of his strong-arm men to Petit Marais and they threaten both her and Warner, she agrees to flee with the man from Washington. . . . A few hours later, as they speed west in a station wagon, the radio informs them that Jim Gislason has been murdered and that the police are looking for Marie Royce, who has disappeared!

From that time on, Warner and Irv Barney—who keep in touch by telephone—engage in a battle of wits with Taylor Damon, whose henchmen are everywhere. And, finally—after Senator Fetterman dies—the girl tells Warner the truth. She is, she admits, Penfield's wife. She says that Penfield had shot Gale and threatened to accuse *her* of the murder, if she talked. To escape from the scoundrel, she had leaped into a flooded river, before three witnesses, and had saved herself by swimming under water.

A short time later—after Warner has told her that he is in love with her—the girl slips away from him. She leaves a note in which she states that her husband had once been working secretly with a Nazi named Kelsey Partland and a Japanese—"Professor Idsu." In the note, she suggests Warner consult a Dr. Miura in Sacramento.

Having got away, the girl takes a train for the Coast. Penfield, who shadowed her, corners her on the train, kidnaps her, forces her into an automobile, and drives toward "Silvertip." On the road, Marta succeeds in wrecking the car; and while Penfield is unconscious, she escapes.

Working cleverly, in co-operation with Irv Barney and Ann Sloane, who was Dixon Gale's fiancée and whom Barney hopes to marry, Warner evolves a fair picture of what has happened. Believing that Penfield has taken Marta to "Silvertip," he tries to reach the estate in a car. But, before he can get there, he encounters Damon and his men, is knocked unconscious. . . .

Arrived at "Silvertip," Damon meets some political leaders who have assembled there. While he is conferring with them, Penfield comes in. He says he crashed in his car. "What about your wife?" Damon inquires. "Marta," Penfield says calmly, "is dead." That satisfies Damon; he feels that both he and Penfield are now safe. He warns Penfield to watch his step in the future. Then, calling in his followers, he informs them that Governor Queed will announce Penfield's appointment to the Senate as soon as he, Damon, can get him on the telephone.

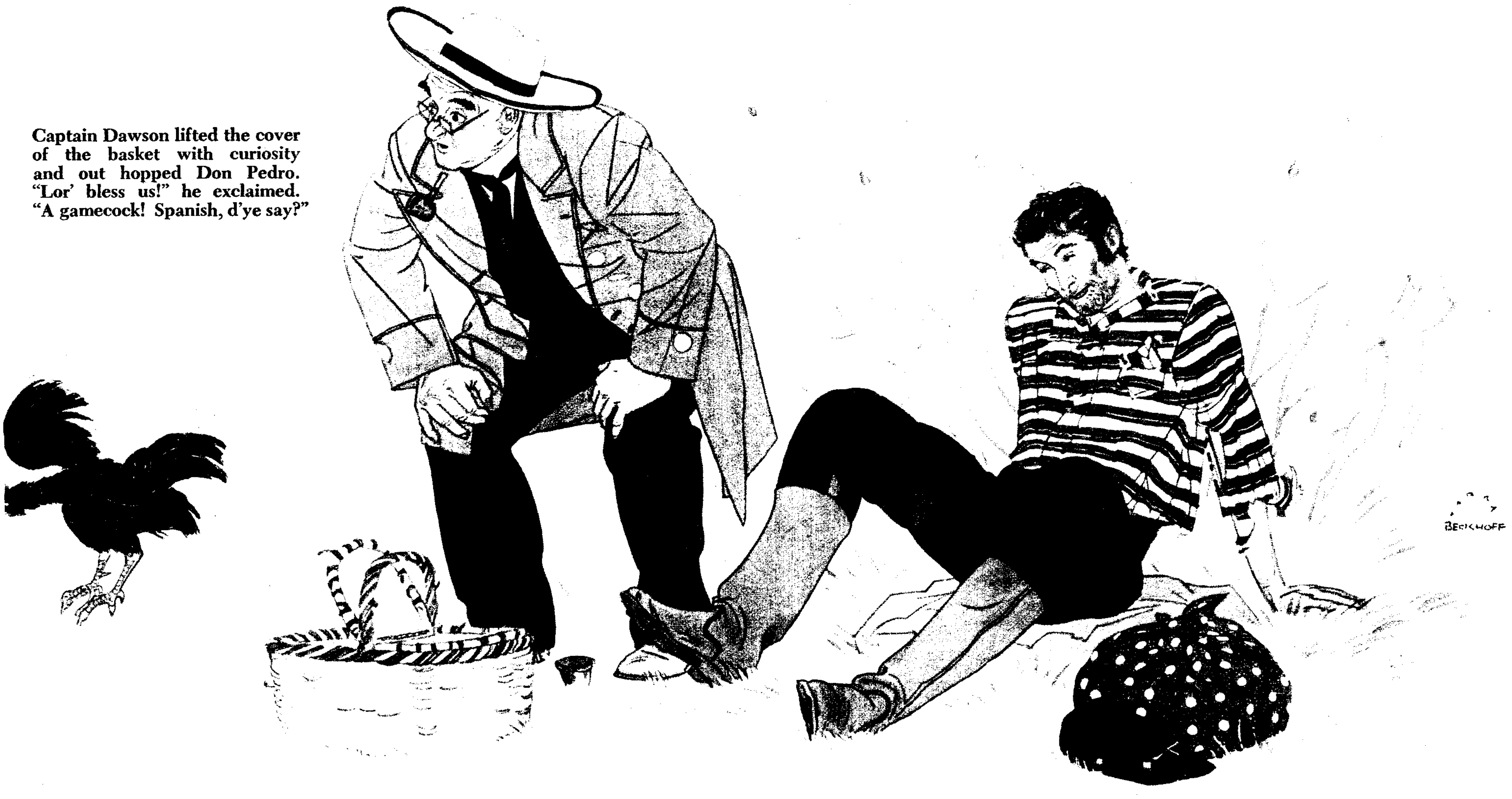
Conclusion

AT ABOUT eight-thirty, Ann Sloane telephoned that she had got permission for Doctor Miura to leave the resettlement camp and would bring him to Sacramento.

"Okay, honey," Irv said, "I'll meet you at the Sutter House. Or I'll leave a note where to bring him."

No need to tell her that they had lost another round, had lost more than there was a chance of getting back. He had waked this morning to find half a dozen telegrams from Scott Warner, all of them catastrophic. In an allusive language that used no names, which Scott doubtless thought of as a code, they said that he had located Marta Penfield on a train headed west and had made the incredible discovery—or guess—that Gene Penfield was on the same train. It could not possibly be true, but Scott was not a fool. It had to be true. Also, it had to be dealt with, and there was no way of dealing with it.

(Continued on page 27)



Captain Dawson lifted the cover of the basket with curiosity and out hopped Don Pedro. "Lor' bless us!" he exclaimed. "A gamecock! Spanish, d'ye say?"

THE SPANISH ROOSTER

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

He didn't think his bird would fight, and he knew he wouldn't himself—but there was a girl who had other ideas about it

WHEN Melchizedek Brown came home from that war, he arrived with a sack slung to his shoulders, a seven-foot pole in his right hand and a covered basket in his left. He had sold his gun on the road. He was in need of a bath, a barber, a tailor, a cobbler and victuals and drink. He looked even worse than when he had gone away nigh onto two years before; not that his appearance suggested any sort of depravity of thought or action, or ever had, but only a condition of forlornness, like someone unloved and unconsidered, or even like something dragged in and then ignored by a cat.

Melchizedek's home, so called, was with an uncle, an aunt and a great many cousins. His mother was dead; and if his father were alive, he had no proof of it.

His Aunt Amy was churning on the back porch. She stopped working the splasher and let out a few yelps.

"Land o' Goshen! So it's you back again?"

"Yessum," admitted the veteran.

Uncle Hiram stopped work too. He was whittling a stick.

"Howdy, Mel."

"Howdy, Uncle Hi."

"Did ye ever git to that war?"

"Yes, I got to it."

"Did a Yankee give you a thousand dollars to go fight in his place, like Bill Bender said they was doin'?"

"He didn't gimme that much cash money. He gimme fifteen dollars and a piece of writin' for the rest of it. But when I got back to Jonesville on my way home, he couldn't pay it, and neither could his folks, 'cause he was dead an' buried, havin' broke his neck fallin' off of a roof he was shinglin', and his folks was real poor. But his pappy gimme the Spanish rooster."

"The wot?" asked Uncle Hiram.

"Pedro's his name. Don Pedro. I'll show you."

Mel laid the pole aside and lowered the sack and covered basket to the ground. He removed the cover of the basket and out jumped a rooster. It was not much to look at, according to the local notion of roosters. It had a head like a snake's, but with eyes of fire in it; and its neck and general shape reminded Hiram Brown of a queer bottle he had seen in a flash bar that time he had been to Bangor; and its color was mostly sooty black, with some red on the neck; and its legs and spurs were too big for the rest of it.

"So that's wot you got to show for nine hunderd an' eighty-five dollars!" said Hiram Brown, in a derisive and disgusted tone of voice.

Aunt Amy made a contemptuous sound and went to work again on the splasher of the churn. Five or six of the cousins stared at Mel with varying degrees of curiosity, or no interest at all, and from him to the rooster. The bird shot his head this way and that and gave everybody a look out of one eye or the other. Then he went up on his toes and gave his short wings a whirl. He crowed. It wasn't musical, but it possessed other qualities. He snaked his queer head and neck around a few times more and then went up onto Mel's left shoulder in one smooth jump.

"One dollar's wot I'd vally-ate 'im at," said Hiram.

Rubbering 'round on Mel's shoulder, Don Pedro rubbed smooth feathers against Mel's left ear, and the touch felt like a caress to the heart-hungry young man.

"I got one friend here in the country I was born an' raised in, anyhow—this here foreign rooster I fetched all the way home from Jonesville," he thought miserably, bitterly. And one only. An' him only a bird. And what harm did I ever do them? Only work like a hired man for nothin'. But they don't even ask me to set down, let alone have I a mouth on me.

HIRAM'S voice broke through his thoughts.

"Two hours to dinner yet, Mister Soldier, so you might's well git down to splittin' some wood," said the whittler.

Melchizedek paid no attention to that, for he wasn't one to change the direction of a train of thought quickly. He went right on with his own thinking.

Yes, this rooster appeared to be his only friend here, but he had not been friendless down in the States. Even the Johnny Rebs, shooting at him to kill, hadn't wished him any harm as Mel Brown but only as a soldier in a blue jacket, which had seemed all right then and still did, that being war. He had been shooting for Mr. Abe Lincoln's side, and those gant men and boys in hickory pants had taken their orders from Mr. Jeff Davis. Fair enough! But there wasn't any war up here on Piper's Creek, or anywhere in this Nashwok country, nor over the height-of-land on the Miramichi watershed. This was British territory. This was a land of peace.

Peace! And right here among his own kith and kin, all he got, and all he had ever got, was a sort of sneering unfriendliness and begrudged victuals. And what harm had he ever done to any of them? They didn't like him, that was all. But down in the States, lots of folks had been friendly. Even the man he had enlisted for at Jonesville had not treated him in a mean or hostile spirit. He had paid all the cash money he had, on account, fair and square and full of gratitude; and if he fell off a roof and broke his neck, it wasn't by intention.

And that poor Henry Cole's father had been real regretful. Yes, that Mr. Cole was a kind, good, friendly man, only bone-poor. Mr. Cole had uncorked the little brown jug for him, fed him with the best of whatever he had and given him his own bed. And he had offered the mustered-out and tuckered-out young soldier his only two portable possessions of value: his old fiddle and his young Spanish rooster.

The fiddle (Mr. Cole had said) would fetch ten or twelve dollars, for sure, in the right market, but Don Pedro was another proposition entirely. If he turned out to be a fighter, like about twenty-five per cent of his particular strain of blood, he would be worth a small fortune to a smart man; and if he didn't—like about seventy-five per cent of his family—he would be nothing but a pet.

The honest man had told Mel that the bird had as yet shown no battling instinct or inclination, and not to be fooled by his fiery eyes. They all had fiery eyes. But Don Pedro was still young, and you never could tell.

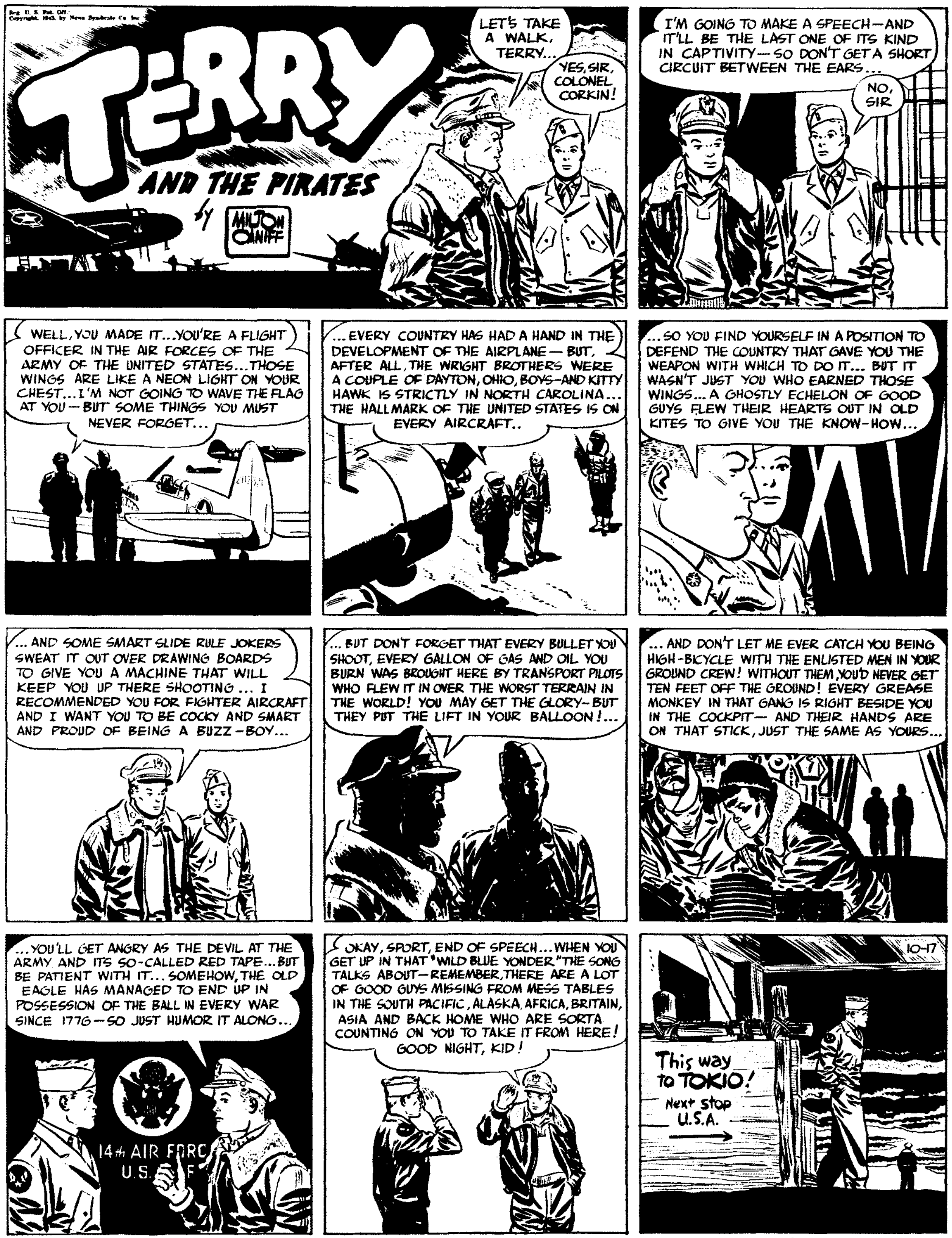
Mel had refused the fiddle, not being musical, and taken the rooster and a pair of fighting spurs in full settlement of the note of hand for nine hundred and eighty-five dollars.

(Continued on page 63)

THE FIGHTING FUNNIES

By J. Clarke Mattimore and Hannibal Coons

Everyone with a newspaper knows that our comic strips have marched off to war. Here for the first time is a look into their field packs


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copyright, 1943, by News Syndicate Co. Inc.
TERRY AND THE PIRATES by MILTON CANIFF
LET'S TAKE A WALK, TERRY...
YES, SIR, COLONEL CORKIN!
I'M GOING TO MAKE A SPEECH—AND IT'LL BE THE LAST ONE OF ITS KIND IN CAPTIVITY—SO DON'T GET A SHORT CIRCUIT BETWEEN THE EARS...
NO, SIR
WELL, YOU MADE IT...YOU'RE A FLIGHT OFFICER IN THE AIR FORCES OF THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES...THOSE WINGS ARE LIKE A NEON LIGHT ON YOUR CHEST...I'M NOT GOING TO WAVE THE FLAG AT YOU—BUT SOME THINGS YOU MUST NEVER FORGET...
...EVERY COUNTRY HAS HAD A HAND IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AIRPLANE—BUT, AFTER ALL, THE WRIGHT BROTHERS WERE A COUPLE OF DAYTON, OHIO, BOYS—AND KITTY HAWK IS STRICTLY IN NORTH CAROLINA... THE HALLMARK OF THE UNITED STATES IS ON EVERY AIRCRAFT..
...SO YOU FIND YOURSELF IN A POSITION TO DEFEND THE COUNTRY THAT GAVE YOU THE WEAPON WITH WHICH TO DO IT... BUT IT WASN'T JUST YOU WHO EARNED THOSE WINGS... A GHOSTLY ECHELON OF GOOD GUYS FLEW THEIR HEARTS OUT IN OLD KITES TO GIVE YOU THE KNOW-HOW...
...AND SOME SMART SLIDE RULE JOKERS SWEAT IT OUT OVER DRAWING BOARDS TO GIVE YOU A MACHINE THAT WILL KEEP YOU UP THERE SHOOTING... I RECOMMENDED YOU FOR FIGHTER AIRCRAFT AND I WANT YOU TO BE COCKY AND SMART AND PROUD OF BEING A BUZZ-BOY...
...BUT DON'T FORGET THAT EVERY BULLET YOU SHOOT, EVERY GALLON OF GAS AND OIL YOU BURN WAS BROUGHT HERE BY TRANSPORT PILOTS WHO FLEW IT IN OVER THE WORST TERRAIN IN THE WORLD! YOU MAY GET THE GLORY—BUT THEY PUT THE LIFT IN YOUR BALLOON!...
...AND DON'T LET ME EVER CATCH YOU BEING HIGH-BICYCLE WITH THE ENLISTED MEN IN YOUR GROUND CREW! WITHOUT THEM, YOU'D NEVER GET TEN FEET OFF THE GROUND! EVERY GREASE MONKEY IN THAT GANG IS RIGHT BESIDE YOU IN THE COCKPIT— AND THEIR HANDS ARE ON THAT STICK, JUST THE SAME AS YOURS...
...YOU'LL GET ANGRY AS THE DEVIL AT THE ARMY AND ITS SO-CALLED RED TAPE...BUT BE PATIENT WITH IT... SOMEHOW, THE OLD EAGLE HAS MANAGED TO END UP IN POSSESSION OF THE BALL IN EVERY WAR SINCE 1776—SO JUST HUMOR IT ALONG...
14th AIR FORCE U.S.A.F.
OKAY, SPORT, END OF SPEECH...WHEN YOU GET UP IN THAT "WILD BLUE YONDER" THE SONG TALKS ABOUT—REMEMBER, THERE ARE A LOT OF GOOD GUYS MISSING FROM MESS TABLES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, ALASKA, AFRICA, BRITAIN, ASIA AND BACK HOME WHO ARE SORTA COUNTING ON YOU TO TAKE IT FROM HERE! GOOD NIGHT, KID!
10-17
This way to TOKIO! Next stop U.S.A.

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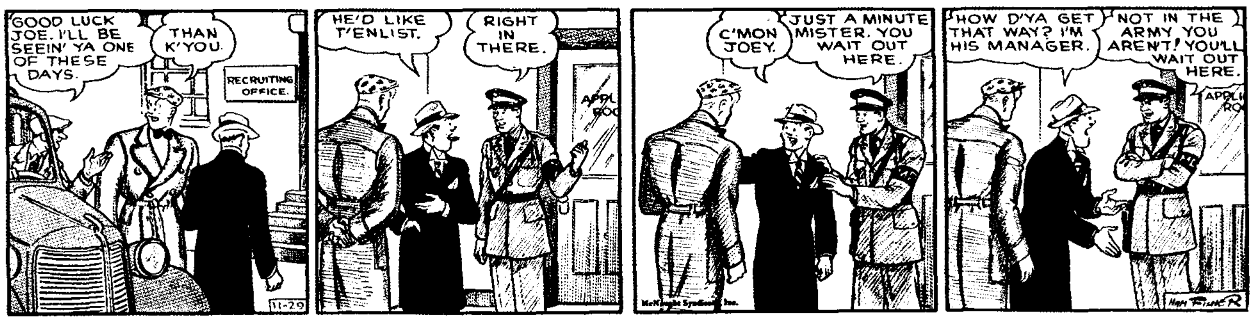
The Terry strip with Colonel Corkin's famous speech to the young hero. It was printed in the Congressional Record and was the subject of many editorials. Below, Joe Palooka joins the Army, while his manager, Knobby Walsh, unable to manage Joe as a G.I., gets a defense job


GOOD LUCK JOE. I'LL BE SEEIN' YA ONE OF THESE DAYS.
THAN K'YOU.
RECRUITING OFFICE.
11-29
HE'D LIKE T'ENLIST.
RIGHT IN THERE.
C'MON JOEY.
JUST A MINUTE MISTER. YOU WAIT OUT HERE.
McNaught Syndicate, Inc.
HOW D'YA GET THAT WAY? I'M HIS MANAGER.
NOT IN THE ARMY YOU AREN'T! YOU'LL WAIT OUT HERE.
HAM FISHER

MC NAUGHT SYNDICATE, INC.

Tillie the Toiler enlisted in the Wac soon after the Corps was organized, and has influenced many young women to do likewise. Below, her shrewd reasoning leads to the capture of a spy

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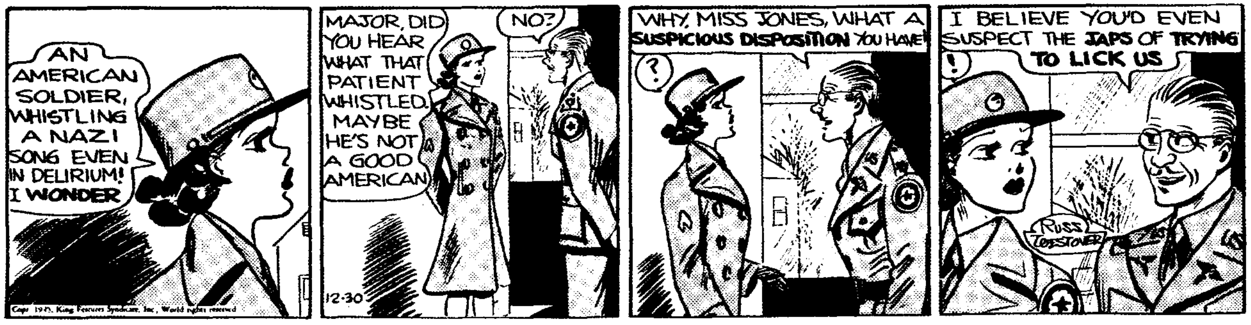

AN AMERICAN SOLDIER, WHISTLING A NAZI SONG EVEN IN DELIRIUM! I WONDER
Copr. 1943, King Features Syndicate, Inc., World rights reserved
MAJOR, DID YOU HEAR WHAT THAT PATIENT WHISTLED. MAYBE HE'S NOT A GOOD AMERICAN
NO?
12-30
WHY, MISS JONES, WHAT A SUSPICIOUS DISPOSITION YOU HAVE!
?
I BELIEVE YOU'D EVEN SUSPECT THE JAPS OF TRYING TO LICK US
!
RUSS WESTOVER

When the United States suddenly found itself at war with half the earth, the kids of America were only mildly perturbed. Superman would have the situation in hand by no later than lunchtime, and people could get back to really important things like the Saturday matinee at the Bijou.

Which has turned out to be less silly than it sounds. The power of comic strips over American citizens, both large and small, has left our admirals and generals in a state of startled gratitude. Who won social acceptance for our new-style doughboys? The USO, the Red Cross, the Y.M.C.A.? No, Joe Palooka's ma. And who sold the kids of America on pitching in to help war-working mothers with the housework? Little Orphan Annie, that's who. The minute Annie organized her Junior Commandos, millions of little nippers uttered hoarse cries and sprang to their brooms. In the city of Boston alone 15,000 Junior Commandos suddenly popped into existence and flew at the dirty dishes like demons.

When Little Orphan Annie lost her dog, Sandy, back in 1933, one of the first wires received by Annie's creator, Harold Gray, read as follows: "Please do all you can to help Annie find Sandy. We are all interested." Signed, "Henry Ford."

The Navy recently took up precious shipping space to send several bales of Superman comic books to the boys on Midway. The Army, with the help of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, is now planning a bulky compilation of comic strips to be sent to all our Armed Forces abroad. The subject of comic strips in general is suddenly a matter of pressing military importance. The Navy is even considering revamping its entire training technique in order to use actual comic-strip textbooks.

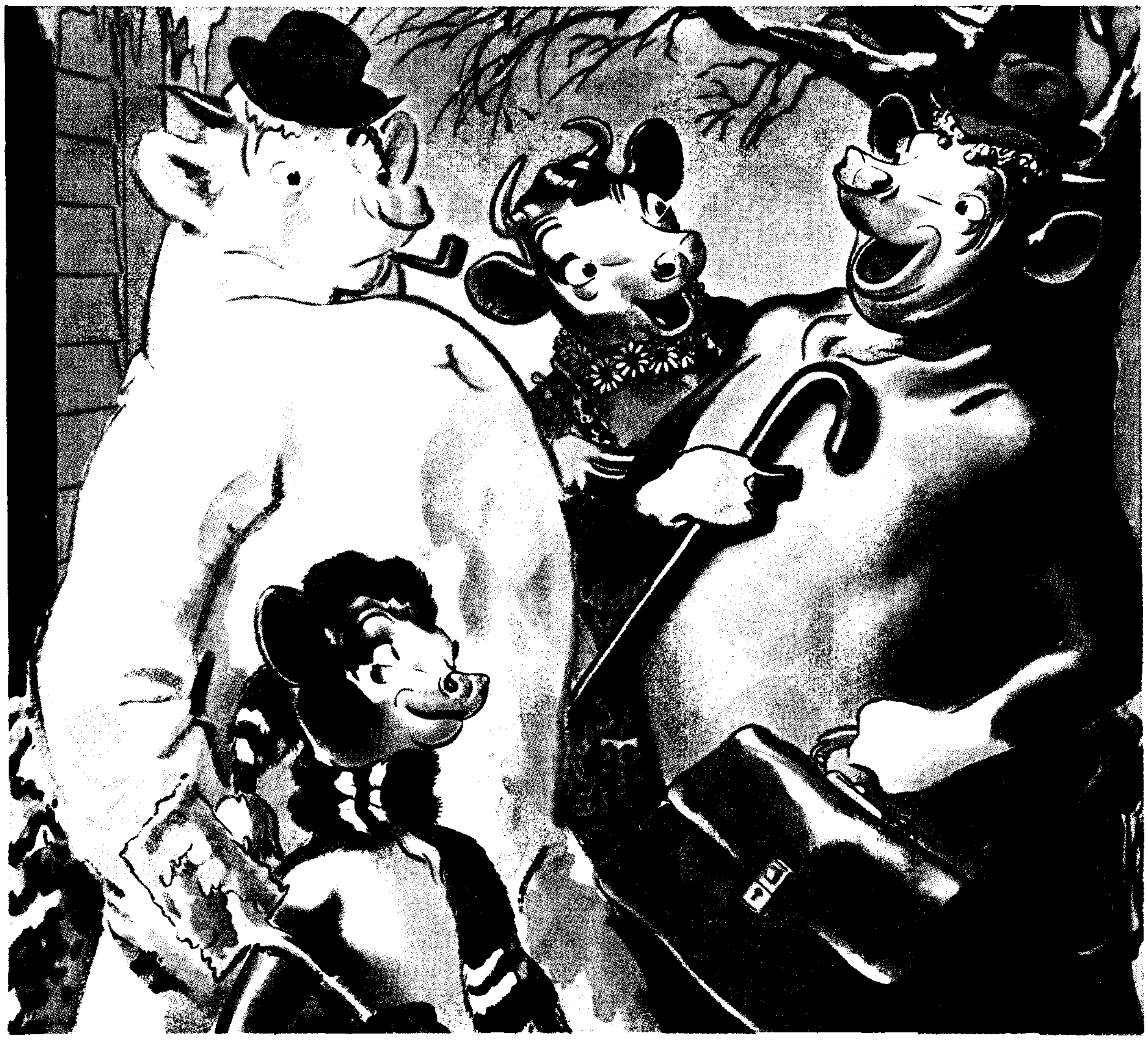
Joe Palooka Leads the Way

When the world began to get dangerously heated up back around 1940, Ham Fisher stood it as long as he could, then one day he cracked. Right in the middle of Joe's training for a big fight Ham suddenly stopped the proceedings and announced, in effect: "Nuts to this. Most of the world is at war, we're *going* to be at war, and how anybody can be interested in being anything but a soldier during a war is beyond me." When the Palooka fans turned to the "funnies" the next morning they saw Joe hanging up his gloves and going downtown to enlist. Countless young men immediately dropped their papers and hurried after him.

It was by no means smooth sailing for Ham. There were a lot of complaints from isolationist editors, some papers even threatened to cancel the strip, and the McNaught Syndicate, which handles Joe, was highly nervous over the whole thing. But Ham went right ahead and put the whole strip in the war. Knobby Walsh, Joe's flashy manager who is practically a day-by-day portrait of Fisher himself, was too old to enlist, so Ham got him a job in a defense plant. And Knobby, never absent or late himself, immediately began banging away at the wartime evils of absenteeism, tardiness and job-shifting.

The first thing that impressed the Army was the job done by Joe's ma on the mothers of America. When we first started playing soldier it was to be just for a year and then back home. Most of the young men selected had a consuming desire to get it over with as soon as possible, and so did the mothers of the girls who lived around "those Army camps." Finally Joe's mother back in Pennsylvania, ordinarily a quiet sort, suddenly mounted her pen-and-ink soapbox and gave other mothers all over America a terrific lacing. In no uncertain terms she told them that the boys at the new camps were no different from any other boys, no different from their daughters' own brothers—just tired, homesick kids who badly needed a little sistering and mothering.

(Continued on page 44)



"But they already have a statue in the public square!" protested Elsie

"MADAM," rumbled Elmer, the bull haughtily, "in this snow image of me, our daughter has created a work of *Art!* We owe it to posterity to have it preserved in marble and set in the Public Square. On the base we can put a little scroll telling of my achievements, and..."

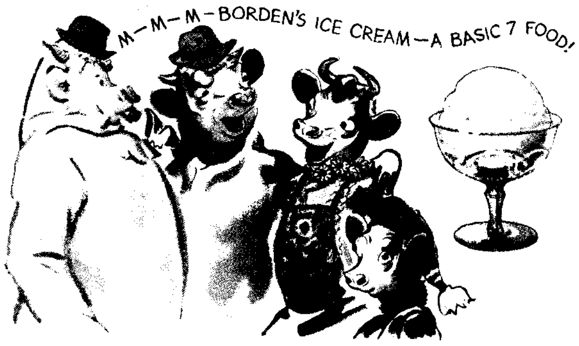
"What's an achievement, mommy," interrupted little Beulah.

"An achievement, darling," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow, "is something you do that's exceptional. Like my pure, creamy *Borden's Milk*, for example. Giving milk good enough to pass all the strict tests those Borden scientists cook up is an achievement of which any cow can be proud."

BORDEN'S MILK—A PROUD ACHIEVEMENT FOR ANY COW!
Bo

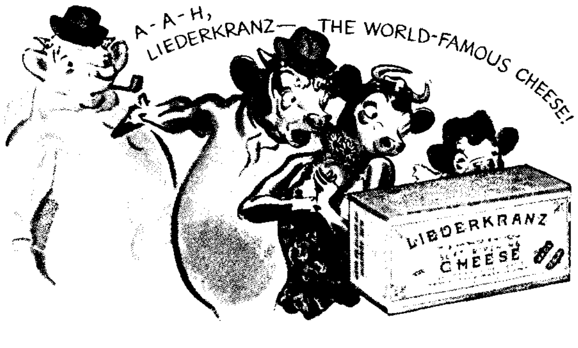
Elmer wasn't listening. "Beulah must get her talent from my side of the family," he mused looking dreamily at the snow image of himself. "After all, my great Uncle Algernon was a painter."

"Yes, I remember—he painted fences," said Elsie slyly, "and besides, there's loads of talent in my family too. I don't like to boast, but just think of the talent it takes to make that smooth, luscious *Borden's Ice Cream* that everyone's so crazy about. Why, that's not only a grand treat, it's a fine nutritious food as well."


M-M-M-BORDEN'S ICE CREAM—A BASIC 7 FOOD!

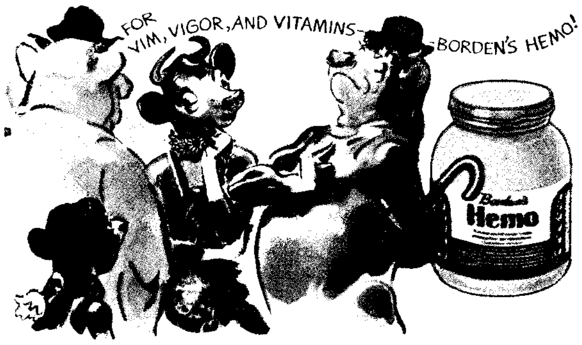
"That's not what I was talking about," spluttered Elmer. "*My* family were all *real* artists. Take my Aunt Sophronia—her butterfly collection was the talk of the neighborhood."

"That's nothing," laughed Elsie, "my golden-crusted, creamy-centered *Borden's Liederkranz Cheese* is the talk of the world. Honestly...it's the one American-made cheese that's famous the world over. And Liederkranz is but one of more than 20 *Borden's Fine Cheeses* each one of which is an artistic triumph on any table."



"How can you think about food when you could be looking at a masterpiece like this statue?" sulked Elmer. "Can't you see how Beulah has captured the very spirit of her father—clear-eyed, virile, dynamic, and..."

"Gracious," giggled Elsie. "You talk the way so many people feel after drinking *Borden's Hemo*. That's the new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. It tastes like the most marvelous malted milk—only more so."


FOR VIM, VIGOR, AND VITAMINS—BORDEN'S HEMO!
Borden's Hemo

"Huh," snorted Elmer. "Forget about your precious Hemo for a minute and tell me seriously what you think of having Beulah's marvelous statue of me done in marble and placed in the Public Square."

"Darling, I think it's a marvelous idea," enthused Elsie, "providing you have Beulah make just one teeny weeny change."

"What kind of a change," demanded Elmer suspiciously.

"Well, I think you ought to be holding a can of *Borden's Evaporated Milk* in your right hand. Then we'd have a statue worth looking at. Borden's Evaporated Milk is so digestible and rich in Vitamin D that doctors approve it for feeding tiny babies. And it's a simply wonderful way to add milk nourishment to savory soups and fluffy mashed potatoes. What's more, in your left hand..."

BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK—FOR GOOD BABIES AND GOOD COOKS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

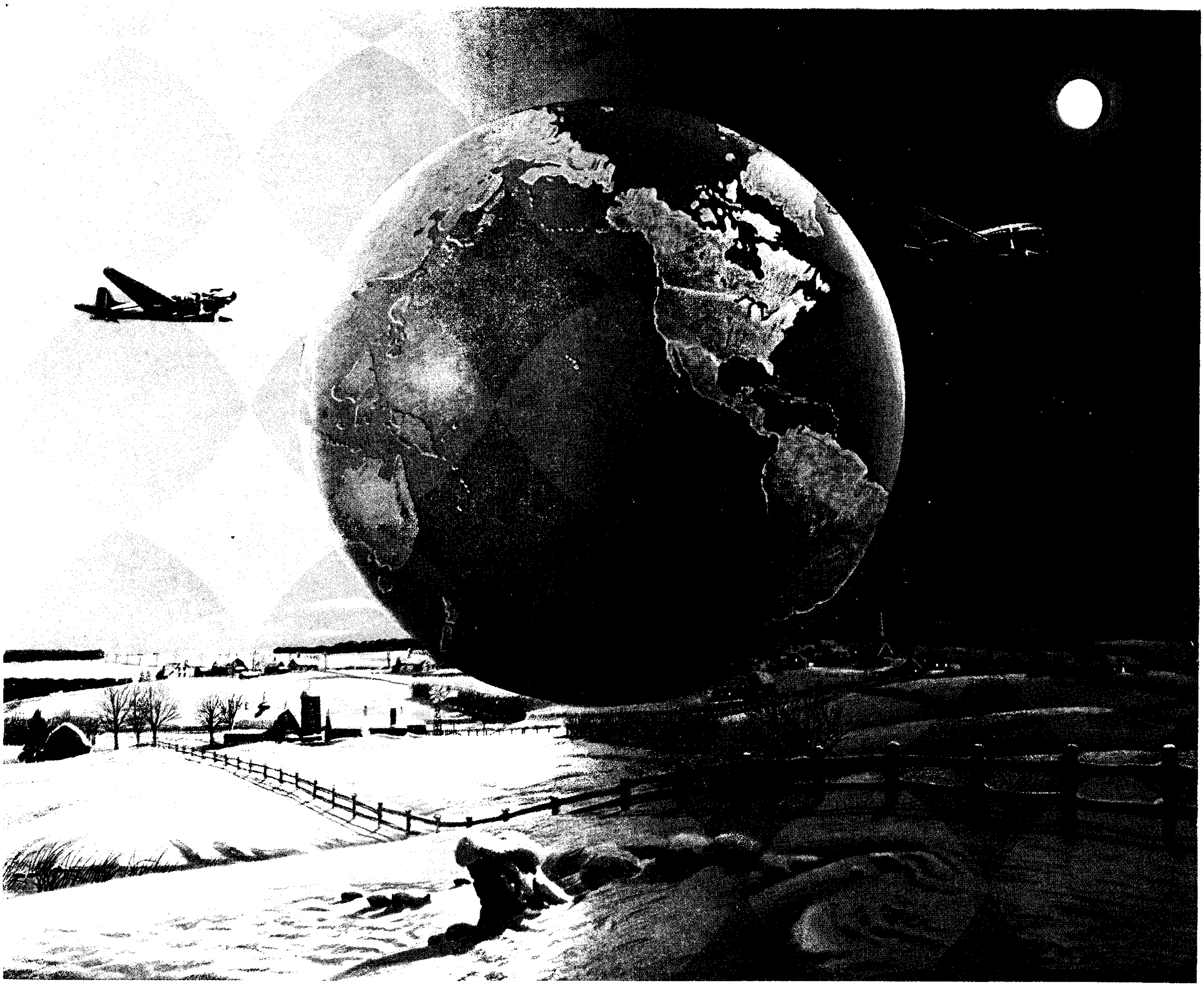
"I get it," sighed Elmer. "Never mind, I know when I'm licked!"

* * *

Elsie says: "Let's get it over. Buy extra War Bonds this month."

—if it's Borden's it's got to be good

© The Borden Company



Every second of every hour–
Of every day–and every night–
In every season–
Flagships are in the air–
Saving transportation time–
And countless man-hours–
Expediting our nation's work.

ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS **AMERICAN AIRLINES** *Inc.*

The Woman in the Picture

Continued from page 22

Penfield had gone to Hitchcock from Silvertip. No one knew that Marta was at Hitchcock. No one . . . except! Humiliation sickened him. He had done it. He'd said "Hitchcock" over the phone to Ann, from Denver to Sacramento, and Ann had said "Marta." Her line had been tapped. It had been tapped all these years. A careful and thorough man, Penfield.

The telegram from Reno was the worst: QUARRY ESCAPED WITHOUT TRACE SOMEWHERE EAST OF HERE. NO SIGN OF EITHER ONE. GETAWAY ABSOLUTE. I PROCEED TO HEADQUARTERS.

Headquarters meant Silvertip. What could the idiot do at Silvertip?

Irv lacked Scott's volatility, his flashpoint was high, his anger was well banked. But he was beginning to feel the forced draft. Frustration, accidents, miscalculations, stupid mistakes, failure—he had a limit. He decided that Scott, however idiotic, was right. At Silvertip, he could at least make trouble—general and miscellaneous trouble. All their plays had failed. All their weapons had proved useless. Okay, it was time to start making trouble, regardless. Irv would stay here long enough to find out what, if anything, this mysterious Jap knew. If he knew anything useful, then Irv would start using it.

IT WAS funny—he had been afraid of Damon but never of Penfield. Damon had brains, but Damon had just run around aimlessly in the dark, doing nothing, getting nowhere. Penfield had gone straight and efficiently to the point. He had grabbed the girl. Everybody had underestimated Penfield.

He found only a morning crew at the Sacramento Post. John, the boy reporter, wasn't there; nor Charlie Pond, nor Mr. Wright. Irv carefully read what the teletypes were saying, but found nothing that concerned him. Then he sat down at a typewriter and wrote a cryptic, scarehead story predicting sensational developments in the mystery of Marta Penfield.

He hinted that she was now known to be alive, that her hiding places of more than two years had been located, that she would soon reappear and make tremendous disclosures, and that what she had to say would make a story in the United States Senate. He knew his business. He made it a good story.

He would hold it till he found out whether the Jap had anything to say, then he would wire it to the Globe. The Globe knew its Barney. The Globe would run the story. As before, once the Globe broke it, others would follow up. Yesterday, he had lighted a bonfire for Messrs. Damon and Penfield. Today, he would light a forest fire for them.

Should've done it long before. Nope. It was pure razzle-dazzle, pure bluff. Up to now, he'd had the idea you didn't need to bluff. That was over now.

He was sunk in morose thoughts when the signal bells of two rival teletypes rang, practically together. There was a girl in the telegraph room, a blond cutie who doubtless was on loan from a high-school paper, and she hurried over.

Irv slouched up beside her—and read an official statement from Governor Queed that Eugene Penfield had been named United States senator to fill out the unexpired term of the Honorable Thomas R. Fetterman.

"Well, sister," Irv said, "them bells mean what they say. In our business, that's what we call a flash. It's news. Better wake up some of your sleeping stars. Get somebody here."

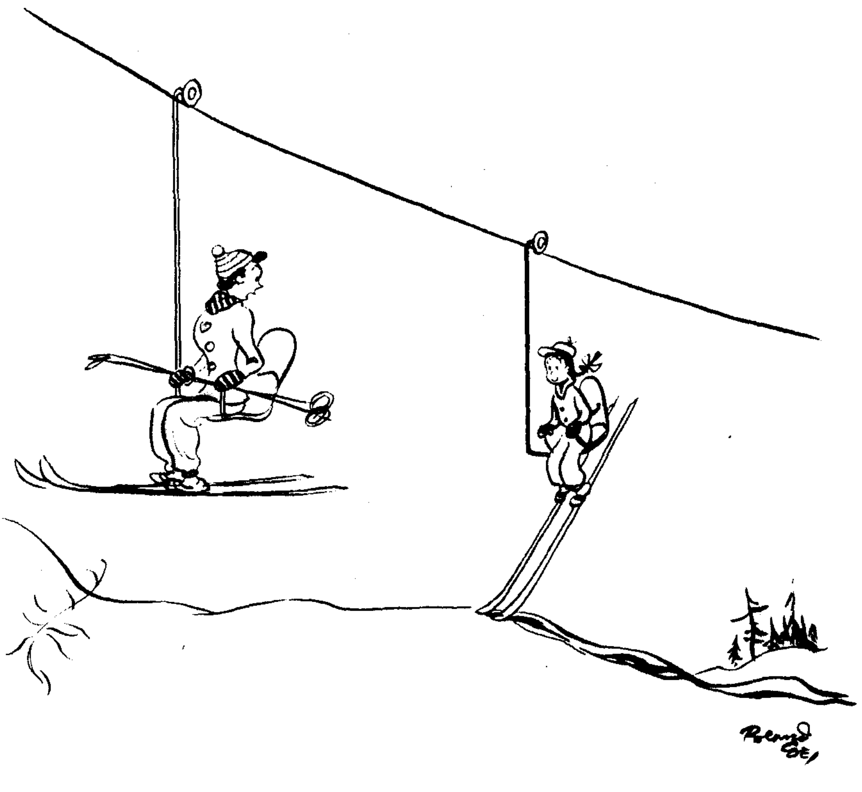
But at the moment, in came Charlie Pond, beautiful in white linen, his few remaining wisps of gray hair plastered down on his gleaming skull, his face benign.

"Ah!" Irv said with satisfaction. "Here's the patriarch, still on the fence. I fake my news, huh? I invite you out on limbs just because I'm fat and indolent? Put on your glasses and see who's senator."

He ripped off a long take and handed it to Charlie. He watched the benevolent face sharpen to alertness.

"If you want somebody to show you how newspapers are run, I'm still on hand," Irv said.

"Now we got something," Charlie said tranquilly. He picked up a phone, listened for a moment, came very much alive, and motioned Irv to take an extension. A precise, clerkly voice was saying that this was Silvertip, that the voice was speaking for Senator Penfield. The senator recognized the desire of the press for interviews and would come down to Sacramento. The senator would be at the Palace Hotel at eight o'clock in the evening and would talk to all accredited newspapermen who might care to be on hand.



COLLIER'S "Patricia! Stop scuffing your toes!" ROLAND COE

"Eight o'clock?" Charlie yelped into the telephone. "This is a morning newspaper. Has the publicity brain forgotten that eight o'clock is midnight on the big time? You want some wire service? Get your man down here by three o'clock."

There was a long silence, and then the voice reported that Senator Penfield would meet the press at five o'clock.

PENFIELD was at Silvertip. That meant that Marta Penfield, if she were still alive, was at Silvertip. But Penfield would have made no public move unless Damon was directing it. So Damon was at Silvertip. Scott Warner had started for Silvertip. But the morning's developments at Silvertip were unfolding with a smoothness that meant complete assurance. They must have nailed Scott and Marta Penfield. They had everything fastened down. They had taken care of Scott. They had taken care of everything.

Irv stopped at the sheriff's office. This was Sacramento County, and Silvertip was in Placer County. But as total incredulity and derision began to yield to Irv's methodical plans for swearing out warrants, the sheriff took care of that. Irv could get started and the sheriff would arrange by phone to have his friend Steve Updike meet him on the way, with assorted warrants—specific warrants and John Doe warrants; throw the book at them.

The sheriff remained a little dazed. "I hope you know what you're doing, mister. If you aren't airtight all along the line, it'll be just too bad!"

"Yeah," Irv said. "Ten thousand dollars, dead or alive, and a million years in jail. Let me worry about that. On the other hand, if you're his man—"

"I'm not," the sheriff said. "I hate his guts and I hope you've got him. So does Steve Updike. Penfield ain't a great man on his home range. He's a blue-ribbon hog with delusions of grandeur." He shook his head. "But this is dynamite." As Irv departed, he was still muttering, "Gene Penfield. Marta Penfield. Marie Royce."

Well, Irv thought, anything else? Yeah, the Jap. He stopped off at the Sutter House and wrote a note for Ann Sloane. Then he went out and rented an automobile.

Hundred and twenty-one miles, door to door. Okay. The chips were down. Ought to be a big day in Placer County. . . .

Even before the sky began to turn gray, it was evident that there were a lot of windows in this place. Three sides of it were windows, in fact, with a porch beyond them, down which Scott's jailer paced. Scott's whole body ached, his ribs were tender to the touch, and so was a lump at the back of his head, but the only continuous pain came from his left ankle. He knew it wasn't broken because he could rotate his foot. But it had swollen, it throbbed agonizingly, and when he contrived to pull himself erect, it turned under him, and he went down with a groan.

Paleness grew against the dark and he could see window seats along the three walls. There was a rustic chair in the room and there was absolutely nothing else. There was another room back of the wall that had no windows, the door locked. The place was made of polished logs and wide, polished panels.

The man was looking in through a window at one end. Scott sat hugging the knee of his uninjured leg. The man disappeared.

Light grew. Scott pulled himself to the long, leather-upholstered window seat and crawled down it to the far end. Beyond the porch, steps led down. His jailer was sitting on the top step. He turned his head, gazed at Scott without curiosity, spat and looked away.

That was the obscene man of last night. He was Damon's man, for he had been with Damon last night. Damon had demanded word of Marta—which meant that Penfield had come to Hitchcock without Damon's knowledge. Damon did not know where Marta was, and he did not know what Penfield had been doing.

Wonderful what the mind could do! Wonderful how well you could think when everything was over. Damon had got to Silvertip, for this was Silvertip. Penfield had got to wherever that wrecked car was—and on to Silvertip. And Marta?

This ornate little building was on a ridge that ran, beyond those steps, down to a lower ridge which made the western rampart of a valley, the great valley opening out southward, wider and wider, a vast amphitheater whose blue shadows were beginning to lighten with brilliant sun. It was a majestic view.

Scott crawled down the long side—that would be the eastern side—of the room. The mountainside fell down steeply here and, at the bottom, perhaps five hundred feet vertically and half a mile eastward, buildings nestled in a clearing. The clearing had been made in a forest of giant pines, and it was at the head of a cove which made the northern end of the big valley.

THERE was a great, hotel-like house of logs—Silvertip Lodge. There were fully a dozen smaller buildings, deep in shadow, for the sun had not climbed the eastern ridge, though long shafts of gold cut across upper levels of the forest. There was no movement and no sound.

Scott could see carefully made paths in various parts of the ridge.

When he looked closely, into the cove below, a thread of blue smoke rose from a chimney, straight up through shadow. At Silvertip, the day was beginning. Scott's indifferent gaze came back to the north ledge. Over a quarter of a mile away, this side of the road, someone was moving along one of the neat little trails—for he had seen a human figure cross between two trees. Were they getting on the job so early?

No, for though that path might lead down to the lodge, it certainly did not come up from it. It appeared, rather, to circle the head of the cove, along the hillside. It slanted along the ridge down this side and, at about where his guard sat on the steps, dipped toward the gulf.

Scott watched it with agonized concentration. Yes! Another opening in the big pines, and the figure hurried across. It was moving slowly where the trees hid it from any possible observation and running across the gaps. Fifty yards farther on, there was a big gap, and the path curved and ran along the edge.

Scott's heart began to pound. The figure wasn't a man; it was a woman. She came to the projecting edge and stood behind a tree, peering around it . . . It was . . . but it couldn't possibly be . . . but it was! No one could mistake that figure. It was Marta! She was here . . . looking down at Silvertip!

If she kept to that path, she would pass within a few yards of the man on the steps . . . Was he still on the steps?

Scott crawled along the window seat to the south windows and peered out. The man sat there, completely immobile, staring at the gulf of sunlight.

Scott lowered himself to the floor and

crept toward the door, moving the chair before him inch by inch, to an angle where the opening door would partly conceal him. The laboring of his heart half choked him, and he waited in an agony of indecision. Now! No! Not yet. Wait—wait a little longer—wait longer still!

"Hey!" he shouted at the top of his voice. "Hey!"

He kept on yelling. He heard his guard coming. The door swung inward and, on his knees, Scott hurled the chair at the man. The jailer fell over it heavily. Scott jumped on him, swinging his fists, using his knees. He managed to yell, "Marta! Run!"

He rocked as the powerful little thug struggled, rising inch by inch against Scott's weight and fists. There was no leverage in his leg. A blow in his stomach sickened him.

Suddenly the man stopped fighting. Half crouching, he was standing still, with his arms out. Marta was holding a gun in the small of his back. Scott lunged and tackled him around the knees and brought him down. She gave him the gun and ran out of the room.

She had got away, but she was back again, bringing a tin box. She produced rolls of bandage, stripped the blue paper from several of them.

"Tie his wrists!" she said. "Behind him—not in front!"

Scott did just that, giving himself the enormous consolation of hitting the thug full in the face when he struggled again.

Marta brought a towel from the other room. "Fold it and tie it over his mouth," she said. Scott did so, and she unwrapped more bandages and said, "His ankles, too, and then bind the knots."

There was a gun in the jailer's pocket. Scott got it and turned toward Marta.

"You're hurt! How badly? We've got to get out of here," she said.

"Sprained ankle," he told her. "I can't stand on it."

She knelt beside him, began wrapping a wide bandage tightly around his ankle. Her hands trembled and her face was desperate. "You'll be able to climb a little. You'll have to. It's about a quarter of a mile . . . Put on your shoe. Can you stand up?"

He could.

She went out again, coming back with several small cans and boxes. "I know a good place. We'll take him, too. Untie his feet."

"Is there a radio in the tower?" Scott asked.

"No. Only a telephone to the lodge. Don't worry. I've thought it all out. Make him get up, and you can lean on him."

SCOTT flourished Berg's own gun before the eyes that gleamed so hotly above the gag. "Follow the lady," he said. "And just try something funny—anything at all."

He put his left hand under Berg's rigid, bound arm. He could walk—he could walk miles, or forever. Winning with Marta was a powerful intoxicant, the strongest stimulant he had ever felt.

Marta led them down the path a hundred yards, turned off and climbed, came out on the ridge again, and then plunged between trees. Presently, they emerged on a small promontory, at the top of a sheer cliff. It was a shallow saucer, filled with grass, walled round with trees. You could see the lodge below and the fire tower above and to the left. But this place could be seen only from a plane.

"Tie him to a tree," Marta said.

"No. We'll tie his feet again and roll him over on his face."

Beyond the rear edge of the little depression, there was a big clump of juniper, and they ended by rolling Berg into it, against the roots.

Scott turned toward her. "Now, let's go! That must be the road to Sacramento, back there where the ridge breaks. Nobody will be awake for at least an hour. I can make it."

Her face was white, tense, desperate. "I heard shouting. I knew your voice," she said and began to sob. He tried to stand up, but she sat beside him, laid her head on his shoulder and gave herself up to tears. "I was never meant to do these things!" she went on. "Why do I keep having to? Why do I have to have more nerve and strength than I've got? It's always going to be the last time and then it never is. Isn't there any end to it?"

HE HELD her till her sobs ceased. She whispered, "Scott! It *is* you, it really is! I thought I'd never see you again." She turned her mouth to his. When they were again aware of the world, his watch showed ten minutes past seven.

"Let's go now, Marta," he said.

She shook her head. "It's too late. We'll have to spend the morning here. And besides, I'm hungry. I got stuff at the fire tower." She opened her boxes. "Soda crackers—sweet chocolate—sardines," she said. "Who packs these things? I'd give anything for coffee. I've never taken a prisoner before. Do we feed him?"

"If he's still with me tomorrow, I'll give him a drink of water. Is there water?"

"There's a spring back in the trees. It's a good idea. I'll wash my face."

Her cheeks were pinker when she came back, and she was buoyant, exhilarated. They both were half drunk with—well, with what? It was certainly not hope, for, however isolated they were here in sun and emptiness, they were still walled around by a danger that had been merely suspended, not withdrawn. They were buoyed up by the consciousness of being together again. For the moment, that was enough.

They ate hungrily and told their separate stories of the last thirty-six hours.

As scrupulous as a girl scout, Marta gathered up the paper and the sardine tins, put them in a crevice and covered them with dirt. It was absurd and completely in character.

"This is our fifth breakfast together," she said. "If I couldn't remember each one separately, I'd believe it was a thousand . . . When I was Marie Royce, the Red Cross taught me first aid. I bandage beautifully. Should I bandage more of you?"

He shook his head. He was stiff and sore; there were patches of dried blood on his forehead and cheeks, but nothing of importance. She showed him wrists chafed by knots, forearms and cheeks bruised a little and scratched by underbrush.

She took off her stockings. Her legs were badly scratched. There were unpleasantly suggestive marks on her throat. But, so far, both of them had come through comparatively whole.

"I'm a little old for athletics," Scott said.

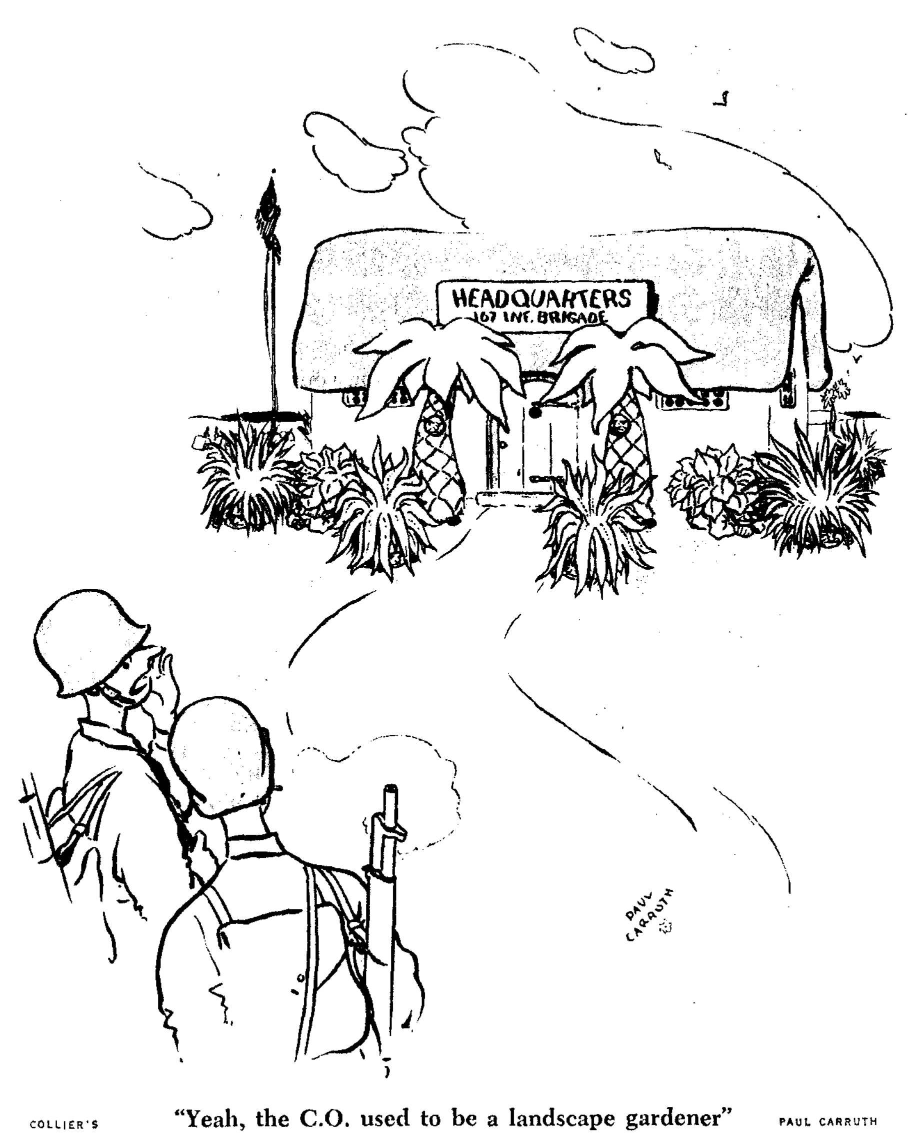
They stretched out on the grass at the rim of the saucer, side by side. Both knew that this high loneliness must end in some still undetermined struggle for life. But not yet. They held to sunlight and blue space, wind and the pines like the sound of distant applause, the small movement of birds, the touch of shoulders. Fifty yards away was a gagged and bound murderer, and below them was Silvertip. For the moment, what difference did they make?

"I haven't seen it for nearly three years," Marta said. "I've only this minute remembered it was my home." Her hand found his. "Scott, what terrible things we've come through!"

He put an arm around her shoulders and turned her face toward his and kissed her.

There was an occasional movement in the clearing at the lodge below them—a car arriving, someone moving from house to house, someone riding away, leading a horse.

Marta said, gazing at it, "About all I can think of is that the place is simply filled with marvelous showers and bathtubs. Taylor Damon is there and Gene must be, too. It's amazing how you do what you set out to do, Scott. I took you for an incompetent, at sight. But you started out to bring me to Silvertip and you've brought me here, across a lot of hard going, in spite of Damon and Gene and me."



COLLIER'S "Yeah, the C.O. used to be a landscape gardener" PAUL CARRUTH

"Can you shoot that automatic you brandish so blithely, Marta?"

"Of course, I can. Gene taught me."

"We've got two guns now."

"They're a good deal better defense against Gene Penfield than the high-minded logic you started with."

"If he is alive and did get to the house, the whole Sierra is being combed for you this minute. We'll have to stay here till evening. Then you'll have to get away in the dark. You have a talent for it. And—carry the gun ready."

There was something odd about her lips. "Over the mountain to the west? Then where, Scott, where shall I go? What should I do? What do you foresee for me?"

"Just vanish into the anonymity I dragged you out of until this thing is finished."

"What will you do?"

"They might blunder in here, looking for you or for our gangster. I'd better stay till you start out. When you've gone, well, after getting this close to Silvertip, I'm certainly not going to leave without looking it over."

SHE laughed. "Are you sure you aren't just working out something that means we spend the whole day together?"

He nodded. "I certainly haven't left that out of account." Bitterness roughened his voice. "If I hadn't bungled everything, I might be taking you to dinner tonight, or starting to drive you another two thousand miles, but without worrying about anything."

"I know." Her eyes sought the lodge again. "That's still my house. I wonder what he did with all my clothes. I keep feeling the strongest desire to dress up for you. I was supposed to look smart when they took pictures of me. It's insane, but I lie here and long to go through the whole ritual—hot bath and hairdresser and perfume and make-up and clothes."

She turned on her hip to gaze at him and said decisively, "It's a pretty daydream, and we never had a chance at it. I've tried hard to think what the best way is to finish things. But you meant what you said, didn't you? You're willing for me to try slipping away. You even want me to."

He said slowly, "When I knew that you were with Penfield—when I was licked and crippled and locked up and waiting to die—well, my dear, a man thinks hard. Nothing is worth another nightmare. Run away, Marta, for a little while. We'll find some way of stopping Penfield—of stopping his threat to you, at least."

She sat up, cross-legged. "Very pretty. But, as you point out, being hopelessly trapped makes one think. That was a long day on the train, and no night was ever as long as last night. But what about the job you started out to do? You don't know what the mysterious Mr. Barney is doing, but you hope he's doing a lot."

Scott waved at the Sierra. "He's doing something. And there is the Sloane girl, who started out to get your Jap. That's why I say it need be only temporary, this time."

"Just possibly. And, meanwhile, we don't know what's happening down there." She nodded at the lodge. "Mr. Barney and Doctor Miura might do a lot and still be too late. Or they might be able to do nothing at all. We might come close and still fail, or still be too late."

"Everything has been one step behind or just too late."

She smoothed her torn skirt over her

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ullivan
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FLOOR WAX
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knees. "You're an extraordinary person, Scott. Nobody has been able to stop you from doing what you planned to do. And what you planned to do was exactly right. You were going to produce Gene's dead wife, create an uproar and spoil his candidacy—make him no use to anyone. It was the right idea; it was the only idea that could possibly succeed. We've seen it working. It brought out Gene and his master both, desperate, willing to go any length to stop it. Mr. Barney and Doctor Miura may be very useful and they may not, but your original idea was better."

He shook his head, but Marta said quietly, "Yes. I knew at that wrecked car that there wasn't any choice. I started in the other direction and saw guards. When I heard you yell, I was on my way to the lodge. That trail leads right down to it. I'm going on down."

She stood up. Scott scrambled awkwardly to his feet and seized her arm. "Don't be a fool! You've had the most stupendous luck. Take it. You won't get it again."

She didn't wrench away. She merely shook her head. "There's that gift of yours for being right. All it ever needed was for me to appear. So I'm appearing."

"The moment either of them sees you—"

"Even that would stop them both for good, wouldn't it? Certainly he meant to kill me last night. Certainly neither of them has the slightest scruple. But you can't go on hiding murders forever, and there are a lot of people around Silvertip. They won't dare touch me, Scott. I think they're stopped, the moment I show up. But whether they are or not, I'm going to do what you told me I must do."

THERE was still Damon, there was still a deadly and so far successful conspiracy. But the goal he had started for could still be won.

"I'm as much a liability to them as you are," he said. "We'll both go."

"No, it's well over a mile by that path. You can't walk it before tomorrow at the earliest. Even if you could, you'd still have to stay here—to make sure. You've got a man who committed murder for them. He isn't as valuable as I am, but he'll be useful. You stay here and think well of me. If you're not with me by tomorrow night, you'll stick that gun in his ribs and take him down the automobile road, and find the sheriff of Placer County, and start back with deputies to see what became of me."

"You may never reach the house."

"I was planning to go in through the servants' wing before anyone was awake and wait for the likeliest moment. I can't do that now. Look, Scott, I'm not full of courage and the other patriotic virtues. I don't do these things easily or even gracefully. I wasn't meant for them. I'm soft and, at the moment, I'm as scared as I've been any time this week. It would be easier to stay here and let you make love to me. It just happens that a job came my way. I've got to do it."

The shine of tears showed at the corners of her eyes again. "Perhaps you understand that I like lying in the sun with you. And over there"—she nodded toward the west—"I've got an aunt and a sister. I want to make up for some of the grief I've cost them." She moved nearer and locked her arms behind his head and was whispering. "I could persuade you. And—how did you put it?—drive me two thousand miles and be damned to everyone. Kiss me, Scott."

Their hands clung, when they stood apart.

"Good luck," he said.

"Luck—or something else. Don't think about me too much. After all, we've got a chance."

She walked away, stood at the rear edge of the saucer and smiled at him, waved, turned away. He watched her till the trees shut her off. Tall, lithe, beautiful, ragged and forthright.

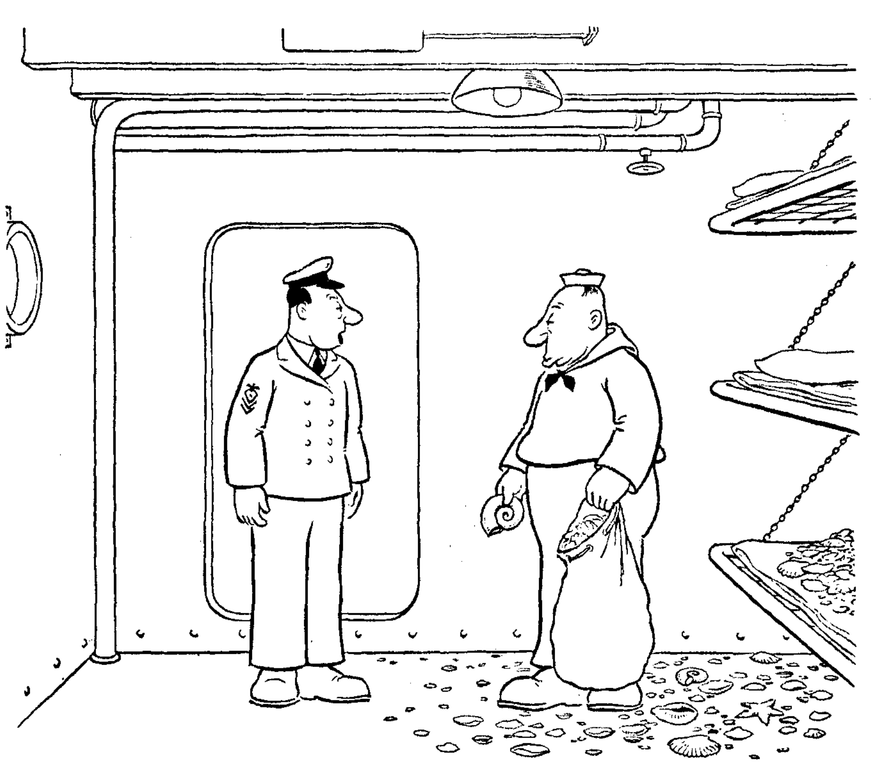
Leaning on his branch of dead wood, Scott limped over to the clump of juniper. The prisoner rolled and writhed at sight of him, straining against the bandages and grunting behind the gag. One last trump. But there were no trumps now, for anyone. There was only time. Scott shoved the man still farther under the dwarf evergreen, and tore off sprays of it to cover him more thoroughly. He tried to restore the trampled grass. He stood back a few yards. Unless you knew where to look, you could pass here and see nothing unusual.

"If I don't get back this way," he said, "you'll like our autumn weather."

It was well over a mile down. They might grab her at any foot of it. They might grab him. He took the gun in his right hand, used his stick with his left hand, and limped out to follow Marta.

Taylor Damon took a quiet satisfaction in getting hold of the controls again and restoring the effectiveness of an organization which responded to his hand. The danger of the attack which he had turned back was that it had got him out of touch, and the machine, when left to run itself, spun crazily and wasted energy.

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred, if you don't stop collecting sea shells you can't have any more shore leave!"

THIS morning it ran smoothly, though the fact that there was only a single telephone wire out of Silvertip was a typical piece of Penfield carelessness. The wire had been overburdened with directions from this end, but it was now beginning to bring in telegrams of congratulation, in which the element of relief was easy to see. In various parts of the United States, acutely interested people were making clear how glad they were that the interrupted plans had been resumed without loss.

A man had been sent to Sacramento to make arrangements for the senator's press conference at five in the afternoon. The senator would drive down at his leisure after lunch, accompanied only by Barry Corse. Corse's chain of newspapers was the public father of Penfield's candidacy.

The Corse papers had been plugging Penfield for President for over four years, ever since Damon had decided that the people's hero would make the best standard bearer for the people. Corse expected to grow larger in the light reflected from Penfield—and doubtless could be permitted to grow larger.

Damon had drilled the tense and excited Penfield in the sentiments proper to repeat to the press. Corse believed that so much care was unnecessary.

"It doesn't matter what he says, so long as he's dignified, vague and noble. He can't possibly be anything else if he's left to himself," Corse said.

CORSE gazed down the long room at Penfield—flushed and fidgety, flowing rapidly from attitude to attitude—and admired him as a work of art.

"The mind may be rudimentary, Taylor, but what a magnificent male he is! That's the most beautiful head in American politics since Bryan was a young man. He is as beautiful as Apollo, and yet that beauty is splendidly marred by a trace of Abe Lincoln, which gives an earthy touch and suggests the greatness of the American past. Men will respond to Lincoln, and women will adore Apollo. And no one of any sex can hold out against the boyish smile that is so clearly nine tenths heartbreak. He will raise presidential charm to an all-time high."

Corse was not the whimpering, defeated man of two o'clock this morning. He had got his nerve back and, with it, the dynamic intelligence that had created one of the most formidable instruments of publicity in the United States. Corse was stimulated, and the truth was that all of them, these dozen-odd principals and assistants, had tasted triumph after a bad scare. Silvertip vibrated with renewed energies, with self-congratulation, with the heady knowledge that the great game was safely under way at last.

Nevertheless, Damon, intent on the unfolding job, his mind smoothly moving ahead toward further jobs, aware that the start of the game meant only that it must be played with an expertness which could never lapse now without producing disaster—Damon continued to wonder about the beautiful figurehead.

Gene Penfield had by no means lost his feverish excitement of last night. He fairly strutted as his companions began to call him "Senator," and the realization of the change grew on him, but a strong tension still underlay his swagger. The hero's cheeks had a high color. There was an odd flickering in his eyes. His voice sometimes lost its resonance and grew shrill. He talked too much and too fast, or fell too abruptly silent. He could not keep still and sometimes was not at hand when he was wanted. He ranged over the big house and grounds. He consulted with servants in undertones. He wandered from room to room, sat in chairs that he jumped out of a moment later, stood at windows, gazing off down the valley.

Meeting him in an upstairs hall, Damon said, "Get over the fidgets before the newspapermen see you, Gene. The press likes its candidates reasonably virginal but not downright girlish. You're no debutante in public life. If the thought of the United States Senate frightens you, try to call up the big-game hunter's nerve we've read about, try to produce the aviator's glacial calm your interviewers always mention. Or is there something on your mind?"

"Nothing's on my mind!" Penfield said, with wholly unjustified passion. "Will you stop bottle-feeding me, Taylor? All the decent instincts of a man who owes you a great deal prompt me to take a great deal from you. But it certainly must be obvious to you that from now on it's a willing partnership or none at all. You are a valuable adviser and a privileged friend, but I'm in the driver's seat, and both of us had better face that fact squarely. In other words, shut your trap."

"I recommend a sedative," Damon said; "also a number of second thoughts. Try to put some intelligence in the second thoughts."

Damon thought something in those angry eyes suggested more than egotism. You had to acknowledge that there was a paranoiac streak in Gene Penfield. It was a part of the successful formula, for it produced his enormous excitement and dedication—and without them Penfield could not possibly have brought vast audiences to hypnotic agreement with the nonsense he had been taught to spout. It was part of the formula, but it would have to be watched.

You had to work with imperfect instruments. Men should be bred without flaws, but until they were, Damon would have to allow for stupidity and childish, emotional attitudes, for frailties and weaknesses and illogical behavior.

IT WAS a jubilant lunch in the dining room, which was not as large as the big lounge, but was vulgarly large nevertheless. It was a millionaire's room, Damon thought contemptuously, hung with the heads of the large animals that rich adolescents liked to shoot, and it was a millionaire's meal, with pheasants from Silvertip done in aspic, and champagne from a Penfield winery in Napa Valley.

Damon lunched on Melba toast and green salad, content to let these stupid men express their triumph with heavy food, wine and noise. A dozen men who had been at an extremity of despair last night were at an equally emotional extremity of triumph now. They must be permitted their jubilation. They must be allowed to get drunk on a sense of power and alcohol. They must be granted their noise and boastfulness and posturing.

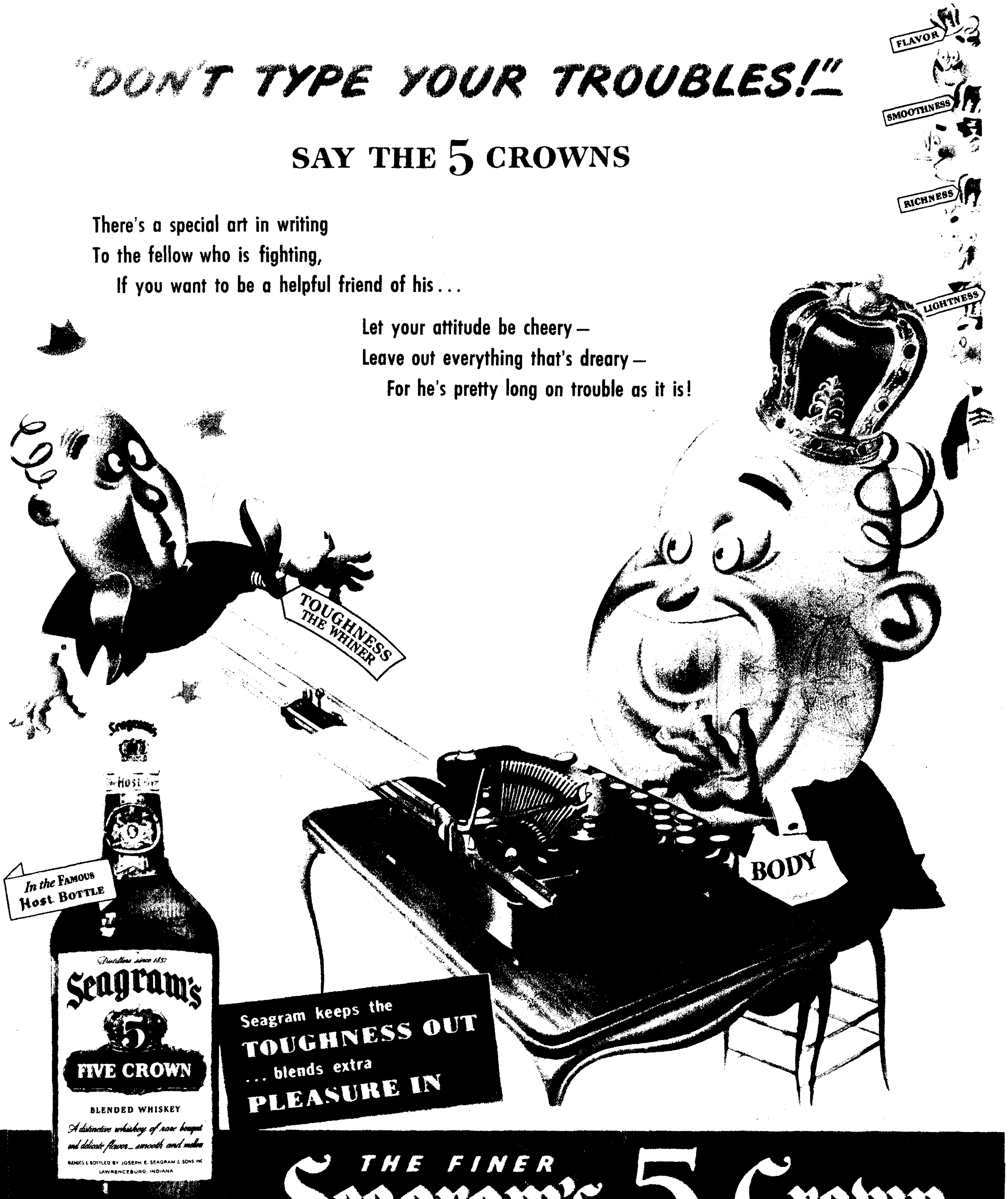
Someone was always addressing Penfield as "Senator" and he kept replying with fragments of orations, lines out of an orator's past. He talked about this momentous day—the beginning of the end of anarchy in America—of an invincible uprush of the public will—a new sense of our national greatness—a new respect for discipline and order—the solidarity of the white race—of truth, enlightenment and justice—on and on. Betweenwhiles, the orator's gaze kept moving to the big windows on the veranda and the open stretches beyond them. The noise increased as the others competed with Pen-

"DON'T TYPE YOUR TROUBLES!"

SAY THE 5 CROWNS

There's a special art in writing
To the fellow who is fighting,
If you want to be a helpful friend of his...

Let your attitude be cheery –
Leave out everything that's dreary –
For he's pretty long on trouble as it is!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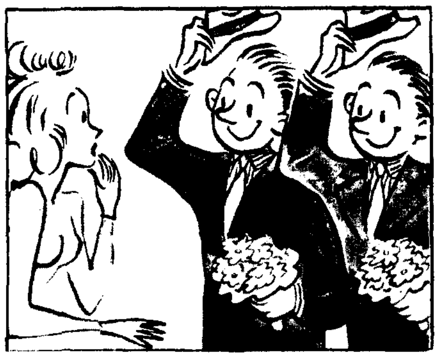
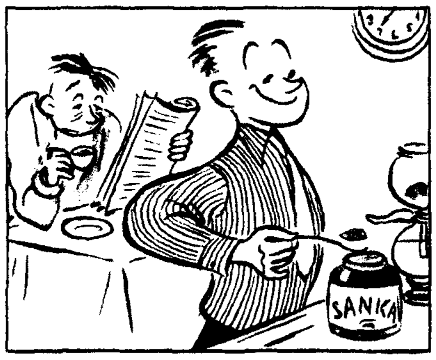
Twins who look alike
Do not always act alike
...Anon.



1. Even if Confucius didn't say it... even if we made it up ourselves . . . it's true. Twins who look alike do not always act alike. Take these brothers, for instance. They look alike. They dress alike. But they *act* so differently.

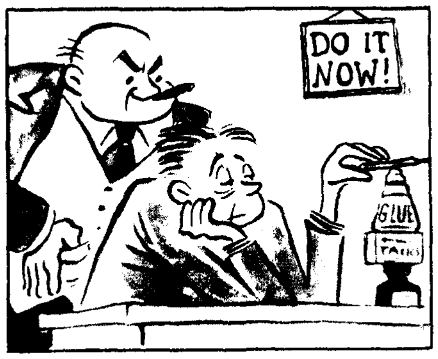
2. Llewellyn is chipper and cheerful all day; he gets a sound sleep every night. But Gus is gloomy and glum; at night he tosses like a regular Mexican jumping bean. Yet both brothers have the same worries. They eat the same foods.



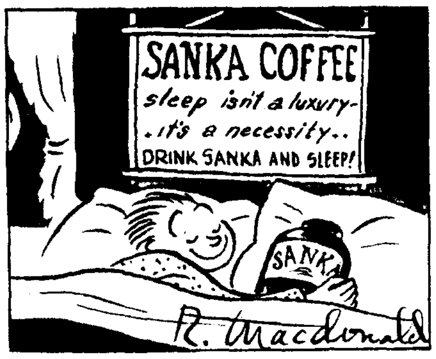
3. They're both chain-drinkers of coffee, though they're both affected by caffein. They—hold it! Did we say *caffein?* Maybe that's the rub! Sure enough . . . Gus just takes any coffee—while smart Llewellyn insists on *Sanka* Coffee.

Love to Llewellyn from Rita
Love from Suzi
Love, Mary

4. Sanka looks and tastes as much like other fine coffees as Llewellyn resembles Gus. And acts as differently, too. Sanka is *real, swell-tasting* coffee, but *97% of the caffein is removed!* It can't disturb (see Llewellyn above) sleep or jar nerves.



5. Hey, Gus! Get wise! You can enjoy your beloved coffee and have your restful sleep, too—just by switching to Sanka. Remember, *only* the caffein is removed from Sanka Coffee. The grand taste and tantalizing aroma stay in.



6. Drink Sanka Coffee, Gus, and you'll sleep. Just like Llewellyn. You'll be cheerful. Just like Llewellyn. People will like you. Just like Llewellyn. *Everybody*—if you're affected by the caffein in coffee—try *Sanka* Coffee today!

FOOD FIGHTS for Freedom

SANKA COFFEE

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY; IT'S A NECESSITY.
DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

Sanka Coffee's roaster-fresh flavor is vacuum-packed. And remember, Sanka is caffein-free, so you can enjoy it as *strong* as you like.

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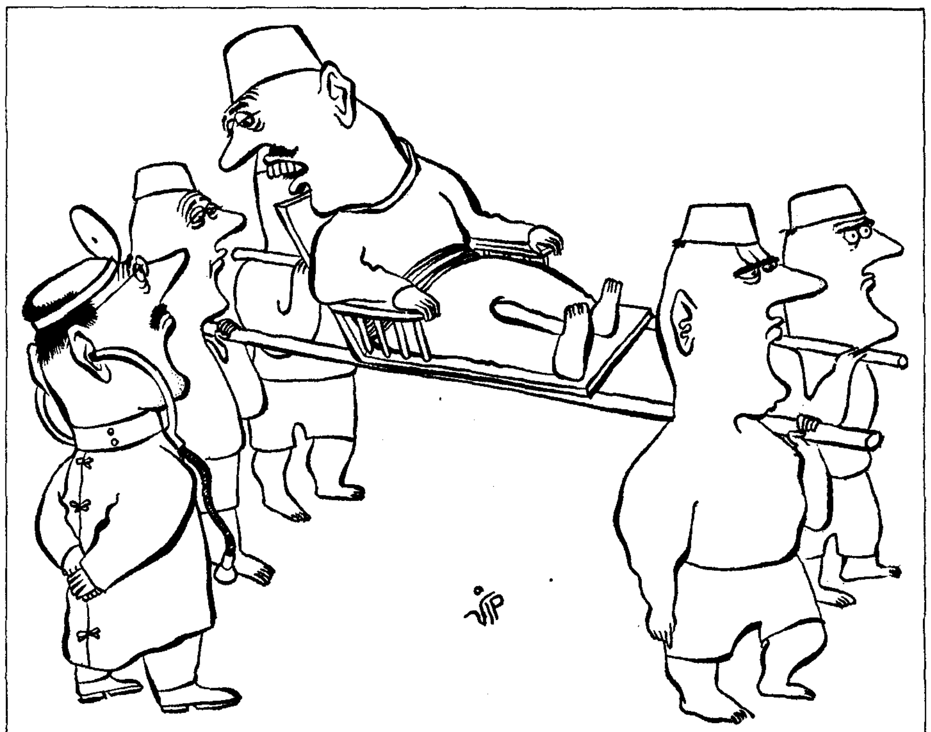
SANKA COFFEE



COLLIER'S "I wonder if you'd check the right rear" VIRGIL PARTCH

field in imbecility, and sang and shook hands with one another.

Suddenly Penfield stood up and held a champagne glass toward Damon, saying in a voice grown shrill again, "Drink to the chief!"

The dozen of them roared to their feet and raised their glasses, drank, applauded, and, Damon thought, would be delighted to sing whatever was a rich man's equivalent of "He's a jolly good fellow."

"You people have had enough to drink," Damon said. "This isn't a fraternity banquet. If you will sober up, we'll get on with the job."

"Do you ever do anything for pleasure, Taylor?" Barry Corse asked jovially. "Don't you ever relax the ascetic attitude? Tobacco, liquor, women, sports, folly—no one ever caught you enjoying yourself What do you do to feel like a man?"

But Frank Sumter, the ex-congressman, was concerned. "Gene had certainly better stop drinking," he said, as he strolled up to Damon. "It's doing him no good, and there's that press conference. What's the matter with him? He's nervous as a cat. He's pretty close to an explosion. Look here, Taylor, could he have got a concussion in that accident?"

BARRY CORSE laughed. "Been years since you felt any emotion about public office except how to hang on to it, Frank. Don't forget there's stage fright. The young soprano waiting in the wings, the speedball up from the bush leagues going into the box for the Yankees. The United States Senate doesn't impress you, but it makes Gene delirious."

"I never yet saw a man run away from being sworn in," Sumter said. "I don't like the way he acts. Walk up behind him and touch his shoulder, and he'd either yell or take a swing at you. I'd say he was scared, if there was anything to be scared of."

Damon inwardly checked this confirmation of what he had perceived. If it came to that, what would be left to do? It would be a moment of catastrophe. No, not a catastrophe, merely a setback. The mind that saw circumstance in a white light and did what circumstance required, the cold mind, would merely have to do what it would have had to do at any other time. You would cut Penfield away precisely as you would cut a fallen mast away. Drop him without emotion and without loss of time, take the setback and go on. Face the necessity and act on it, without wasting energy in panic or regret.

Across the room, Penfield laughed. It was a high, prolonged, quivering sound. He slapped his thigh several times. He was standing straight and his face was beaming. Yet he gave an odd illusion that he was crouching in pain.

"Yeah," Frank Sumter said. "Any insanity in his family? Any chance this speedball will blow his top?"

"He hasn't got mind enough to lose," Damon said. "Don't let your imagination trip you up. He's Senator Penfield, and we go on from here."

AT THAT moment it happened. A houseman came in and, almost running, made for Penfield. At sight of him, Damon stiffened, for the servant's face was gray with fear. Without deference, he pulled Penfield into a corner and whispered, his hands gyrating. Into Penfield's face came a look that was between frenzy and despair. He ran out into the gunroom. The door banged shut.

Everybody in the dining room turned toward Damon. The luminous and glacial mind of Taylor Damon made no claim to intuition or clairvoyance; it knew that intuition and clairvoyance were merely superstitions which inferior minds clung to out of fear. But in the twentieth part of a second that luminous and glacial mind snapped all the circuits shut, arrived at all the explanations, brought everything into order. This was the moment of catastrophe.

He took one step toward his astonished lieutenants and said with the objectivity of a laboratory scientist, "Yes, gentlemen. He lied to me, when he should have had the intelligence to tell the truth. He tried to do something by himself and he failed at it. Both were fatal. He will not go to the Senate. Get Governor Queed on the phone."

She came in through one of the French windows that opened on the veranda. For a second or two, Damon saw her as a housemaid. She was wearing a maid's uniform, but she was not a servant.

Barry Corse's voice, shriller than Penfield's had ever been, filled the room with a shriek. "Oh, my God!"

"Precisely," Damon said. "This is Mrs. Penfield. That's what he was hiding from us."

She took hold of the back of a chair. "He killed Dixon Gale," she said. "He flew a German agent out of the country to save him from the F.B.I. Now you know."

There was the sound of frantically running feet upstairs, and someone was shouting.

Part of Scott's mind insisted on humming. "There's one more river to cross," and he couldn't shut it up. But what had to be crossed was the final two or three hundred yards in brilliant sun. He had got down most of the trail without too much difficulty. The bandage held his ankle firm, and his nerves were so keyed up that he felt little pain except when a stone slid underfoot or he tried to go too fast.

That eccentric segment of his mind, which was about all of his mind that seemed to function, kept assuring him that somebody was going to leap out of the underbrush at him. So he kept peering at trees and coming up to turns in the trail with the gun pointed—whereupon that segment of his mind jeered at him as a boy playing cops and robbers. But before he got to the bottom, the angle began to collect its tax, whereupon the active segment of his mind advised him to put the gun in his pocket and concentrate on walking.

The ankle had become a big, inert sponge without sensation, but the calf and thigh were on fire. He had to stop and let it burn while he leaned against a tree or sprawled across a boulder. Sweat poured off his forehead, and ran into his eyes. He didn't breathe any longer; he merely panted. It began to appear that even the eccentric segment of his mind was going to fold up.

The trail came out behind an unidentifiable building, and still he had seen no one; nothing had happened; nobody had jumped out at him. There was a bench here and he sank down on it. His shirt was drenched with sweat, and though his leg most certainly was not paralyzed, it had ceased to be of much practical use. About two hundred yards of bright emptiness stretched between this place and the polished log veranda that ran the whole length of the lodge, with steps leading up to it at both ends. At an angle, about the same distance from the veranda but farther from his bench, there was a clump of giant pines. Several automobiles were parked in their shade.

Everything was sunny, motionless and completely silent—the great valley opening out ahead, the ridge to the westward with the road crossing the saddle, and this symmetrical park. Very pretty, that segment of his mind remarked, and so let's get going.

A man in work clothes came to a window of the unidentified building and peered at Scott, but the man's gaze was without curiosity and he went away.

You've got to get there, boy scout, Scott's mind said. He stood up, and the leg accepted his weight but made a distinct protest about going any farther. He took a step. Made it! Add a lot of steps together and they might equal two hundred yards. Off to the left of the automobiles, a man lifted a hand to him in greeting. Look at those hair pants—a cowboy! Scott waved back. Friend of the house, his mind said in a stage whisper. You walk up to the joint and, instead of ganging up on you, they say, "Howdy, stranger, light and eat."

He was more than halfway across that sunny stretch when the lodge erupted. Someone yelled. A lot of other people began to yell. The noise acted on Scott Warner as the crack of the starter's gun acts on a runner. It wasn't much of a run, but he was putting one foot in front of the other, he was getting there, and his mind ceased to be just a segment and cleared miraculously. His course took him toward one end of the long veranda.

The yelling inside the lodge continued. Somebody ran out of one door and in at another. A shot silenced every other sound. Scott pounded on. Before he reached the veranda, a man slid and jolted down it, running toward him, running as hard as his portliness would permit. It was Walton Hancock, the Chicago banker, well known to the author of Fascist America, and his face was almost comical in its expression of fright.

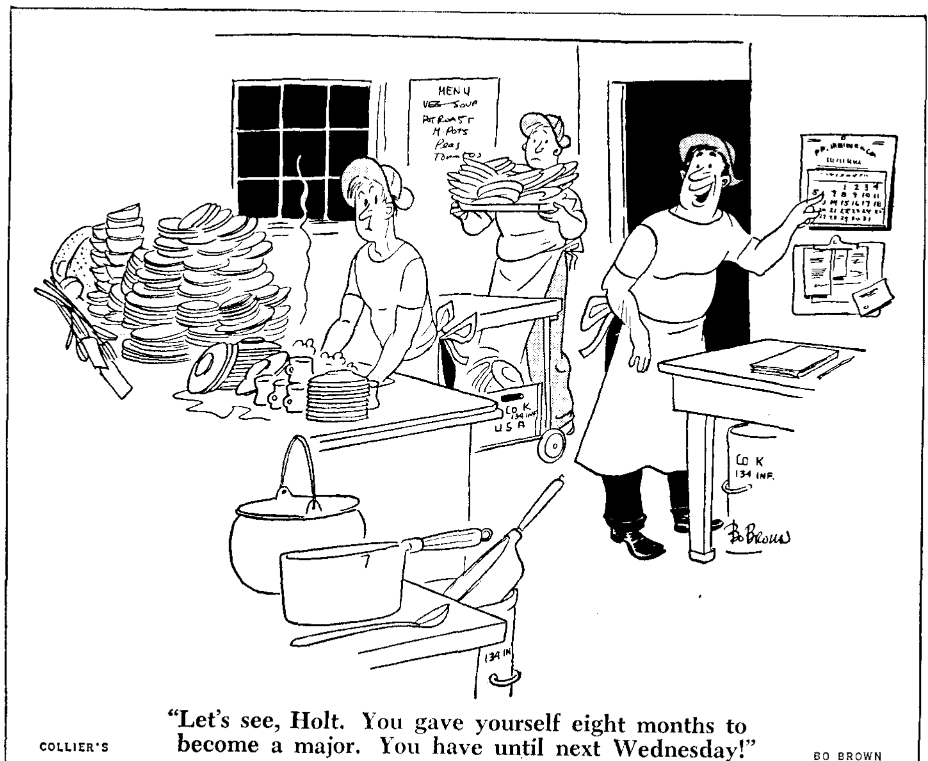
Scott shouted at him, "Where's Marta Penfield?"

Without pause, and obviously without recognizing Scott, Walton Hancock jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the lodge and picked up speed.

SCOTT reached the steps, but as he got to the top of them, his leg gave out entirely, and he fell forward on the floor. He lay still for a moment, gathering strength. In that moment, halfway down the veranda, Gene Penfield came through the wide door, turned, and stood threatening someone inside the house with a gun. Poised on the balls of his feet, one hand holding an automatic pistol, he looked something less than human.

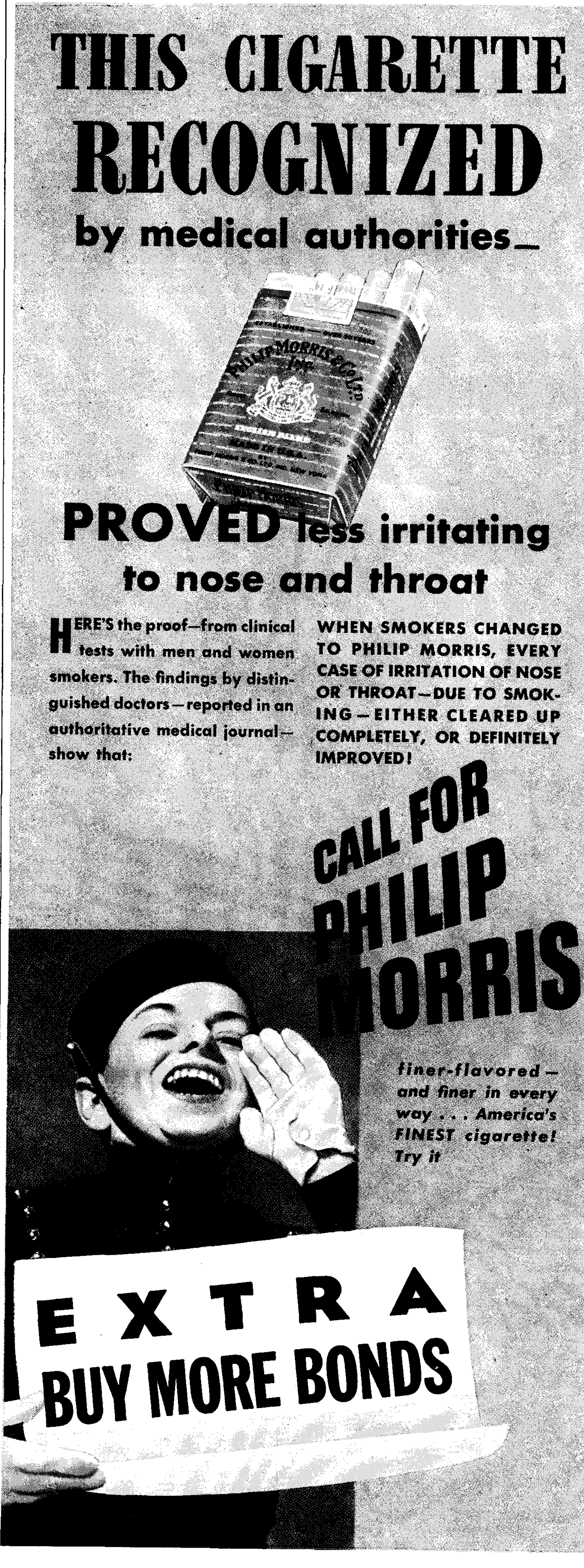
His voice was high and broken. "Where's Marta? Where's Damon? I'll kill anyone who hides them."

On the veranda floor, Scott caught his breath, rolled on one hip and tugged at the gun in his pocket. But a young man slipped through a window near him and ran toward the door. He had almost reached it when Penfield pivoted toward him, and the young man left his feet in a



"Let's see, Holt. You gave yourself eight months to become a major. You have until next Wednesday!"

COLLIER'S   BO BROWN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flying tackle that caught Penfield round the knees and brought him down.

As though a barrier had been released, others poured through the door and ran to his assistance. Penfield's pistol skated thirty feet down the veranda. He was heaving up to his knees and going down again. He shook someone off and crumpled as someone else climbed on him. The man's strength was tremendous, but somehow they got him subdued, if not quieted. He kept making sounds that were not words.

Everything was frozen in a tableau. Scott pulled himself erect, cradled the knee of his bad leg in a chair—and was completely disregarded. They hadn't even seen him. Faces appeared at windows, pinched with fright. A servant stood in the big doorway, patting his hands gently and moaning. Frank Sumter came out and folded up in a chair, his face twitching. Barry Corse—the whole crew appeared to be here—came out, wobbling.

Corse looked ninety years old. He was shrunken and collapsed in on himself. He *was shaking worse than Sumter*, and he found it expedient to sit on the floor, only half looking at the three younger men, who now had Penfield's arms pinioned and were half holding him on a rustic bench, half lying on him.

Taylor Damon came through the door. Scott got the gun out, but laid it on a table. No need of it. No one had seen him, no one would see him, no one had eyes for anyone or anything except Damon and Penfield.

Like the others, Damon had changed for the worse. The man of pure thought, the man who fed on toast and lettuce, the austere designer of disciplined societies, was not austere now and was not in a condition to design anything. He was scared.

"Wipe his face!" Damon said, in a kind of whisper.

There was blood on Penfield's chin, and he struggled when someone wiped it off with a handkerchief.

Damon stood looking at him and trying to resume his character. "I was wrong," he said. His voice was still shaken, but the customary ice was beginning to form in it again. "You could never have stood up under it. You would have wrecked us."

The Honorable Frank Sumter groaned. "I told you he was crazy. What will we do now?"

"He is not crazy. He is an incompetent fool with an inflated ego." Spent but forcing himself to resume command, Damon leaned against a polished log pillar. "He is my cardinal mistake. He's the mistake of *all* of us. He let *himself* be fooled when his wife disappeared. When he left here the other day he was trying to find her . . . to kill her. He failed. You heard her say that he killed Gale and had dealings with a foreign agent. She was probably telling the truth. She knew. That was why he tried to kill her."

DAMON closed his eyes for a moment, as if he were tired out. "I didn't know that, gentlemen. Nobody knew it. Still, we're better off now than if we had gone further before finding it out. We have lost a senator. We have lost a candidate. We have not lost the fight." He shot a glance at Penfield and said in a tone brimful and running over with contempt, "You fool."

The contorted figure rippled again, and Penfield's strangled voice came from behind an arm that was trying to shut it off, "You're done for, Taylor. You won't live through it."

Damon appeared to be in imminent danger of feeling an emotion. At least, he snarled. "Your solution of every problem is a revolver. But you never decide to shoot the right people."

He turned away from Penfield to the group of shaken, scared men, and Scott Warner knew that everything was over. A vast and heady intoxication spread through him, for here were at least half the key figures of a gang who had thought they could rule the United States, who had seemed likely to make good. Now they were just a handful of rattled men whose muscles were knotted with fear.

Damon's briskness was coming back. "You can imagine what will happen when word gets out that Mrs. Penfield is alive. That should have been prevented. I would have prevented it, if this fool had not interfered. I imagine she's at the telephone right now. I would be if I were in her place. That will take care of Penfield. I suppose we must arrange to keep him neutralized till we can get out of here."

It had been a fascinating show, it had been the most absorbing show that Scott had ever attended, but it was time to ring down the curtain. He called, the length of the veranda, "But your *Gauleiter* is right, Damon. You're done for, too."

They faced toward him like a group of marionettes worked by a single string. *There was a still, clear moment while the* face of Taylor Damon ceased to be the face of an intellectual machine and went from incredulity to pure terror. Then he screamed, "Kill that man!"

He glanced wildly at the railing of the veranda, at the stairs behind him. He took several mincing steps, a kind of dance of terror here on the veranda, and then leaped toward the big door in the center. But Marta was in the doorway, and one hand was holding the pistol she had picked up last night. Damon screamed again—a childish scream—and shrank back from her. He fell into a chair and began to crumble inward from the edges.

Marta walked out to the nearest chair and sat down. "You shouldn't have come, Scott. But I'm glad you did. Welcome to Silvertip." She laid Gene Penfield's gun on a rustic table. I don't like automatic pistols," she said. "Please take charge."

Scott had picked up his own gun, but he felt a sudden intense distaste for melodrama and he put it down again. "Nobody is going to shoot anybody now. The shooting should have been done long before this. It's too late now."

He looked at the gaping, bewildered faces; at the intent trio who were holding Penfield down; at Marta, who sat pale and exhausted in her chair, but alive, untouched, safe; at Taylor Damon, who had disintegrated into hysterics; and at the hero of the American counterrevolution, held down by his own gang, his nose bleeding on someone's forearm, and his face nothing to photograph.

This was the end of the lane. Desperation, hopelessness, futility ended on this charming veranda, in the clear Sierra air. The steel springs inside Scott Warner had lost their tension, and a throbbing leg merely emphasized the health of a man who felt fine.

"You must have got your conspiracy in the bargain basement, Damon," Scott said. "It's come unglued." He smiled at Marta, and turned to the others.

"I'll explain the Fuehrer's collapse," he said. "He had ordered me killed and didn't know it hadn't been done. What's worse, that was his second miss. He came here with two strikes on him. He had tried to have Mrs. Penfield killed, and that didn't happen either. He's a spendthrift of murder, but he neglects to make good. You ought to have attended to it yourself, Damon. But the sight of violence offends you, doesn't it? You like it done off stage while you plan society. You don't want to be around in the clutch."

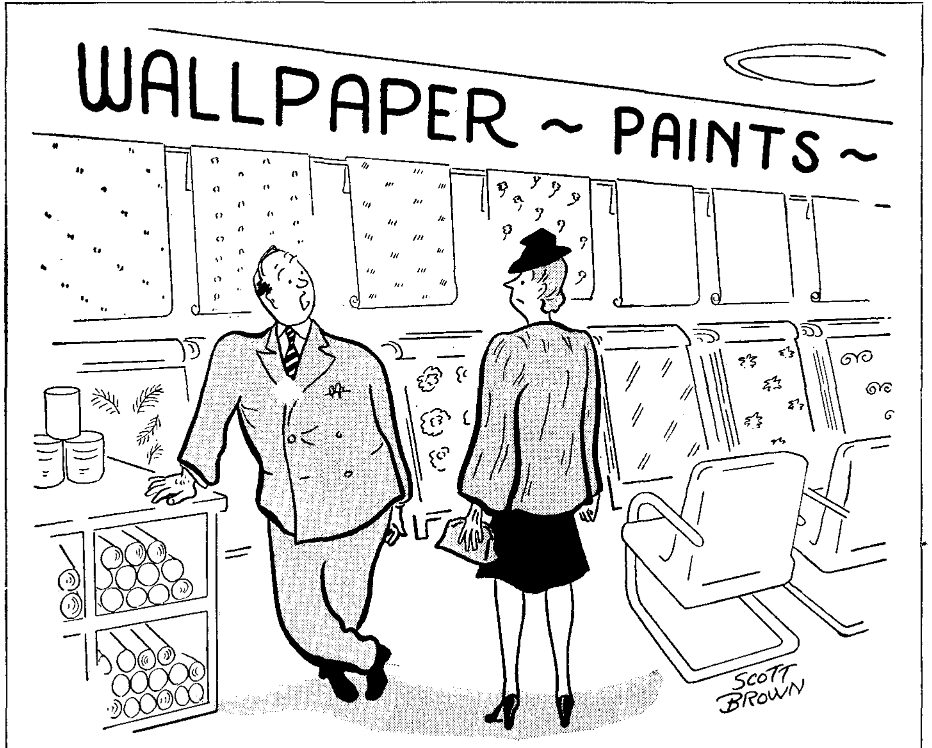
BARRY CORSE got up from the floor. "What's all this talk of murder?" he demanded truculently. "Who are you? What do you mean by forcing your way into a private residence with a gun?"

Marta said, "You do look positively disreputable, Scott. Tell them."

"I'm an amateur nemesis, Mr. Corse," Scott said. "My name is Warner, and your papers are given to disliking me. What's more to the point, I'm a man who chanced to arrive here at the awkward moment when Mr. Penfield was shooting at people."

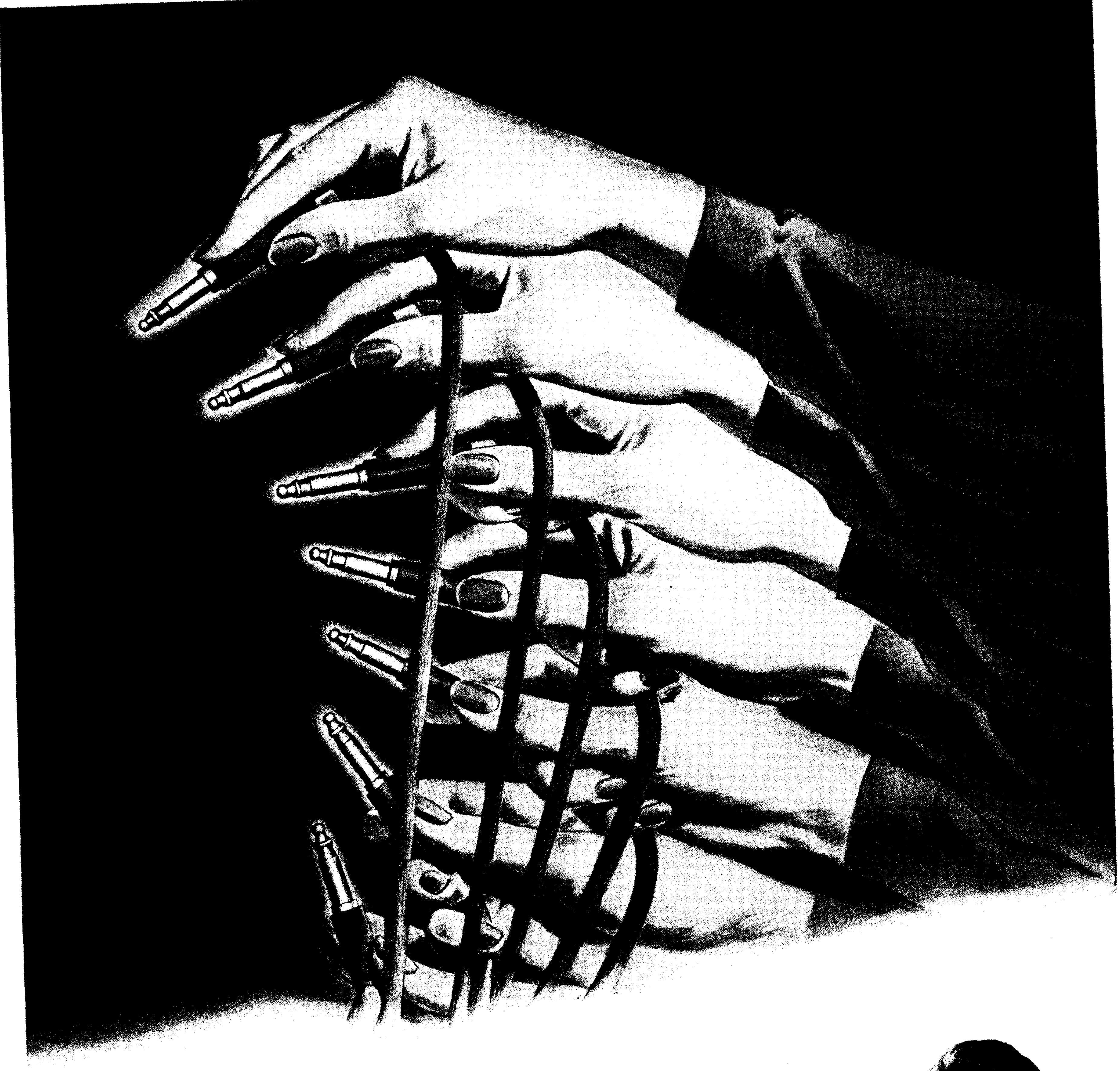
"Not at all," the newspaper baron said. "The sudden appearance of Mrs. Penfield had unnerved us all. It had not been in anyone's mind that she was alive. You can understand a general excitement—"

"That's your first try, then?" Scott asked. "But what about the shot which Mr. Penfield fired just before he came out on the porch? And Congressman Sumter's suggestion that Mr. Penfield must be crazy? And the Fuehrer's command to kill me? I'm afraid it won't work, Mr. Corse. There are too many of us here, too many witnesses. What's still more awkward, I've got one of Mr. Damon's gangsters up on the mountain. He tried to kill me on Damon's orders, tried to kill Mrs. Penfield on Damon's orders, and did kill a man on his own initiative. He's tied



"To save your time, and mine too, lady, I suggest you find yourself a paperhanger first. Then come back and look at the wallpaper"

COLLIER'S SCOTT BROWN



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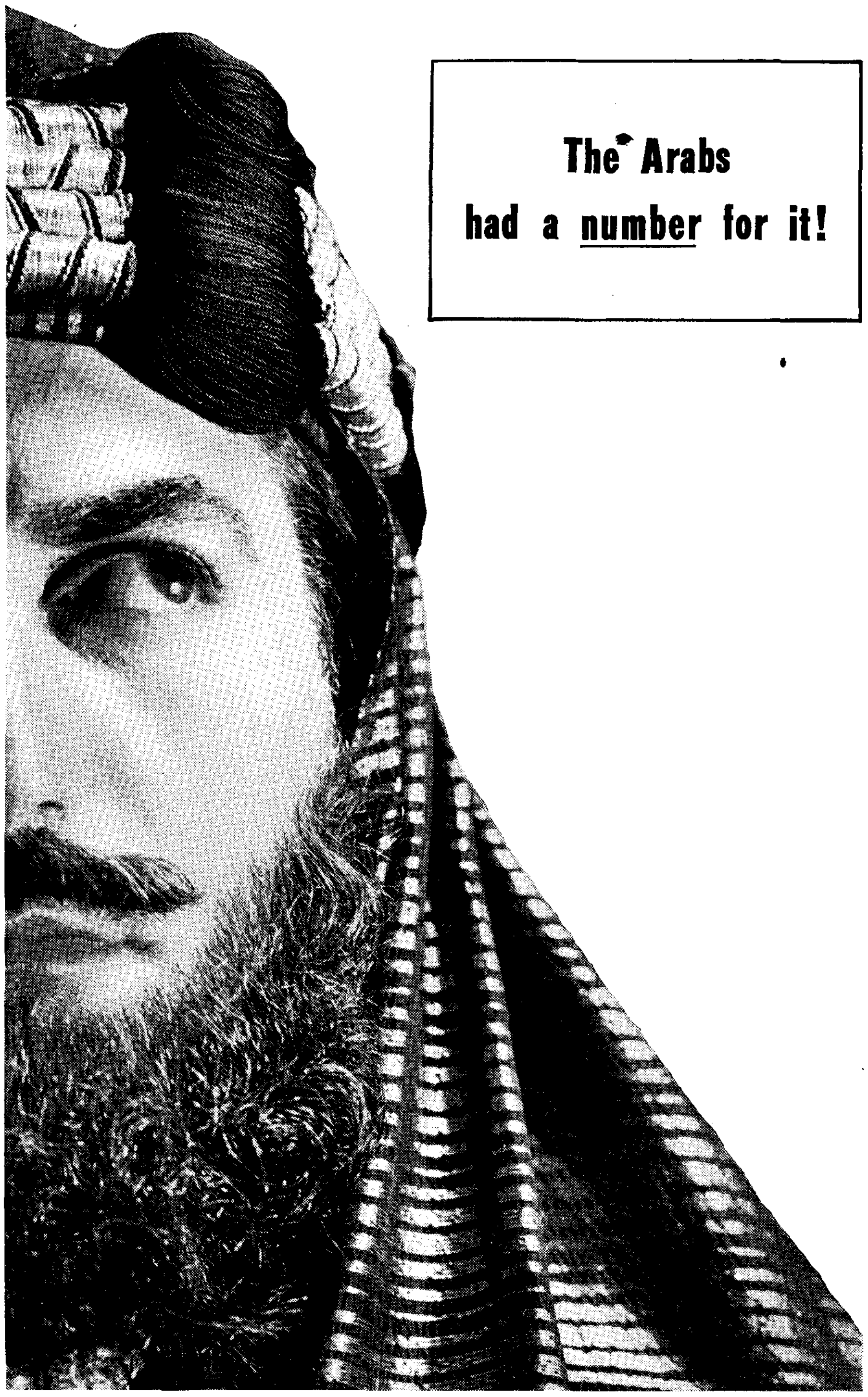

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up near the cabin where you left me, Damon. Tied up and gagged—and very thoughtful. He's figuring how to save his hide by nailing yours to my barn door."

"I know nothing about all that," Barry Corse said. And the Honorable Frank Sumter, still breathing noisily, still white and shaky, said, "Mr. Damon arrived here during the night, Mr. Penfield a little later. Mr. Corse came yesterday and I've been here for several days. Whatever may have happened elsewhere—"

Scott broke in. "You see, Damon? The rats are getting off. Frankly, gentlemen, for all I can see, you may be able to get away with it. Mrs. Penfield and I have been exclusively engaged with your bosses. However, if you have no guilty knowledge, unquestionably you'll be glad to help us keep things in hand till we can get representatives of the law to Silvertip. The Fuehrer will have to be guarded, and it looks as if the *Gauleiter* will have to be tied up. Of course, you'll all be happy to assist the orderly process of the law. You'll help detain a man known to have shot at someone and a man accused of attempted murder—outside your knowledge, of course."

Taylor Damon stood up. "It was unforeseeable," he said. "It could not be calculated. Penfield was irrational." A ravaged man, he started to walk toward the far end of the veranda and a kind of ataxia made his limbs jerk.

"Damon!" Scott shouted. "Come back!"

But, standing up swiftly, Marta said, "Scott, no! Do you remember how you felt last night?" She raised her voice. "The cars are out by the trees, Mr. Damon."

Marta had experienced a sudden pity, but it was expediency that came swiftly to Scott's mind. It would be to everyone's advantage if the final scene occurred somewhere away from Silvertip. Where, in fact, could Damon go? The American Fuehrer had been destroyed in less than five minutes, and it did not matter where the ultimate policeman might overtake him.

Everyone—Marta and Scott, dazed conspirators, servants—everyone watched the slow, robotlike motion of that figure. It went down the steps into the blinding sunlight of the flat. It moved like a man in a trance.

So they missed the moment. One of the anonymous young men who had been holding Penfield was suddenly on the floor, another reeled backward over the bench, and Penfield was plunging down the length of the veranda. In that split second Scott shouted, "Shoot him!" and Marta flung out her hands and cried, "I can't."

SCOTT picked up his gun, but Penfield had scooped up the one that Marta had relinquished, had seized Marta, was forcing her with him down the veranda.

There was shouting and an eddy of movement, but no one followed him. Scott ran for him. He ran the length of the veranda, ran down the stairs, ran five or ten steps into the flat, and came plunging to the ground for good. He got up on one elbow, and it was as if a gigantic lens brought the whole sun-swept stretch into a crazy close-up, with movement retarded as in a nightmare.

Penfield was carrying Marta now, running and staggering. Scott raised his gun, lowered it, raised it. Penfield dropped her, and Scott could see her get to her knees and fall forward again. Penfield stood still and his arm went up. He fired . . . and Taylor Damon went down.

Penfield was running now. Scott fired his gun, fired it again, then again. Penfield kept on running. Down at the far end of the flat, two automobiles stopped in a small eddy of dust, and figures got out of them and ran toward Penfield in a spaced line. There was shouting. Penfield stopped running. His arm came up again. The gun bucked as he shot . . . five times. They were shooting at him. He was down on one knee. He was down.

Scott got to his knees and tried to crawl forward. Somebody ran up and began to pound him on the shoulder. It was Irv Barney. "You all right, chum?" Irv was demanding vehemently. "You all right? Anybody hurt you? Is Marta all right?"

Her voice shook as she spoke. "If I manage to get over to you, may I please faint, at last?"

Irv roared, "You faint before you show me where's the telephone, and I won't print your picture in the paper."

IRV got to the telephone at sunset, authorized by sheriff and county attorney to phone his story to the Globe. It was a lot of story. The hero of the American people had been killed by officers who were trying to arrest him for murder, after slightly wounding a deputy and seriously wounding Taylor Damon, his partner in a conspiracy against the peace and security of the United States. Marta Penfield was not dead but had appeared at Silvertip. Both Penfield and Damon had made attempts on her life. And all this, Irv prayerfully remarked, was merely the lead.

"Goes to show how far you can get in the newspaper business if you keep your face washed and your nose blown," he told Charlie Pond. For Charlie, following the scent, had driven up and they had let him in. He would be allowed to phone the story to the Sacramento Post, which would help the Globe beat the world by sixteen hours.

The sheriff had closed the roads to Silvertip till tomorrow morning, when newspapermen who did not wash their faces and blow their noses would be allowed to question Marta and Scott.

But Scott would remember the afternoon as chaos flowing through swiftly changing images: Ann Sloane arriving with her Japanese. The county prosecutor arriving. Sheriffs' cars arriving and departing. Innumerable interviews broken up and resumed. Scott telling his story through a barrage of questions. Marta steel and ice while she told her story, then sobbing at the telephone while she talked to her aunt in Sacramento. Deputies bringing Berg down from the mountain. Doctor Miura making precise statements to the prosecutor's stenographer, to be fitted into the jigsaw. Departure of several official automobiles bearing the principals and accessories of Taylor Damon's machine—who would be held as material witnesses in a town called Auburn, where Eastern lawyers would converge, bringing buckets of whitewash. A great rush and pressure, a great hurrying about—till at last it began to slow down.

They had finally taken Scott to one of several guest houses on the edge of the pines, where a small mountain creek tumbled among boulders. A servant helped him bathe and found clothes for him, he didn't know or care whose. He lay in a porch swing above the noisy creek and, when Irv came up, the physician from Auburn had at last got round to looking at his ankle. He strapped it, gave directions for treatment and promised to send crutches in the morning.

"You can either use crutches for several days or stay off it altogether. You'll need a cane for some time, anyway. The original sprain couldn't have been bad, but you've certainly abused it since. It will probably bother you tonight. I'll leave a sedative."

"Mr. Warner carries his own sedatives," Marta said, from the railing where she sat above the creek, watching them. "If you'll roll up your sleeve, Scott, I'll give you one."

Irv and Ann Sloane glanced at her quickly. Scott saw the line of her lips soften. She almost laughed, then she did laugh—and all four of them were laughing together. She had made the turn!

Horror was over and, as they realized that, they laughed harder. It was a bewildered doctor who said goodby.

She was tranquil, smiling at them from the railing, and Scott understood that the familiar but forever amazing miracle had occurred. Marta had put horror behind her and would not anticipate tomorrow's strain. Only this moment existed for her —among friends, in a quiet sunset, with shadows marching up the peaks and the wind blowing a little spray from the creek to her cheeks.

"Not the slightest bit," she told them serenely. "You're quite right. I'm a widow now, and it has all been incredibly dreadful. But I'll sleep quite soundly tonight and no bad dreams."

"You're a useful wench to have around," Irv said. "I guess the Globe can turn up a picture of you somewhere, but I could use a photographer for our college boy. Any agency got pictures of you, chum? Something in spats from Washington? Or something with a great big football letter on it?"

"What do you want pictures of me for?" Scott asked.

"I'm learnin' how to be a reporter. Charlie Pond, he's downright encouraging about my future in the business. In fact," Irv said, "if you think there's any better newspaperman in the United States, except maybe Charlie, you look at tomorrow's Globe. You make the stories. I write 'em."

"Irv is suggesting something that doesn't seem to have dawned on you," Marta said. "He means he's written you into the story."

"When there's a touchdown in the last thirty seconds of the game, I put it in the story, chum. I always thought of you as a kind of armchair essayist, one of those educated boys who're too refined for the newspaper business. I didn't know you'd been a four-letter man at college. I've got you down as the man with foresight, the man who went to work while a careless nation slept. Seems you broke the plot, too. Singlehanded, you marched into the jaws of death and brought treason crashing to the earth in flame and gunfire."

"I hope you got in Barney rousing the law in time to gallop up in a cloud of sheriffs," said Scott.

"Don't snoot the cops, chum. It sure felt comfortable to have 'em playin' in our backfield for once. Furthermore," Irv drawled, "I didn't say a word to our net paid circulation to suggest that you might be loaded down with horseshoes. I never told 'em that every time one of your great thoughts tripped you up, you fell in a patch of four-leaf clovers. The Globe says you're a wildcat with a college education, and we'll want to contract for your diary. We'll even write it. But I s'pose Spectacle has the first shot at it."

"We had the luck," Scott said.

He glanced at Irv, who had begun to look languid and melancholy again; at Ann, a pleasant girl at any time and now radiantly content with Irv; at Marta, whose serenity was a flat denial of everything that had happened.

Irv grunted. "Be a shame if Damon decides to die. I yearn to cover his trial." He laughed. "Must've been quite a moment, back there at the house, when he saw you and realized that the amateurs had turned out to be fairly serious after all."

QUITE a moment. There had been a number of moments. Also, a number of moments had not occurred and never would now.

"So Penfield won't walk down the Senate aisle on a colleague's arm and raise his hand and take an oath to support the Constitution that never had Taylor Damon's approval," Scott said slowly. "And President Penfield won't ride down Pennsylvania Avenue between massed ranks of saluting troops. There's a story you'll never have to write."

"Somebody'll fix it so I'll have to write others." Irv stood up and held out his hand. "So long. See you tomorrow. Or anyway in three weeks, when they line up the underlings."

"Why, Irv!" Marta protested. "Aren't you staying here tonight?"

"Ann promised the United States that she'd get its Jap back on time. He didn't do us any good, but he'll look nice at the trial. I couldn't let her travel alone, could I?"

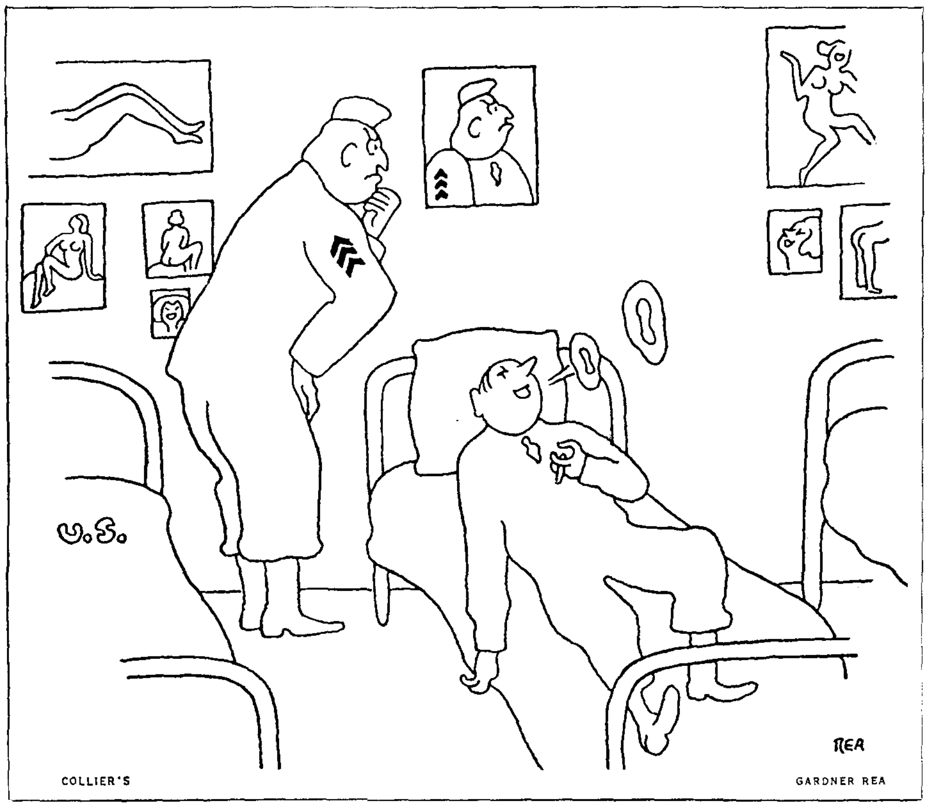
"He means it's a long drive, and I like to hear him talk," Ann said. She took Marta's hand. "I'm sorry for all the things I thought about you. I hope—I hope you get the breaks from now on."

"You're getting married, aren't you?" Marta said, and when the girl nodded, took her in her arms.

"If Ann ain't laughing, you don't need to think it's funny," Irv admonished them. "Bend over and let Scott kiss you, too, honey. There ain't been time to work out any arrangements, but maybe all four of us better have a reunion dinner."

"At Morris Stein's," Scott said.

Marta said, "Some people who ought



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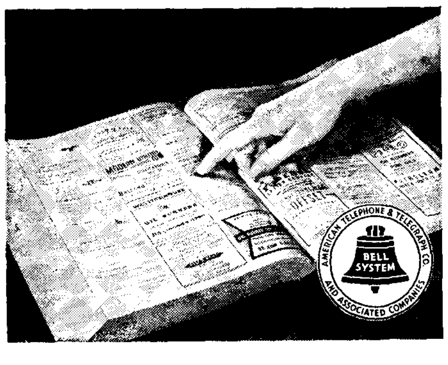


to attend that reunion won't be able to. Bert Hagen, for one. And there's"—her voice faltered—"there's Jim Gislason."

Irv put an arm round Ann's shoulders. "Let's find the government's Jap and get started." He grinned at Scott. "Look here, chum, how much of your thinking have I still got to do? You're a celebrity now. The spotlight of the press is goin' to focus on you, and you got to live in the merciless glare of publicity. Maybe you two celebrities ought to take just so much of it and disappear. Get the hell somewhere, incognito. With a little practice, both of you could get used to an alias. So long, chum. So long, Marta."

MARTA stood at the railing, watching them go. An automobile horn sounded and she waved. Sunset had darkened the sky, and the blue shadows among the pines were fading to dusk. She had been wearing a maid's uniform when Scott first saw her, and since then she had somehow found time to put on a maid's summer dress. Behind her were years of horror. Ahead of her was a time certain to be almost as bad.

Tomorrow her family would arrive, portions of the Penfield clan would arrive, the newspapermen would arrive in droves. There would break over her a hurricane of sensationalism which would not abate while any newspaper thought that any curiosity anywhere remained unsatisfied. But, silhouetted against the crimson sky, she showed no dread or repulsion. She was just waving goodby to some friends.

"I couldn't find a single one of my dresses anywhere in the house," she said to Scott. "If I'm going to please you, it's got to be in this little green print from Auburn. It's not what you'd call distracting, is it?"

Scott got to his feet.

"You idiot! Don't try to stand up."

He whispered, against her cheek, "To make any garment distracting, simply put it on. When do we get married?"

"I know what's in your mind," she said. "Your nice feelings are always getting in your way. You think you can't marry me tomorrow because my soul must be numb with horror. You want to give me time to forget my anguish. My soul is coarser than you think."

She pointed to a gable of the lodge, seen through an opening in the pines. "I ran into that room and found him leaning over Dixon Gale, with a gun in his hand." She shrugged a shoulder in the direction of the flat. "I sprawled on the ground and saw him raise his gun and shoot Taylor Damon. I saw him crumple on the ground. I'm glad he's dead. This afternoon didn't make me a widow, my dear. I've been a widow for three years. As I tried to tell you once, I hadn't been a wife for two years before that. Why can't you end the widowhood tomorrow?"

He started to say, "You're so damned rich—" but she broke in scornfully.

"That's silly, darling. Besides, this isn't his palace. It's his family's, and it won't be mine. I won't sleep in it after tonight. I wouldn't spend tonight here if they'd let us go. Tell the truth, Scott. What makes you hold me off?"

"You heard Irv. From nine o'clock tomorrow, millions of candlepower will be focused on you. Could I possibly ask you to add a crowning sensation by marrying me while the whole world looks on?"

"When I try to get away from you, I can't. When I try to marry you, I can't." A hopeful expression came to her face. "Have you considered my good name, Scott! All those newspapers will print maps of our tour. Some nights they won't be able to account for, of course. Our blankets side by side were scandalous. And we certainly stayed at the Hitchcock Hotel. Think of the whole world pointing a finger at me, Scott. Are you a cad, darling, or are you—"

"Mostly, I see you standing by a campfire in Montana," Scott said. "I was driving you straight toward the ordeal you're in for tomorrow. And there you were with the firelight on you and I was in love with you."

"There is plenty of wood to build campfires here at Silvertip," she said.

"Too much strain, too many sensations. It wouldn't be right. You're bound to long for quiet. You've got to be hidden and at peace for a while.". . .

Heavy footsteps sounded in the room off the porch. Sheriff Steve Updike of Placer County stamped about some more before coming out on the porch. The sheriff was embarrassed, and not by seeing a woman sitting in the circle of a man's arms, either.

"That damn' attorney!" he said. "He left this one to me. Maybe he'll want you to vote for him sometime. So he gets the hell out of here and drops this in my lap. It's my baby, he says—and my fingers burned nine ways already and more to come tomorrow. You get your lawyers to work on it. And remember it ain't no fault of mine."

"What is it this time, Steve?" Scott asked.

"More damn' foolishness. It don't make sense. We got this Berg, we got a confession, everything is strictly okay, but Wisconsin has got a warrant out for Marie Royce. The prosecutor, he says we got to take account of it till it's vacated. Probably I got to hold you both. I ask you: Is that common sense and honest law, or is it horse feathers?"

"This afternoon has made being wanted for murder so trivial that I'd forgotten it," Marta said.

"Horse feathers and nothing else," the sheriff growled. "California won't issue extradition papers. We know about you. But your lawyer has to put on a straight face and get up and talk like a lawyer. Yeah, and if I arrest you I can say you're in custody right here."

"There you are," Marta said with satisfaction. "I'll have to stay here more than tonight. So will you. That's being hidden and keeping quiet."

But light was beginning to break in Scott's mind and he was thinking fast. "No," he said, "we'll take the rap."

Marta and the sheriff looked at him, startled.

"It's up to you, isn't it, Steve?" Scott went on. "The county attorney won't mind you handling it any way you want? If you think it's horse feathers, you can act accordingly."

"If it's my baby, I can dress it any way I like."

"And knowing our purity of soul, you could—well, parole us, couldn't you, Steve?"

"Just as long as you're in Auburn three weeks from now when they arraign those birds and you start swearin' them into the pen."

"Three weeks is just exactly right. Just about the time Mrs. Penfield gets fed up with press and relatives tomorrow, well, if you decided to arrest Marie Royce right then, you could?"

The sheriff nodded.

"It might be a trifle irregular," Scott explained, " to deputize me and direct me to deliver Marie Royce at Fond du Lac, say two weeks from now. But it would be at my expense, and you'd be saving the state of Wisconsin money, and meanwhile our lawyers could get to work on those warrants. That way you could give us a start—snatch us from the press, hold us incommunicado, as the newspapers say, and put us on a plane for Hitchcock."

Steve Updike began to grin. "That's irregular. But if anybody says a word, I got that confession. Anyways, I'll put her in your custody and get you on a plane."

MARTA'S face lighted. "The station wagon is at Hitchcock still. Up on the mountain—while we were still desperate—you said, if you could only get in a car and start out to drive me two thousand miles! It's about that from Hitchcock to Petit Marais. And no one can find us while we're driving it—at least, no one ever did."

"Irv saw it first. That's what he meant by going incognito."

"But are you marrying me here or at Hitchcock? Mr. Updike, what do we do to get married here?"

"Just a license and somebody to read the words, ma'am."

"Where do we get them?"

"Auburn."

"Can we get them tonight?"

"Not unless you got more pull with the county clerk than I have. Folks that can't wait generally go down to Nevada. Maybe the prosecutor could fix it up for you tomorrow."

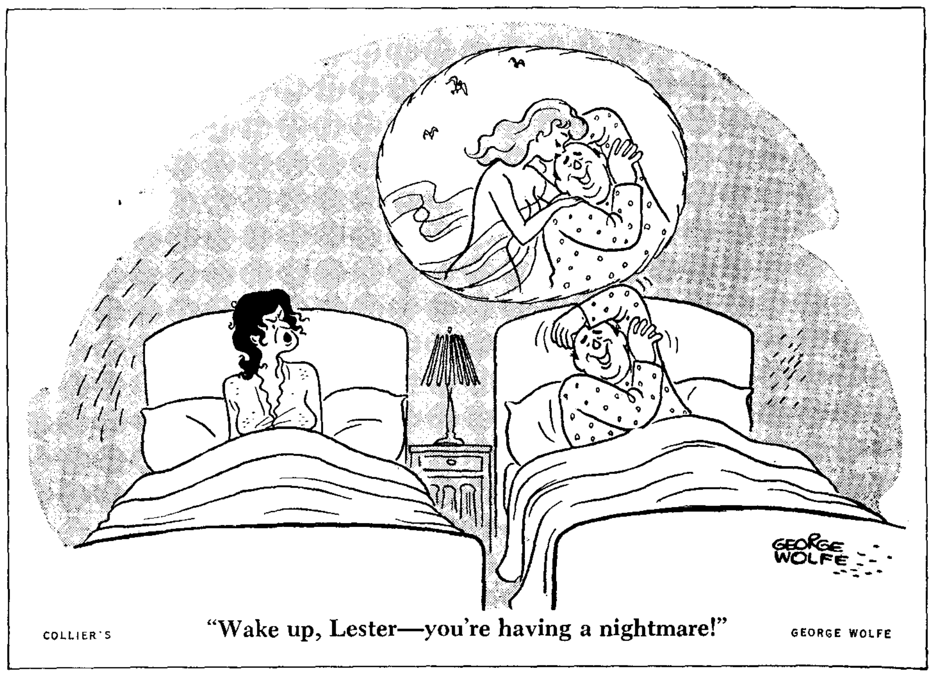
"But, anyway, you're putting me in the custody of Mr. Warner? The law is very thoughtful and helpful. That makes you responsible to the courts of California, darling."

Sheriff Updike made less noise getting out. Marta watched him disappear into the advancing dusk. "How far is it from Hitchcock to Petit Marais?"

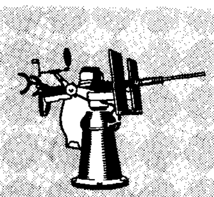
"It took four days coming west. It'll take two weeks and a half going east. Do you want to drive it, Marta?"

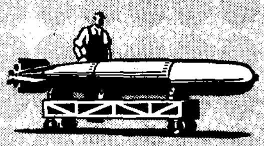
"I want to drive it, in the station wagon, Scott. All those miles and no one in pursuit. You always think things out right in the end. . . ."

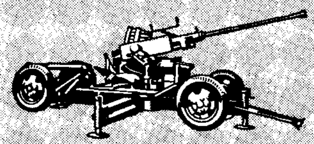
THE END



COLLIER'S "Wake up, Lester—you're having a nightmare!" GEORGE WOLFE

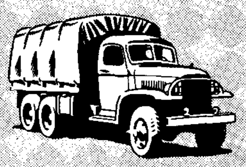

Oerlikon 20-mm. Anti-Aircraft Cannon


Aircraft Torpedoes for the Navy


40-mm. Automatic Field Guns

Diesel Engine Parts

Axles for M-5 Tanks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. . . On the Record of Pontiac Motor Cars

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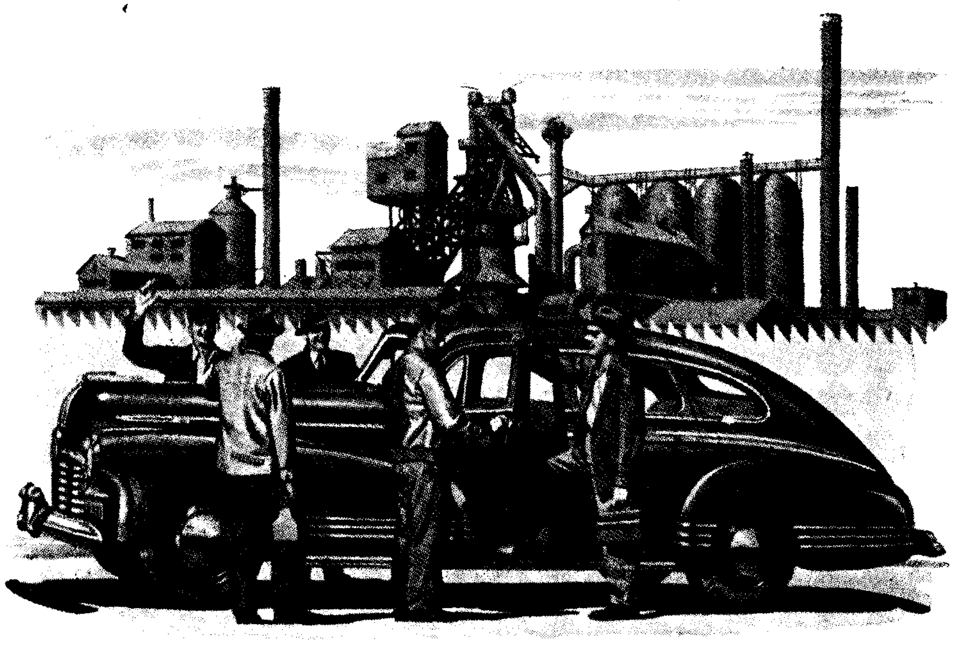
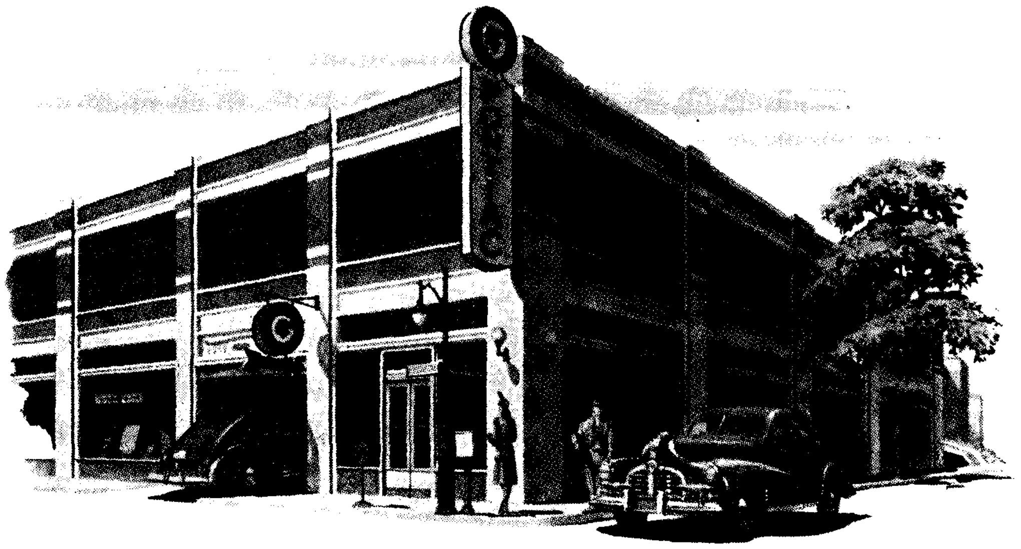


. . . On the Record of Our Dealer Organization



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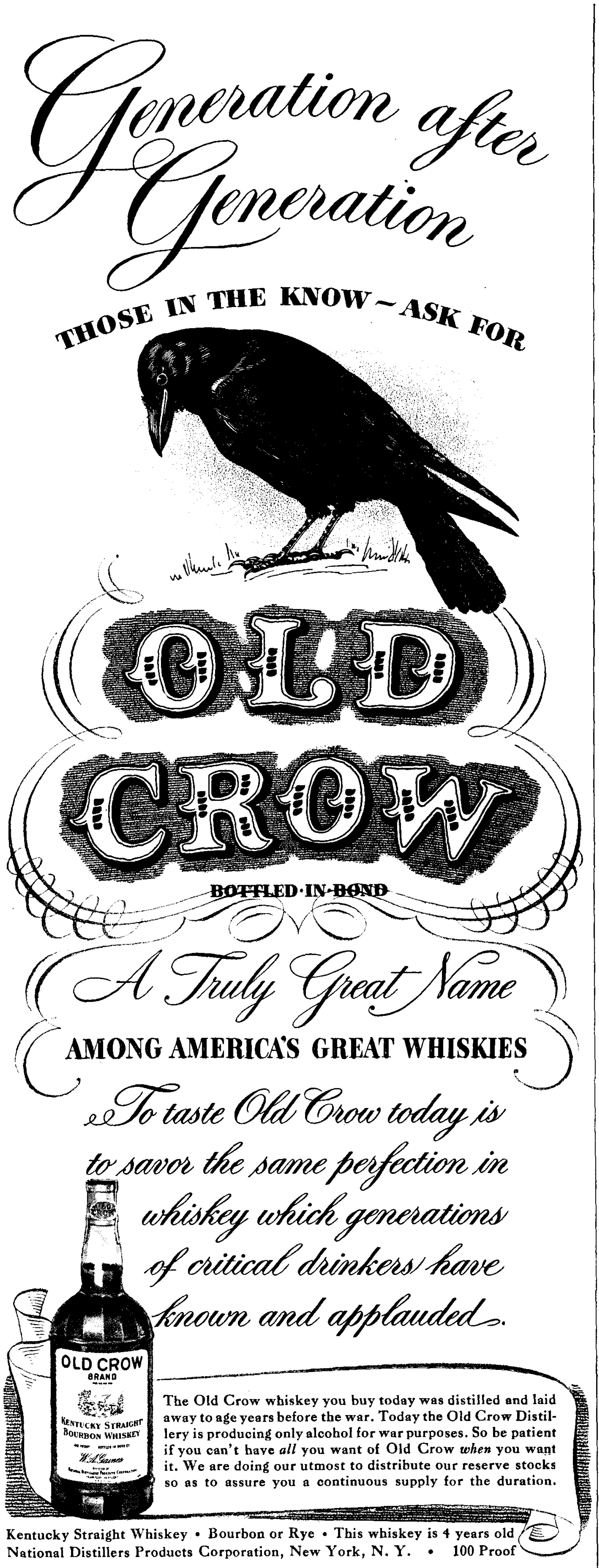

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You'd Never Know

Continued from page 17

in The Naked Genius, is rehearsing Something for the Boys.

Hollywood mothers are divided on the question of whether or not to wear a girdle while carrying the child. Gene Tierney would have none of them. Joan Bennett, who has three children, thinks that none of those intricately contrived health corsets makes you more comfortable. She bought a standard-brand corset, nothing fancy. "I think there's a lot of hokum about having corsets made especially for you," she says.

Flat heels are a necessity, and an expectant mother may as well buy shoes one size bigger than usual. Betty Grable's size-4 foot requires size 5 now.

Hair, teeth and nails are all apt to suffer during pregnancy. To prevent calcium deficiencies, Hollywood mothers mind the doctor about drinking milk and taking calcium pills. They brush their hair, massage their scalps, rub oil into nail cuticles, and go to the dentist often. One Hollywood dentist offers a baby special. If his pregnant patients will have their teeth fixed up perfectly to begin with, he'll check them every two weeks and do repair work free. With this inducement, the Hollywood girls, who like a bargain as well as anyone, go to him as regularly as to the doctor.

A Mirror of the Inner Self

Faces stand up better than anything, for which you, like the movie stars, will be thankful. Now's the time for luxurious facials and careful make-up. You'll probably have more color in your cheeks than usual and, unless you're different from everybody else, you'll be wonderfully calm, and nervous lines will fade away.

"It's the most peaceful time," says Brenda Joyce. "You can't help but be happy when you're expecting a child."

For mental health, the Hollywood contingent advises work. Almost every one of them worked through the third month, and many through the fifth. Alice Faye, who expects her second child in April, didn't let that interfere with her work in the musical The Gang's All Here!

Movie stars vote for social activities, too. "I kept going out right up to the last," Cobina Wright said. "I think it's bad to stick to the house and avoid parties just because you have an odd shape. Your condition is no secret, anyway."

If you can keep on with your regular job, you'll be better off. Of course, there comes a time when your fellow workers feel nervous even if you don't. When they won't even let you pick up a telephone book for fear you'll strain yourself, you may as well quit and ease their minds.

After the baby arrives, your doctor may or may not advise you to begin mild exercises while you still are in the hospital. Veronica Lake began exercising on the fifth day after her daughter was born. "I raised my toes up just a few inches, and lowered them slowly, keeping my knees straight," she explained. "Then I raised and lowered my shoulders, legs straight, abdomen tensed as much as possible. I think this gave me a head start toward a flat tummy."

Veronica, a 98-pounder, five feet two tall, and with a 21½-inch waist, is about to start work on Hour Before the Dawn.

Doctors usually say you may eat all you please in the hospital, but cautious stars shy away from desserts and creamy mashed potatoes after the first week.

Joan Bennett neither exercised nor dieted in the hospital, and she was one of the few to nurse her baby. "It's not true that nursing the baby spoils the shape of your breasts," she says. "And if it were true, I'd do it anyway."

The real figure-restoring campaign starts when you get home from the hospital. Now's the time for the exercise your doctor will prescribe. You can't be independent of his rule until the baby is at least six weeks old, and you've had a final examination and been pronounced healthy. The knee-chest position is a favorite with doctors.

Here's one variation of it: Kneel on the floor, lean forward and support yourself on your elbows. Push your back up toward the ceiling; let your head drop forward to a relaxed position; exhale completely. Now jerk your chest toward your ears—that's as near as you can describe the movement—tense the muscles of your midriff and pull your stomach in as hard as you can. Try to make it meet your backbone. Relax the chest, keeping abdominal muscles tense, and breathe normally for one minute. Repeat ten times.

This isn't difficult to do and, besides being good for your insides, it will start you on your way toward that concave middle you used to have.

All the movie stars we interviewed on the subject recommended the same exercise for raising and firming the breasts. Veronica Lake describes it: "You fold your arms, holding them out from you, elbows level with your shoulders. Let your hands be relaxed. Now press hard with the heels of your hands against your inner arms, with a sudden jerking movement, keeping fingers relaxed all the time but tensing arm, shoulder and breast muscles.

"This is easy, once you catch onto the trick of it. Practice in front of a mirror, and when you see your breasts jerk upward a good two inches, you'll know you're doing it right. This is the best exercise I know to bring your bustline back to normal. You can do it fifty times night and morning without taxing your strength at all."

Another early exercise requiring slight effort is one that movie mothers learned from their visits to Ann Delafield's New York exercise establishment.

To Regain Your Figure

For this, you kneel on the floor, holding your body upright, your arms pointing ceilingward. Slowly sit down on your heels, keeping your spine straight and pulling stomach muscles in tighter and tighter. Now slowly lean forward till your head touches the floor, and your arms are stretched out on the floor in front of you. Slowly draw your hands to your knees, still keeping your abdomen tense, and gradually roll your spine to an upright position again.

As your strength returns, you can do the more vigorous exercises—bicycle kicks, and twisting and stretching—to slim your waistline; after three months, you'll be up to engaging in most sports.

If it all sounds rather Spartan, remember that every one of the movie mothers regains her fine figure at last, no matter what she goes through. It has to be done. There's the secret, maybe. If they dangled a movie contract before your eyes, you'd get your figure back in a hurry, too. Not a figure almost as good as before, but identical to the last quarter inch. Hips so smooth a girdle isn't necessary, breasts so firm that a brassière can be dispensed with.

One of the pleasantest rewards of a Hollywood mother's do-or-die attitude toward beauty is the admiration of her child. The child, as he grows up, is proud to be able to say, "That's my mother. Isn't she pretty?"

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

feet and then plunged dizzily toward destruction as explosions of a fresh barrage of flak rattled the windows of my cell. I could feel my heart in my throat. I don't know whether anyone cried out then or not.

I imagine all the other prisoners felt the same sense of strangulation which smothered and sickened me. Here, before our eyes, was a crew of the bravest men the United States had ever mustered just a split second from certain death.

As the bomber nosed down, now appearing clumsy and helpless, she suddenly went into a steep bank. I imagined I could see her left wing being clipped off by near-by trees and telephone poles. Jap shells still filled the air, but by now I noticed that most of them were bursting far above the staggered bomber.

Banking sharply around a full 180 degrees, and still hugging the treetops, that miracle B-25 suddenly was heading back straight at us. She was now so low that the Jap ground batteries were unable to get a range on her without first blowing the roofs off surrounding buildings. I saw several shells ricochet harmlessly into the air amid the dusty splinters of tile roofs.

Then there were two orange flashes, followed by thundering explosions which sent up geysers of smoke and debris. Those were the first bombs I saw dropped on Tokyo.

The antiaircraft guns in that area were silent after that.

The pilot of that bomber didn't learn to fly from books, I thought.

According to the books, that plane should have torn herself apart in the maneuvers she had just been put through, but there she was, one second apparently stalled in the middle of the bank, and a second later, streaking toward us, obviously undamaged.

But this game girl and her crew still were not out of trouble. The Jap fighter planes by now had spotted the bursts of flak and bombs below them. They were diving madly toward the escaping bomber, spitting flame from their wings. I could hear their screaming shells shattering the skies above us.

The Jap planes still were far above the bomber as they dived. Whatever edge they had over her in speed, they lost in their long dives down at her. By the time the fighters got down to where they expected to find the bomber, she was a half-mile ahead of them, flying straight at the snow-capped holy volcano, Mount Fuji. Just a few more seconds and both the bomber and fighters had disappeared beyond the horizon with the bomber still 'way out ahead.

Confirmation of the Story

When I returned to the United States as an exchange prisoner many months later, I was called upon to assist the Army in compiling a detailed history of the Doolittle raid.

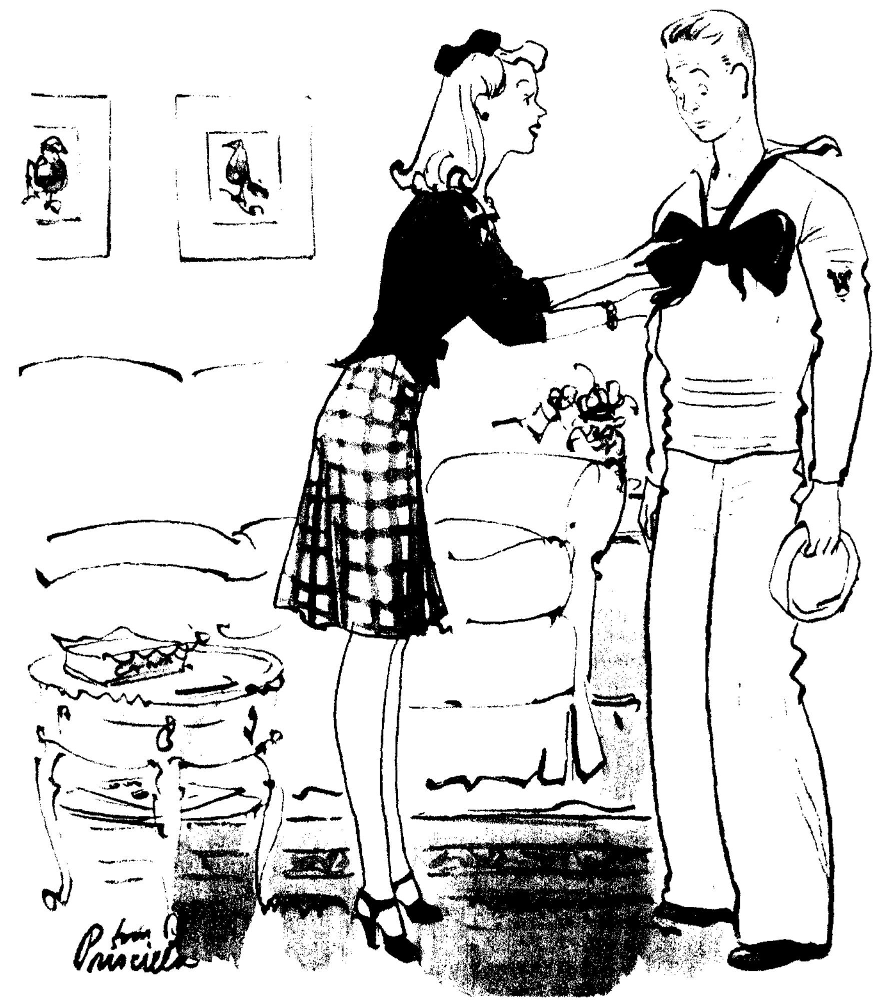
After I had told a group of Army officers the story of the miracle B-25 over Tokyo, a kindly colonel smiled and said, "Have you any idea who was piloting that bomber?"

Naturally, I had no idea.

"It was Jimmy Doolittle himself," he said. "Your account of what you saw confirms in detail the report made by Doolittle on that phase of the raid."

Well, I can guarantee that Jimmy will never fly himself out of a tighter spot than I saw him in on that bright April day over Tokyo. That B-25 must have loved him. . . .

ROBERT BELLAIRE



"Don't worry, dear. They always laugh at people with new ideas"

COLLIER'S LOUIS A. PRISCILLA

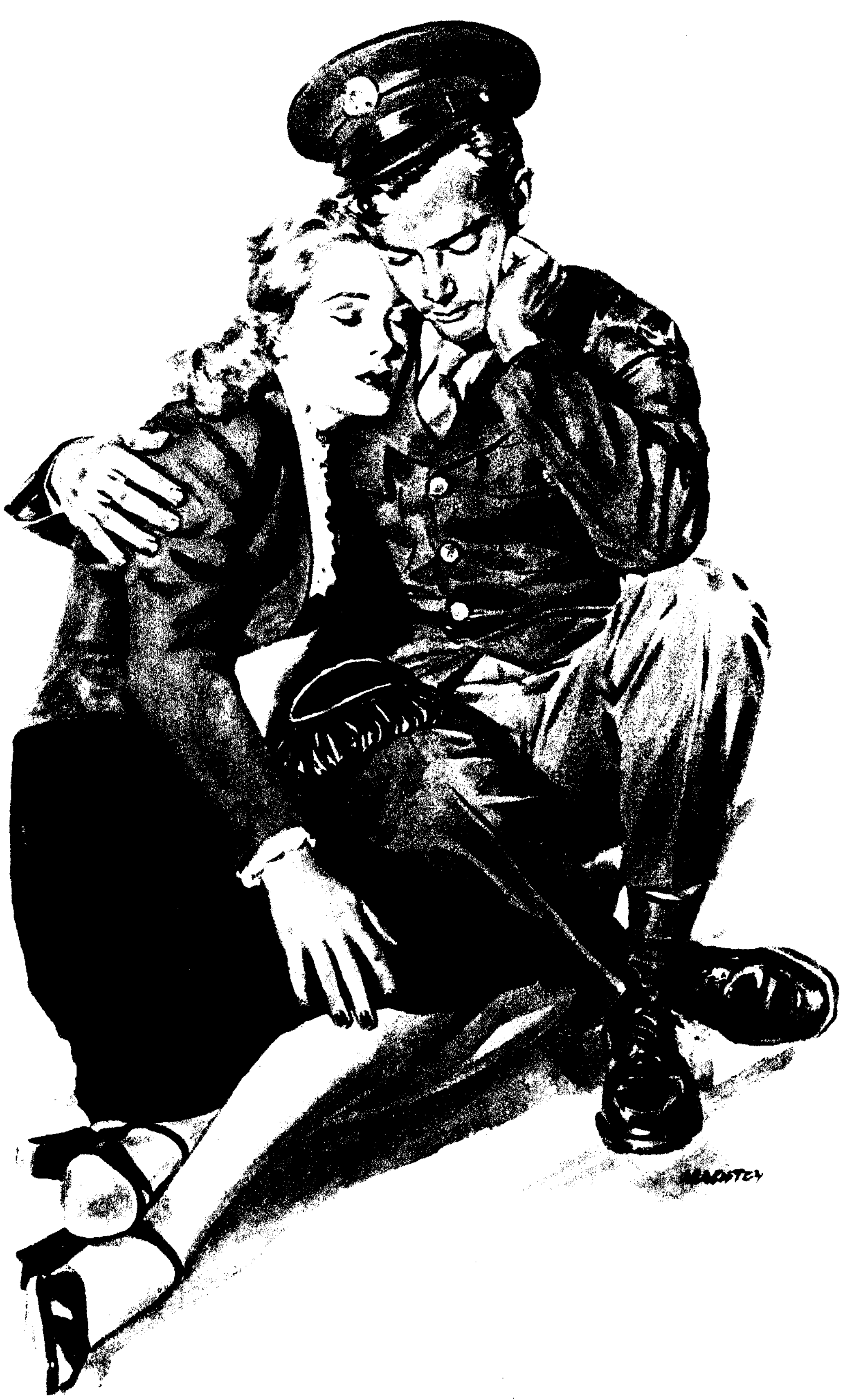
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
◄ When she puts you off like this . . .

When you'd rather be off like this . . . ►

◄ TRY THIS

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.

If you can't always get your favorite flavor, it's because a lot of Life Savers are going to the boys abroad . . . bringing them something good and familiar. And the boys like that.



They were sitting on the courthouse steps long before the doors were open. Kitty's head rested on Pete's shoulder. They were both asleep

First Thing in the Morning

BY CZENZI ORMONDE

ILLUSTRATED BY NATHAN MACHTEY

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

THE soldier leaned against the lamppost. He was bored, lonesome, and it was raining. The girl with the red hat and the nice legs was in the midst of the battle for the midnight bus and the soldier watched the crowd push her around.

The bus lumbered off without the girl. She walked back to the curb and looked with despair at her rain-soaked hat.

"Throw it away," said Pete, surprised at his audacity. "It's a crazy hat."

The girl stared sadly at the limp velvet. "That's why I liked it." She looked at him with candid eyes. "Are you trying to pick me up?"

Holy Joe! Pete thought. With all the quails in Nevada I throw my tomahawk at a squirrel—but an awfully pretty squirrel.

"I'm inviting you to a wake," he said patiently. "Your hat's dead and there's a place around the corner."

She smiled uncertainly. "Well, I've never been to a wake."

The cafe was crowded with workers from the near-by defense plant. Pete perched the sad little hat over the lampshade on their table and ordered food. They talked for hours. They danced to the noisy juke box and finally, to keep their table, Pete had to order again.

He looked across at Kitty and was overwhelmed with a great desire to kiss her. He wasn't surprised at that, considering her looks. What amazed him was the warm sensation growing all over him, the same delight he'd felt on his first train ride when he was a kid. He was very ashamed of something he'd just said. He'd offered to buy her a new hat—first thing in the morning.

"I'm a very clumsy guy," he apologized.

"It's my fault." Her eyes were full of confusion. "I shouldn't have let you pick me up."

"But you wanted me to, isn't that the truth?"

Kitty looked squarely into his eyes. "Yes, it is."

Pete covered her hand with his. "Why?"

In a rush of words she tried to explain: "It gets pretty dull working all day, going home tired, sleeping, then getting up the next day just to get tired all over again. And seeing nobody but two old lawyers with habeas corpus of the arteries."

"You work at the plant?"

She nodded. "The legal department. I'm just a long number on a little blue badge."

"I used to work there, too," said Pete. "Transportation." He watched the smoke from his cigarette curl around her hair. "These might be the last three days I'll have around here. In my business you never can tell. Next week I might be dancing with an Eskimo."

"I know what you mean," Kitty said sympathetically. "Makes you feel every minute is thumbing a quick ride out of your life."

SHE looked at him steadily. "I'm sorry you didn't pick up the right girl, Pete . . ." She started to rise. Pete held on to her hand.

"You *are* the right kind of girl. I'm just finding that out."

She sank meekly into her chair. "I only thought—well, I don't feel very gay . . ."

"That's why you bought the hat, isn't it?"

"Yes."

The graveyard shift trailed wearily in for breakfast. Pete and Kitty were too absorbed in themselves to notice.

"It's daylight," Kitty said finally. "We've talked all night."

Pete looked at her a long time, searching seriously for an answer to the growing sense of completion within himself. It was all tied up with Kitty's honest eyes and the way she smiled.

"You know something?" he asked. "I feel you know everything about me."

"Well, you told me all about yourself, your work, and your dog Binkie," she said. "You said life was a mirage. It cheated you. And I agreed. You said it was a bear trap all covered over with daisies. . . ."

"That was marriage," Pete corrected her. "But I changed my mind."

"I wonder," Kitty said earnestly, "if other people feel sort of lost, too. Sometimes I think we should grab every bit of happiness while we can. There might not be another chance."

Pete looked into her eyes. "Your brains fascinate me," he sighed. "Listen, Kitty, something's happening to me and it feels awfully good. You're so darned honest I feel like I'm just breaking out of Alcatraz. You know the size of my shoes and the way I like my eggs for breakfast, but there's something else: I want you to know that I swear occasionally."

"That's all right," said Kitty.

"Another thing," said Pete, "when I get sore I throw things."

"So do I."

There seemed no end to Pete's confessions. He hung them all on the line, and Kitty's own admissions whipped them dry and clean.

SOMETHING dreamy was playing in the juke box. They danced, but before the music ended Pete drew her back to their table.

"We're stalling," he said gruffly. "How about it?"

"About what?"

"That's a woman! You know darned well we've been reading each other's mind for hours. Isn't that the truth?"

"Yes," Kitty whispered. "But it scares me."

"I'm taking as big a chance as you are. Think of your hats! Maybe there's insanity in your family."

Kitty looked wistful. "I always dreamed of a big wedding."

"Dreams aren't real. Wake up."

"Well, I never thought I'd marry someone I don't know."

"You know me better than my own mother," Pete insisted.

"It isn't only that." Kitty was embarrassed. "I was wishing we'd met in a different . . ."

"Oh, that," said Pete. "What difference does it make how we met? Listen, Kitty, I love you—but I haven't got time to sit on your front porch and play my guitar. Tell me the truth now: Do you feel about me the way I do about you?"

"Yes, Pete, I do," said Kitty.

Pete was happy. "Well, what more do you want? Besides, I have got a month's pay. I am a bargain. Solvent, and pretty, too."

Kitty laughed. Pete took her hand and led her out of the restaurant. In the morning light he planted a hard kiss on her lips.

They were sitting on the courthouse steps long before the doors were open. Kitty's head rested on Pete's shoulder. They were both asleep. A dignified old man, obviously accustomed to the vagaries of wartime romance, tapped Pete on the shoulder.

"Marriage licenses third floor," he said. "I can marry you in ten minutes. Room thirty."

Outside the judge's chambers, Pete clutched the marriage license and hoped he didn't look scared.

"Pete," Kitty said timidly, "there's something I want to confess. I recognized you at that bus stop. All the time you worked in transportation I was dying to meet you."

He said, "Same here. I used to hang around the hall outside the legal department hoping you'd come out and faint or something so I could touch you."

They looked at each other and beamed.

Pete thought: Poor kid. I can't let her know I never saw her before in my life. But, Holy Joe! She fell for *me* a long time ago. That's really something—like in books.

And Kitty was thinking: Imagine that! He used to watch me and hope he'd meet me. Why, it's a real romance after all, like in the movies. I won't ever tell him I never saw him before in my life—but it's the only secret I'll keep from him. That's a promise, God.

They shuffled their feet nervously. "Well," Pete grinned, "this is it."

"Yes," Kitty whispered happily. "This is really it."

Then the two liars went in to be married.

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FARMERS

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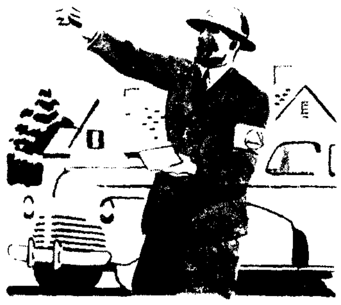
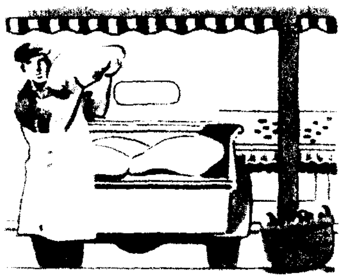


CIVILIAN DEFENSE



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More

CHEVROLETS

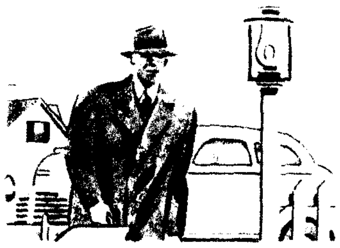
are serving America's hard-working home front . . . more Chevrolet cars and trucks are serving for victory . . . than any other make. In fact, one *out of every four* cars and trucks in use these days is a

CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION
General Motors Corporation
DETROIT MICHIGAN

Help Speed the Victory
BUY WAR BONDS

WAR WORKERS



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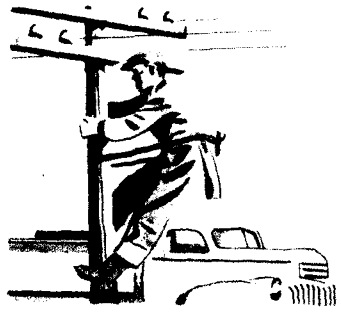

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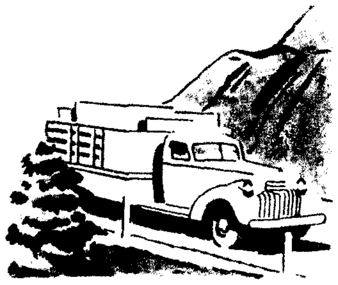

VITAL WAR SUPPLIES

Serving [illegible] on the Working [illegible] with

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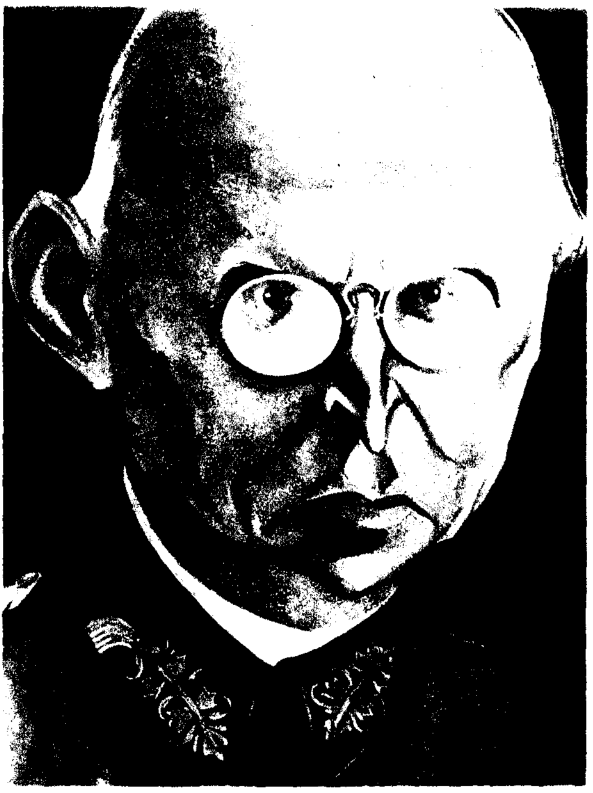
THE Guilty



XXVI

ALEXANDER VON FALKENHAUSEN

HITLER'S choice to rule prostrate Belgium, General Baron Alexander von Falkenhausen (who was recently succeeded by S. S. General Jaungklaus), may seem to be a vastly different type from the gutter products who run amuck in other occupied countries. Tall, monocled and elegant, cultured in speech and manner, he presents the perfect picture of a German nobleman. At heart, however, he is no less the barbarian, and he brought to his task in Belgium far greater efficiency.

Unlike the Terbovens, the Daleuges and the Franks, who torture, kill and burn out of sheer ferocity, Falkenhausen's inhumanity was cold-blooded, studied and scientifically precise. Nothing was done in rage or left to chance, for, as a soldier, he followed implicitly the instructions laid down by *Kriegsgebrauch*, the war manual that is the bible of every German officer.

For the benefit of those simple souls who insist that butchery and rapine are Nazi inventions, not known to older generations, here are the rules laid down for Prussian conquerors as long ago as 1902: "War has, as its one and only purpose, the destruction of the spiritual and material power of the enemy country. Therefore, the laws and customs of war *(Kriegsmanier)* must yield to the laws of military necessity *(Kriegsraison)*. It is not only permissible but *ordered* to destroy private property, to devastate systematically, to terrorize the civil population and to deport for compulsory service. . . . To conduct war with energy, it must be made not only on the combatant forces of the hostile state. Equally strong endeavor must be made to destroy its entire intellectual and material resources."

That is what every German officer has been taught for forty years, and those were the instructions that General Baron von Falkenhausen followed faithfully from the day that he took over Belgium in 1940 until he resigned on December 14, 1943. With terrifying thoroughness, he devastated, terrorized and enslaved.

If he has failed to indulge in wholesale massacres, as in Poland and Czechoslovakia, it was not because of any human feeling, but from a Prussian dislike of waste. Why kill good slave labor? One of his first acts was to close every establishment that could not contribute to Nazi war needs, and then to decree the conscription of all males between 18 and 50, and all women between 18 and 35. At the last count, some 600,000 Belgians, a third of the country's labor force, have been deported to the Reich, Norway, France and the Ukraine. The remaining two thirds have the choice of work for German masters or starvation.

Sabotage, of course, was punished by the murder of innocent people, but here again the General Baron was careful to conserve his labor supply. Hostages were usually drawn from the ranks of teachers, preachers, authors, officials and other "intellectuals" not fitted for drudgery in factory and field. The aged and the young were allowed to die of malnutrition, the General Baron simply reducing their rations to a point well below subsistence level. This, as he saw it, was not sadism but common sense. Why waste food on nonproducers?

All in all, a very prudent man. Instead of shooting or hanging "troublemakers" in the public square, they were invariably spirited away at night to Breendonck, a concentration camp presided over by the Gestapo. There, behind barbed wire, and safe from prying eyes, came the "torture with every device of sadistic cruelty," according to *La Libre Belgique*, the underground newspaper.

The General Baron, however, took care to see none of this, and always protested surprise and shock when details of horrors leaked out from Breendonck, fairly oozing sympathy in assuring widows and orphans that the matter would receive his immediate attention. With the same suavity he explained his suppression of free speech and free press, on the ground that it was only to avert bloodshed. If agitators stirred up revolt, he would have to put it down by gunfire, and that would be too heartbreaking. Closing schools was not for the purpose of reducing Belgians to an animal level, but merely to protect against "false teachings."

By turning torture and murder over to his secret agents and excusing deportations by alleging orders from Berlin, General Baron von Falkenhausen tried hard to give the impression that he was a soldier discharging a distasteful task. What nonsense!

Prussian to the core, he has had every drop of humanity drilled out of him and, in common with every other German officer, looks on the *Kriegsgebrauch* as Holy Writ. More than that, he is a bitter man with a grudge. He was all set to be the Nazi boss of England, ruling the British Isles from Buckingham Palace, and then the stupid pig dogs refused to surrender. . . .

G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Fighting Funnies

Continued from page 24

The Army heads were so impressed with the lift in soldier morale following Fisher's campaign that the generals themselves were shortly knocking on Ham's door, asking him to send Joe through Officer Candidate School. They told him it was the best way to explain the whole OCS setup to both soldiers and civilians.

The average cartoonist has about as much control over his strip as you have over how the war is being run. What happens to some of the comic-strip creators in the small print of their original contracts with the syndicates shouldn't happen to a dog.

For instance, Carl Ed (it rhymes with speed) was considering making Harold Teen a Naval Aviation Cadet, as he knew several boys in the service, but the Chicago Tribune Syndicate wouldn't go along with him. They already had Zack Mosely doing an excellent public service for the Civil Air Patrol in Smiling Jack, and thought that if too many of their characters got up in airplanes, they'd only be subdividing the same group of readers. Ed and the syndicate are still mulling it over, however, and H. Teen, as Ed refers to him in his letters, may still win his Navy wings.

Lank Leonard, like many of the cartoonists, had a hard time getting his hero into the war even after his syndicate agreed. In the early days many of the recruiting officers weren't too interested in comic-strip characters. Lank, the six-foot-four former sports cartoonist who draws Mickey Finn, had to take Mickey on a long detour on the way to that submarine he's now in.

For a while Lank had Mickey in the F.B.I. Police Academy in Washington, studying how to catch sordid characters bent on blowing up the laundry. J. Edgar Hoover was very co-operative, and even publicly thanked Leonard for his resultant Police Academy strips. But Mickey somehow didn't seem happy going around giving people the F.B.-eye. Mickey should be *in* the war. After several conferences with the McNaught Syndicate, Lank decided to put Mickey into PT boats.

Which was just fine, except that he ran into the wrong lieutenant at the Navy's New York Public Relations office. "You draw Mickey Finn?" repeated the scholarly lieutenant, in pained astonishment. "And who is Mr. Finn?"

It went like that for a few minutes, and then Lank got his hat and began departing from there. But as he hit the hall a grizzled Navy Chief who had overheard the interview caught up with him.

Getting Mickey into the Navy

The chief knew who Mr. Finn was. Indeed he did. "Listen, Mr. Leonard," he said, never letting go of Lank's arm, "Maybe we can still get Mickey into the Navy. Do you think he'd like submarines?"

With that the chief, who turned out to be an old submariner named John Radleigh, launched into a terrific sales talk on the marvels of undersea Navy life. He kept right on talking until Lank, on behalf of Mickey, signed on the dotted line.

Most of the cartoonists do their biggest favors for the war effort in their Sunday strips. Ham Fisher, after finally deciding that Joe Palooka could do the best all-around morale job by continuing to slug it out as an ordinary foot soldier, drew special Sunday strips to sell the world on Officer Candidate School.

The two cartoonists most noted for their wartime authenticity are Frank Tinsley (Captain Yank) and Milt Caniff, who draws Terry and the Pirates. Caniff was always interested in China, and his strip drawings of Japs and Chinese were so accurate that the Army asked him to illustrate their training manual on which Orientals to pal around with, and which ones to shoot. Mr. Caniff obliged with a complete set of charts on the genus Jap, and to date practically none of our Chinese allies have suffered embarrassing greetings composed of lead.

For some time Caniff has also been doing a unique private favor for the soldiers. He draws them a special comic strip for exactly no dough. It's titled Male Call, and goes out every week to the Army's base newspapers.

Frank Tinsley, Captain Yank's creator, probably draws the must authentic comic-strip guns. He should. During the last war Tinsley was assistant curator of arms and armor at New York's Metropolitan Museum, and even participated in a certain amount of close harmony with the Army's Ordnance Department. When Tinsley showed the Russian soldiers using a new type of skimobile, he didn't draw it into the strip until he'd first drawn a complete set of blueprints for the thing! In addition to the recruiting benefits from his strip, Frank has recently presented our Armed Forces with designs for a more lethal jungle knife, and a new system of armor protection for Flying Fortress gunners.

Buttoning Tillie's Tunic

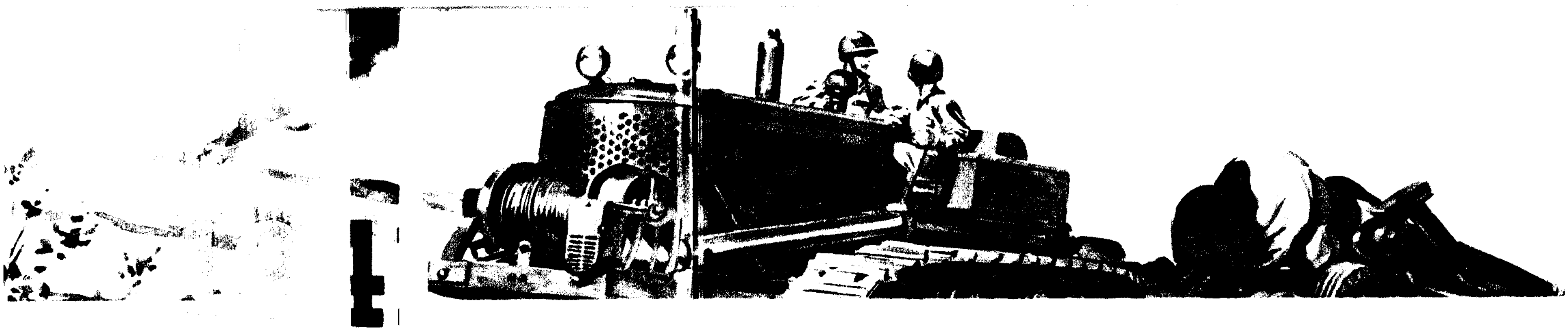
The cartoonist who has probably gone the craziest getting his characters' buttons on right is Russ Westover, who patriotically enlisted Tillie the Toiler in the Wacs. Tillie, always noted for her smart civilian clothes, had to look just as smart in khaki, or her readers and the Wac recruiting officers would have been disappointed. Before even starting Tillie's Wac career Russ journeyed out to the Wac training headquarters at Des Moines, Iowa, and studied the Wacs and their military shirtwaists at great length.

Just to complicate matters, many of the cartoonists found still another fly in the drawing ointment. Most of the comic-strip characters, to make them distinctive and easily remembered, have been drawn right from the start with a rebellious lock of hair, or a loud-striped sweater, or some other distinctly non-G.I. personal adornment. When these established characters were pounded into a uniform and given an authentic boot haircut, their horrified creators hardly recognized them.

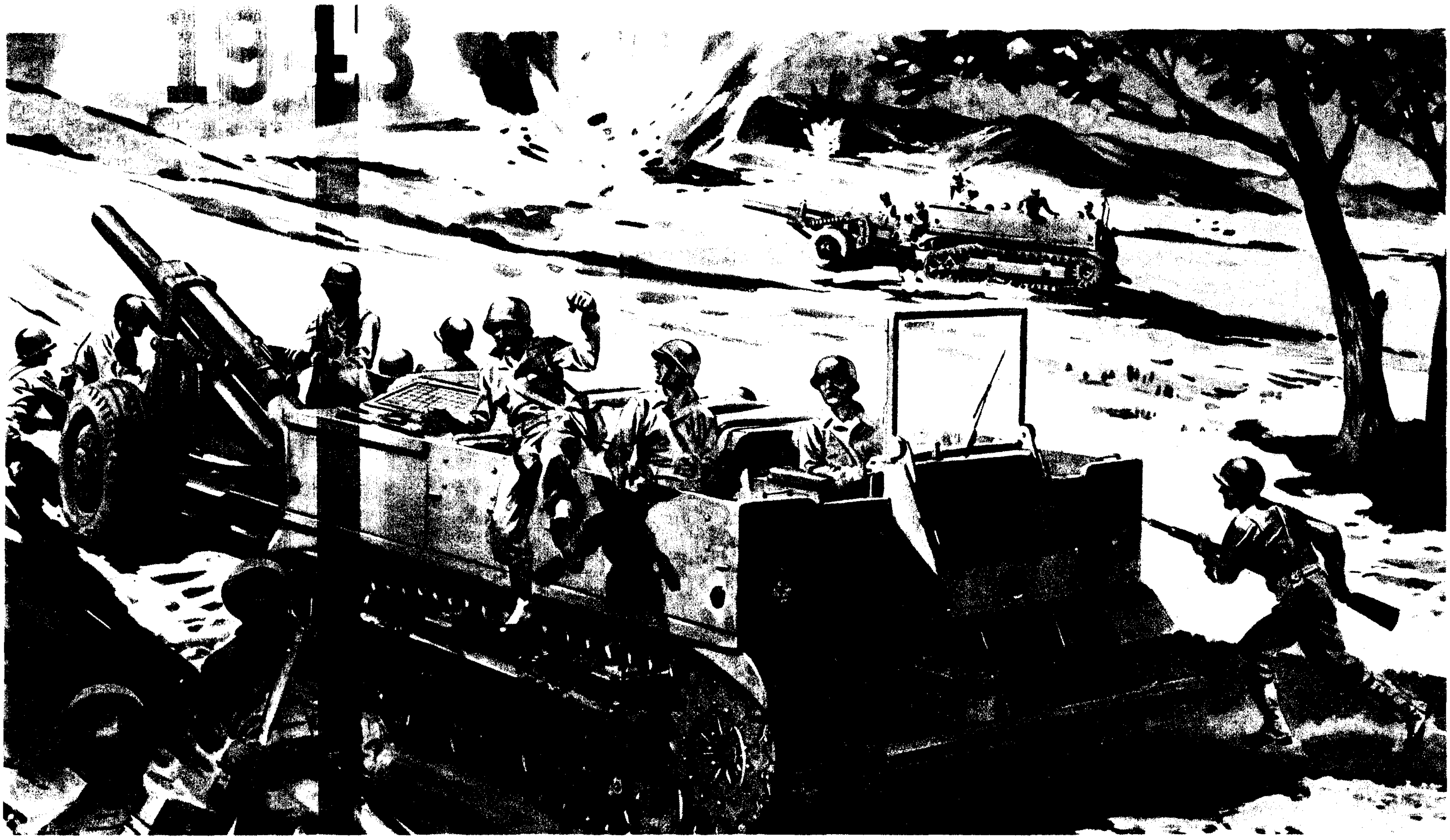
Snuffy Smith, the lovable little mountaineer who has made such a hilarious shambles of Army life, holds an unusual wartime distinction. Snuffy's ballooned dialogue is so super G.I. that the Army imitates *him!* "Yardbird" and many other colorful expressions of Snuffy's have become part of every soldier's vocabulary.

The distinction for being the least prepared for war should go to Stanley Link, whose hero, Tiny Tim, is approximately seven years old. This failed to stop patriotic Mr. Link, however. He induced Tiny Tim to enlist his dog Lucky in the K-9 Corps, and at last reports Lucky had the Japs just about licked.

The Army and Navy not only has great secret regard for the good the comic strips do—they have wholesome fear of their doing something wrong and getting the war effort mixed up. Winnie Winkle, for example, talked in the strip one morning about going into the Waves, and Navy Public Relations immediately called up and loudly and cried, *"Don't!"* The reason being that Winnie has those small-size twins, and the Navy knew that if Branner were allowed to put her in the



EVERYTHING changed but the paint



LONG before Pearl Harbor your government called International Diesels to the nation's defense. Regulation olive-drab replaced the familiar red, and the big tractors of industry went to war. *Almost nothing was changed but the paint.*

These peacetime crawlers are writing war history in stirring action. They're pulling big guns, handling bombs for the Air Forces, smoothing shell-torn landing fields, clearing jungles, building roads. Tens of thousands of such International Tractors are valiantly supporting the Marines, the Navy, and the Army. Night and day we're building more. They're tops on every fighting front.

But that's not enough for American resourcefulness under the spur of war.

In 1943 a new "prime mover" rolled from the International assembly lines—a tractor in which *EVERYTHING was changed but the paint!*

Here's a revelation in crawler power, maneuverability and fighting quality . . . a high-speed performer under heavy load . . . a go-getter whose rugged construction and ease of handling will carry far beyond the Victory.

Victory is its one job, but there'll be a world to rebuild later. Then we'll build the International Diesel Crawlers you need. And you'll know why Harvester men are saying today: *"We've got a lot of things packed into this big baby that we'll use when the war is over!"*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
180 North Michigan Avenue Chicago 1, Illinois

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INTERNATIONAL
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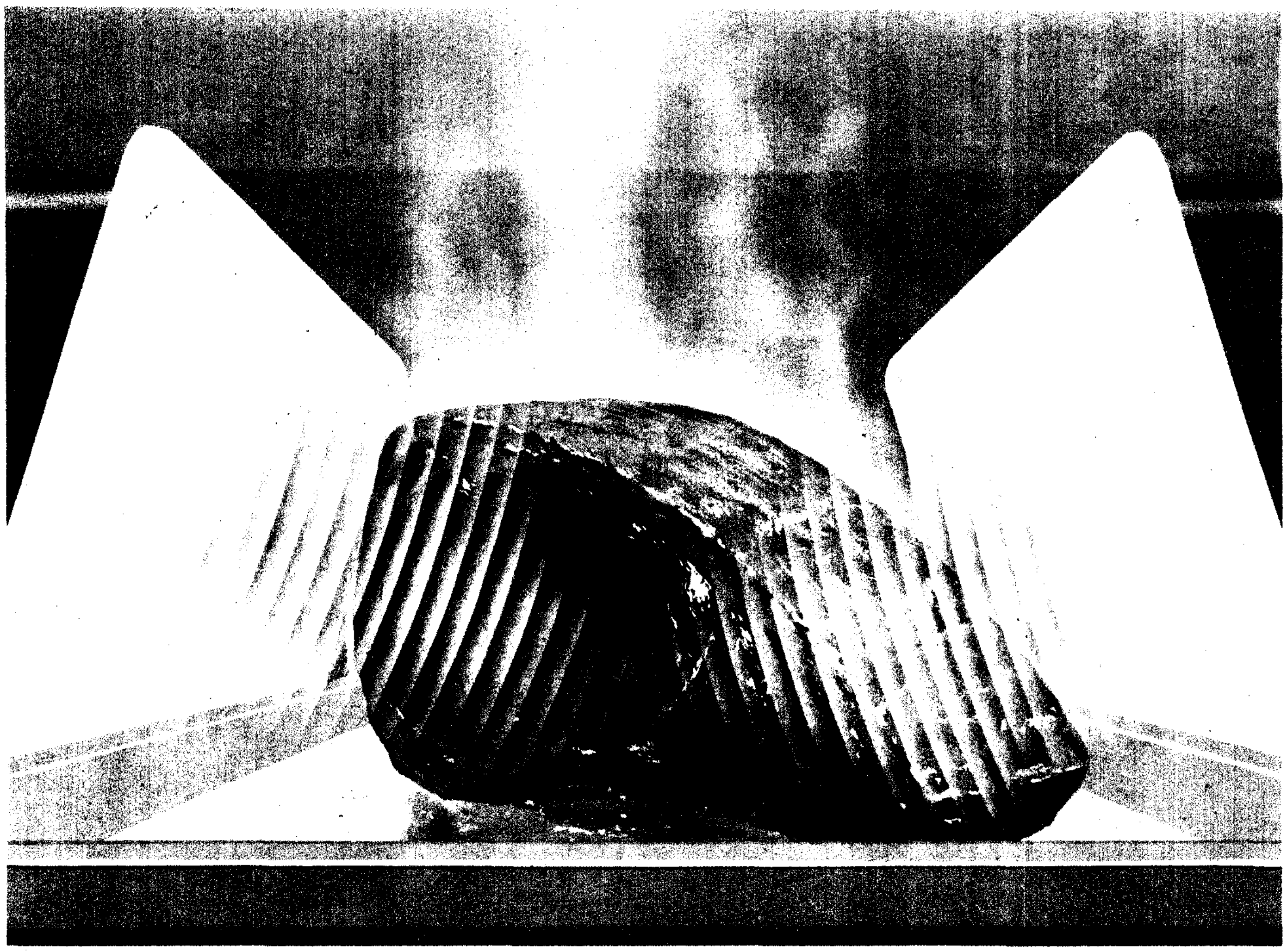


KENNETH W. THOMPSON

YOUR LIFE TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

Cooking by Radio Waves

If the science of electronics can solve one or two more problems of electrical control, you will do tomorrow's cooking by high-frequency cold heat instead of by gas or oil fire. Your stove will then have a number of compartments, each surrounded by a unit fed with energy from vacuum tubes. Cooking temperatures, under perfect control, will be generated inside the food only, producing no heat at all in the container or in the room.

Radio cooking has been investigated for years but has remained impractical because only a tiny fraction of the power could be concentrated on the food itself. Most of it was broadcast in all directions and lost. Today's high-pressure research in electronics, however, is developing a way to direct high-frequency power with pin-point accuracy where it is needed.

But here is the real miracle of radio cooking: The electric waves, heating every part of the food to exactly the same temperature instantaneously, will cook in seconds instead of minutes or hours. A medium-sized roast that must now remain in the oven two and a half hours can be done to a turn in two and a half minutes.

Plastic Printing Tomorrow

Conventional copper and zinc electrotypes, today used for printing pictures in newspapers and magazines, will be up against a powerful rival tomorrow in plates made of Bakelite, Nylon and other plastic materials. Even books may be printed from these nonmetallic plates, which have been found of enormous value in the making of war maps and other government publications. Already the OWI is shipping 15,000 plastic plates a month to newspapers all over the world. A pony edition of the New York Times is also going abroad on plastic.

The outstanding advantage of plastic printing plates is that they weigh only one eighth as much as copper or zinc for the same job. Thus they can be shipped to far countries by air express and put to use while they are still news.

This feature will be of great importance in the postwar period to disseminate American pictures and ideas for educational purposes and to advertise American goods.

Even more valuable on the home front, plastic printing plates will be developed to wear longer than metal ones, retaining their detail after many hundreds of thousands of impressions have been taken. The plates will cost considerably less than copper or zinc, because they can be made in an average time of fifteen minutes instead of the five hours required for metal. They will be easier to clean and lighter to handle, and can be used for any kind of printing, either black-and-white or color.

* * *

A new portable radio set using the high-quality, static-free FM system of reception will be marketed after the war. Already in use as a walkie-talkie unit for our Armed Forces, it has three times the range of former FM sets and will be the first of its kind powerful enough for use at the beach, at camp or in the woods.

Eliminating Bad Smells

Many wonder-working synthetics smell so vile that resulting products are almost unsalable to the public. Most artificial rubbers have evil odors, some so nauseating that the workers who make them must wear gas masks or quit. Various plastics are so noisome as to be virtually unsalable. Thus a problem of odor elimination faces the postwar manufacturer and stands between the customer and many a desirable new material or gadget.

But perfume chemists assure us that these bad smells can be licked in the future by a new scientific trick called "reodorizing."

Borrowing from the perfumer's art of skillfully blending offensive aromatics to produce an alluring perfume, they are already doing remarkable cleanup jobs on the worst synthetic rubbers. By war's end, they hope to be ready for any odor problem that comes up.

To show how important a pleasant-smelling piece of goods is to the consumer, a department store recently placed two counters full of identical rayon stockings on sale. One smelled slightly of the finishing oil used in manufacture, the other had been reodorized. The difference between the two batches of stockings was kept secret, even from the salespeople. The odorless stockings sold out immediately to customers who insisted they were of superior grade.

Following this psychology of "nose appeal," the paint of the future will not smell like paint at all, and may be faintly perfumed. Resin-impregnated textiles, plastic floor and wall coverings, artificial leathers and other synthetic goods will be reodorized to give them aromas that fit in best with their utility. Almost any conceivable smell or none at all can be imparted.

Each product will be treated according to the chemical formula of its offending aromatic. A tailor-made blending agent will be worked out that will not merely mask the old smell but will also create a new one entirely.

* * *

Future plastic arts will provide delicate undergarments that are actually molded in advance to the shape of the ideal feminine figure, curve for curve. Only a woman will appreciate the possibilities of bras and panties that will gently but positively change her contours to those of a model or a movie star.

Waves, the Navy recruiting offices would be all cluttered up with young mothers demanding their muskets.

A particularly distressing problem to the wartime cartoonists, and a little-known one, has been the thinning of the ranks of their assistants. A few of the more famous cartoonists have so many capable assistants by now that they approach the office only on days when they feel strong enough to pick up a check. Others use assistants only on the week-day strips, bending all their personal artistry to the Sunday productions. Still others prefer to draw in a rough outline of the proceedings, waving their assistants forward to do the lettering and the tedious inking in of car wheels, gentlemen's pants, etc. In general, the cartoonist whose name appears on the strip decides on the plot and does the arguing with the syndicate, and hires assistants to do much of the actual drudgery.

In the last year this lovely situation has been shot full of holes. Many of the young Grade-B geniuses have been drafted. And a depressing majority of the others, those with children or other infirmities, have been lured away by the golden prospect of making thirty bucks a page for filling up "those comic books."

Superman has had worse than assistant trouble—he's had creator trouble. Jerry Siegel and Joe Schuster, who respectively write and draw Superman, happened to be younger than the rest of the established cartoonists, and thus received personal greetings from their draft board. Siegel made the grade and is now in a Special Services company of the Army. Schuster, as in the former earlier case of Superman himself, missed because of his eyes.

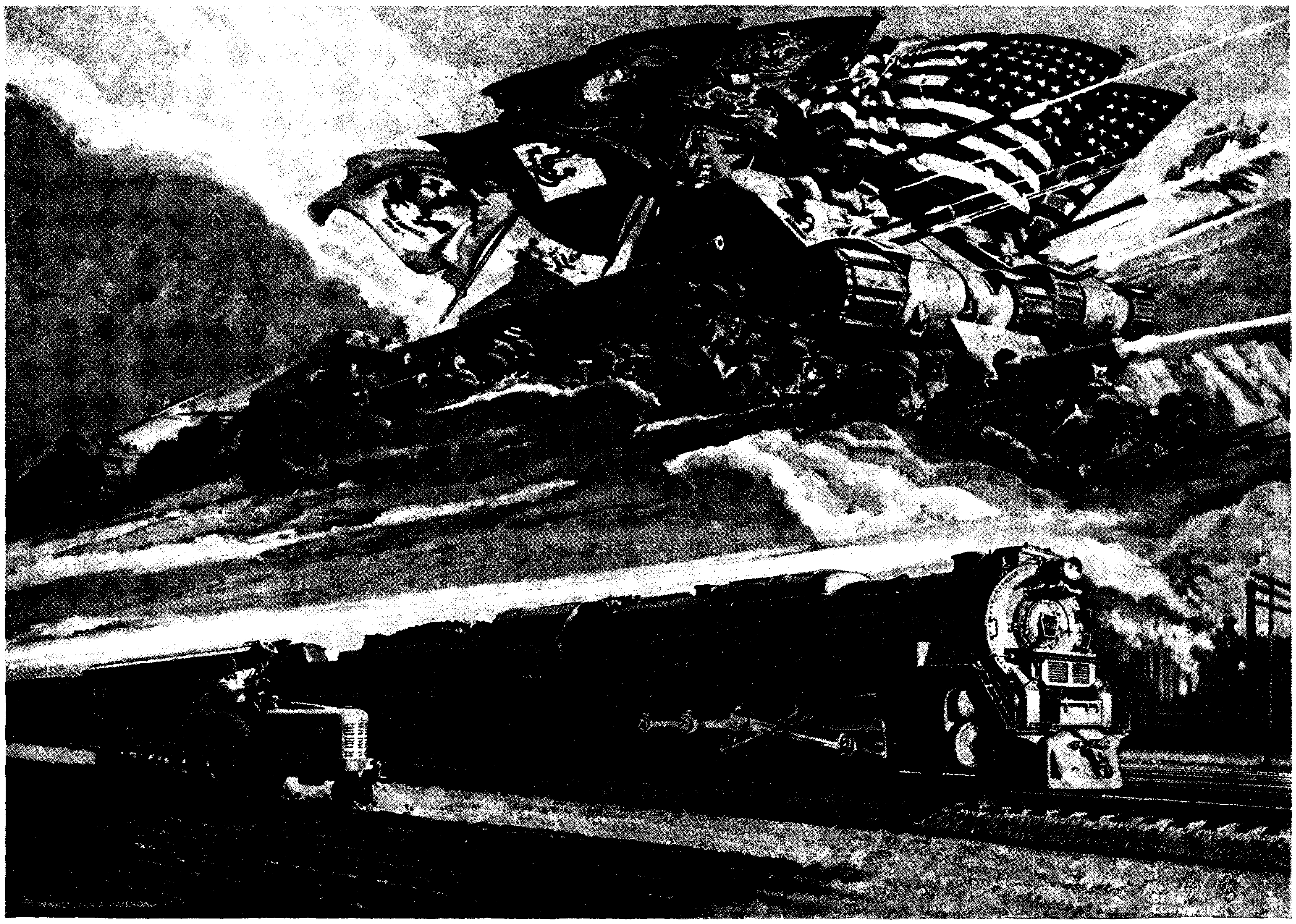
Keeping in Touch with Superman

Whitney Ellsworth, executive director of Superman, Inc., says that Siegel's absence hasn't affected the strip as yet. Siegel was considerably ahead of schedule and still keeps in touch on story material. And Superman's new "Service for Servicemen" has turned into a lucky mine of story ideas. The thousands of letters from service men and women have been so full of good Superman ideas that they are all now carefully culled for future stories. Which seems to us eminently fair. If Siegel's going to help the Army, the Army certainly ought to help Siegel.

The cartoonists themselves refer to Harold Foster, the former book illustrator who draws Prince Valiant, and Alex Raymond, who draws Flash Gordon, as "two of the world's greatest living artists," but the fact remains that in most cases the drawing itself seems to be the least important element in the success of a comic strip. The important thing is how well you "write," and how authentic and compelling your stuff is. If most of today's comic-strip men had run out of ink at the age of fourteen, they could have made a very good living writing pulp fiction. They'd also have been whizzes at cooking up those Dauntless Dorothy movie serials that used to bug-eye the kids come Saturday matinee.

Conversation with the comic-strip creators themselves is apt to prove a little confusing to the uninitiated. All the lads insist on talking about their characters as though they were living human beings who might come walking in at any moment. They talk about what Joe would like, and what Mickey wouldn't like, till you start reaching for a mental handhold. Visiting around among the various cartoonists is disturbingly akin to an afternoon at the Little Folks Day Nursery and Afternoon Nap Club—with all the kids cutting paper dolls out of racing tip sheets. The comic-strip men have even left some of our brightest admirals and generals confused. Confused but grateful.

THE END



FORWARD

. . . all along the line!

AMERICA is on the offensive wherever the flag flies . . . for one purpose, and one purpose only — to bring this war to a victorious close as quickly as possible.

If this is to be the year, as everybody hopes, then the call is not only for *united* effort — but for that extra "something" from every American on the home front. Count on the 161,922 workers of the Pennsylvania Railroad to do their share!

Count on them to help keep rolling the greatest volume of freight and passenger traffic in the history of railroading . . . to push war shipments through with speed and efficiency . . . and to serve the traveling public in the spirit of courtesy and friendliness characteristic of the Pennsylvania Railroad at *all* times — in war or peace.

Pennsylvania Railroad

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try in the future"...

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Please send free booklet and list of accredited schools.

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Graduation date______ Present occupation, if any______

Name______

Address______ State______

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10-A

ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED AND SPONSORED BY **EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,** ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Yesterday Was Dying

Continued from page 14

shuttered themselves again. "I want a job," Hilda Blaine said. "I'm a nurse."

Joe sat back, annoyed that Whitcomb had not told him. Still, he needed nurses at the hospital.

"Experience?" he said.

She hesitated. "I'm just back from North Africa. Mustered out," she added defiantly.

"I see. Why?"

The girl's eyes widened abruptly as though a pageant marched before them. Her hands clasped and unclasped swiftly on her purse.

"Emotionally unstable," she said, and she leaned forward purposefully to tell her story, but Joe stood up. There wasn't time these days to coddle the misfits; his outer office was jammed with bona fide patients. He had promised Maribel he would have dinner with her at eight, tonight being his night off, the first in ten days. It was now three-thirty.

Nurse Whitcomb came in, in answer to his summons.

"Next," he said brusquely.

He was tired when the last patient left his office, bone-weary and touchy. He thought of Maribel, and the thought didn't cheer him. But he knew he was going to marry her some day when he could get away long enough for a honeymoon. She was a spoiled, wealthy, imperious woman who nevertheless loved him as much as she could love anyone. That was love enough for Joe.

HE STOOD up and reached for his hat. He let himself out the back door, avoiding Whitcomb, and strode down the alley toward the sea.

At the sea wall he turned north toward the beach cottage he had lived in for ten years, with Mammy Georgia to take care of him. The fog had come in, and the air was musty with it, and the town, its lights dimmed out, looked abandoned. Joe welcomed the anonymity of the mist. He wanted the chance to think over some of his problems. But his mind constantly reverted to Pete . . .

His thought was distracted by a figure, huddled on the steps of a cottage near his own. It was shapeless and still, and the fog blurred it to unreality, so that Joe, uneasy, was moved to call out.

"Hello, there."

It was Hilda Blaine. She was bent double, her face on her knees, and she straightened slowly looking up as he came swiftly toward her.

"Here," he said brusquely, "you can't sit out here in this dampness. It's almost winter."

She was a heavy weight on his arm as he forced her up and urged her toward the door.

"You live here?" he said and turned the knob. He felt around for a switch.

The girl said dully, "I'm all right. Leave me alone."

Joe found the switch and flipped it. The room smelled dank and unaired. There was wood and kindling and paper in a huge basket beside the fireplace; obviously the rent the girl paid for the place included fuel. Joe built a fire quickly, stopping once to strip off his topcoat. Hilda stood where he had left her in the middle of the room, watching him sullenly.

"Come over here," he said quietly. "Get yourself dried out. You're soaking wet. Better take off that coat." She made no move to obey. She stood watching the fire as though she had not heard him.

Joe took her arm and urged her forward patiently. He helped her off with her coat. She was painfully thin, and her figure drooped but it was vigorous, and graceful in proportion. Joe became unwillingly aware that she was no waif; she had breeding and poise.

The fire laid a golden sheen on her pale hair, glossy and abundant, and the pale face unshadowed by a hat was sensitive, even beautiful.

"I decided we might be able to use you, after all," Joe began smoothly. He was accustomed to neat, helpful prevarication. "But you don't look strong enough to start nursing again just yet. We're busy at the hospital, too busy. You wouldn't be much help if you couldn't stand the pace."

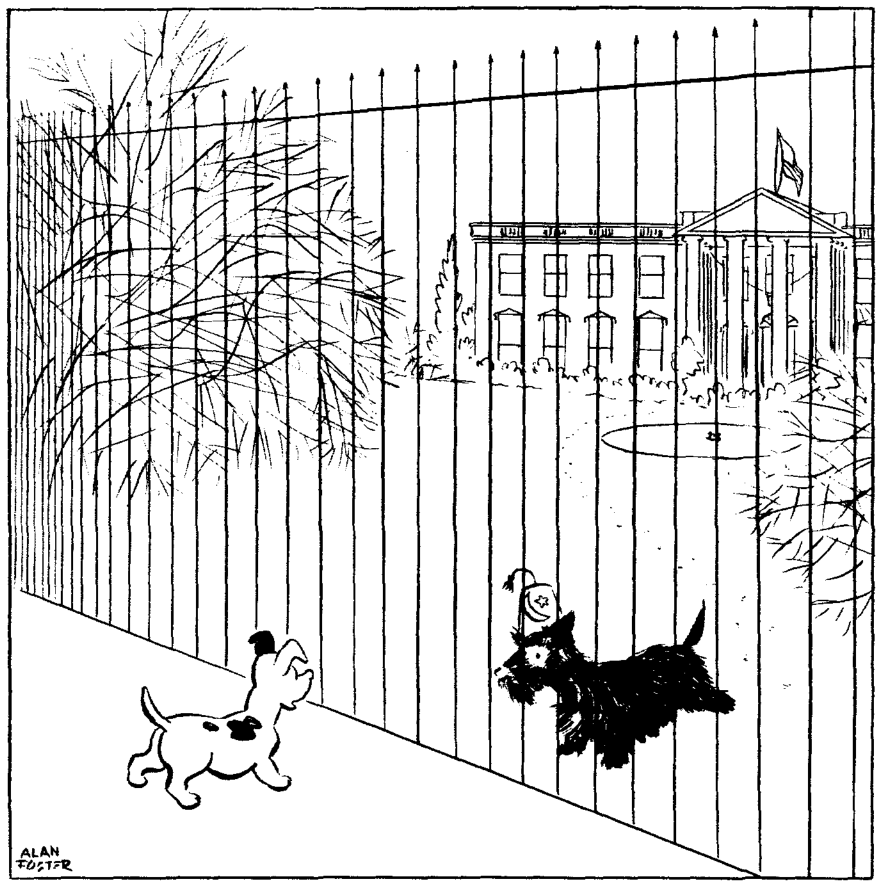
The girl spread her hands impatiently. "I am quite well," she said. "I am very strong, really very healthy."

Joe tried another tack. "What was your job in North Africa?"

She turned to look at him, amazed. "In North Africa?" She answered him at last, bleakly. "I helped carry out the ones who died yesterday, and nursed the ones who were dying today, and put bandages on the ones who would die tomorrow." The strange eyes flicked wide again, and horror was in them.

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE

by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Just a little souvenir we picked up on our last trip"

"Go on," Joe said.

"Why? What do you care? You're safe at home here where the percentage of life is greater than the percentage of death." Her voice grew petulant. "Why don't you run along?" she said. "You can't help me." She clenched her hands. "You haven't seen the dead and the dying, wholesale lots of them, carried in dying, carried out dead. Or maybe patched up for a day or two, to be killed in good time, dummies set up as targets to shoot at."

She was trembling violently. Joe sat motionless, saying nothing.

"There was a man I loved," she said slowly. "He was one of them. He wanted a house by a river and six kids with hair like mine. He wanted cows to milk and a field to plow. He didn't want anything else at all, and now he's buried in a hole they dug to hide in—like animals. Squads and squads of little animals burrowing for life, as though life were important. It isn't." She looked at him angrily. "We're tricked, you know, all of us, when we're born. A pinch of the will-to-live is put into each of us, like yeast, and it keeps bubbling and multiplying until we honestly believe life has significance." He knew by her eloquence these were thoughts she had lived with bitterly for weeks, and he was unwillingly moved by them, feeling fire spring up in him to meet the fire in her.

"I know," she said harshly. "I was handed back and forth between parents and relatives all my life until I was big enough to escape. I had to believe I was put here for a reason, to do something no one else could do. But I know better now. I saw for myself. We might as well be flies." She came to him swiftly and pounded his shoulders with her doubled fists. "What's the use in saving life?" she cried. "What's it worth! We're insane!"

He stood up swiftly and took her wrists and held her quiet. Pulses from her vibrant flesh started currents in his arms.

"You've worked too hard," he said. "You're tired. You should have saved yourself. You were needed."

She gave him an odd and furious sweep of her gray eyes. "You look well fed," she said. "You look rested. Oh, go away! I knew this afternoon, talking to you in your office, you couldn't help me. You don't even know what I'm talking about."

But he had known once. Instead of going home, he went down to the beach and walked, his own nerves jangling with resentment and fury. Pete was over there, sure, and Joe was here, but it wasn't his choice. He clamped down hard on a surge of envy. Hilda didn't know about Pete. She was hitting out at something more significant than Joe. She was looking for an answer Joe had found ten years ago, before he came to Webster, the answer to how you got along in a world that could hurt you too deeply. You stopped feeling; that was how you did it. Some people, Hal and Hilda, might never find out, but Joe had almost gone down, at first, learning to be a doctor. Now he knew. The question was how to teach Hilda—and Hal. He twitched his shoulder. That was one of the things he'd learned, wasn't it? To mind his own business. This was no affair of his.

Mammy Georgia had waited up for him. Nine o'clock was her bedtime, and it was ten by the tall hall clock, but Mammy Georgia was sitting beside the clock, her skinny old black hands folded under her apron in her lap, her gentle face reproachful.

"It can't be that late," Joe said. He looked at his wrist watch.

"Miss Maribel called," Mammy Georgia told him in her high, sweet voice. She was wizened and ageless, and Joe was fond of her as he was fond of Nurse Whitcomb, deeply, humanly.

He had forgotten Maribel, and he groaned. She would sulk for a week over this, not prettily as some women did; she would be exaggeratedly nice to him except for infrequent, stinging remarks. She was thirty-two and she had been married before. She wanted to be sure, this time, she had picked a man she could trust, and Joe understood that.

Mammy Georgia hovered over him, serving the meal she had kept warm. When the last bite of apple turnover was gone from his plate, the old woman spoke again.

"The hospital's been callin' you," Mammy said. Her wrinkled old face was triumphant. She had got him comfortably through a full meal.

"How many times have I told you," Joe began irritably, reaching for the telephone, "to let me know right away." He gave the hospital number. Mammy retreated through the swinging door, her hands full of dishes. It would do no good to shout after her.

AT THE hospital he went into conference at once. Bemis and Tucker had an abdominal section on their hands, an appendectomy, and the diagnosis indicated tumors of unusual growth and unlikely placement. The operation, if the diagnosis was correct, might be fatal.

"You mean," Joe said, looking from Bemis' pudgy face to Tucker's Scotch dourness, "you want me to operate."

"You did one like it last week," Bemis said delicately, wiping sweat from his fat forehead.

"At eight o'clock tomorrow morning, I have a mastoid," Joe said coldly. "If I had time to play golf once or twice a week, I might be fresh enough to tackle this." He paused. *You look rested,* Hilda had said, *you look well fed.* And again: *What's the use in saving lives?* "Prepare the patient," Joe said abruptly. "I will operate."

The mastoid took longer than it should have the next morning. He came out of the operating room sweat-soaked and shaking, but the abdominal section he had done the night before was doing well. Only the doctor suffered, he thought wryly, and he was brusque with Whitcomb that afternoon in the office when she asked for an hour off.

"Hilda Blaine needs some help getting that house fit to be lived in," she said. "She hasn't done a thing."

"Let her do it herself," Joe said angrily. "Do her good. I need you here." A moment later he lifted the receiver and called Mammy Georgia. "You let her do the lifting," he commanded. "She's big and strong. It's the third house this side of ours, and don't give her more than two hours. There," he said to Whitcomb, "that satisfy you?"

"No," Whitcomb said. "But what difference does that make?" She brought in a patient.

Maribel called him in the early afternoon. Her silken voice was cool and humorous. "We had steak last night," she said. "You shouldn't have missed it." But she wouldn't listen to his apologies. "I know, Joe. I'm not scolding. I'm going south for a week and I may stay two. Don't work too hard."

He knew she was angry by the brevity of her speech and the vagueness of the facts she gave him, but he had no explanation for having forgotten her the night before, and he hung up, telling himself resolutely that when she came home he would ask her to marry him. He had let work distract him.

Mammy Georgia went often to Hilda Blaine's the next week. He told himself this excused him from going. Let a woman lose her lover, all women wanted to creen with her. Mammy was a better doctor than he was, anyway. He marked the day of Maribel's probable return on his calendar and he called her early on the morning of the fifth.

"How devoted you are, Joe!" she said, laughing. "But I got home yesterday. I've been too busy to call you. I'm giving a party, not a very big one. It isn't patriotic to give big parties these days." A big party was a hundred or so to Maribel, a small party twenty-five or thirty. "Can you come, Joe? And I wondered"—she paused briefly—"I wondered if Hilda Blaine would join us?"

"Hilda Blaine! No!" Joe said violently.

"You've met her? Why didn't you tell me?" Reproachfully. "I should meet her, and you could have arranged it."

"Why should you meet her?"

"She'll be in our crowd now," Maribel said reasonably. "Her family owns those three blocks of offices in the middle of town. If she's going to live here—" Her voice trailed off.

"I have an appointment," Joe said bluntly. "Hilda Blaine is sick, Maribel. She isn't seeing anybody just yet. I'll see you tonight. I won't forget this time." He hung up, amazed to find himself angry. Maribel's directness usually amused him.

He thought of Hilda Blaine at one of Maribel's correct parties, the shuttered eyes flicking open in their frightening way to the pageant of horror they could not forget.

He was edgy all day. Whitcomb annoyed him, and he spoke brusquely later to Hal, rebuking him sharply. Hal's response, clamped lips and rigid attention, sent him homeward at the end of the day irritably self-conscious.

Mammy Georgia had laid out his tuxedo and he had to readjust his cummerbund; it was loose, a discovery that would have pleased him ten days ago. Now it was an added grievance at the end of a hard day, a timetaker.

MAMMY was waiting for him in the living room, his topcoat and hat in her hand, his folded muffler across her arm.

"I wisht you'd take a minute," Mammy said, "and run in on Miss Blaine." Her old black face was creased with anxiety. "She don't seem jes right, Doctor, she don't at all."

Oh, Lord, Joe thought, but Mammy was insistent, and he agreed at last glumly. He would stay no more than a minute, he told himself knocking at her door. The house was dark, and after a second, louder knock, he turned away. The night was clear, chill with the promise of impending winter. Joe looked across the sea wall toward the water, and he saw Hilda striding along the beach, her bundled figure black against the stars. He jumped across the wall and felt sand sifting into his pumps as he landed, but he went on, determined to carry out his promise to Mammy.

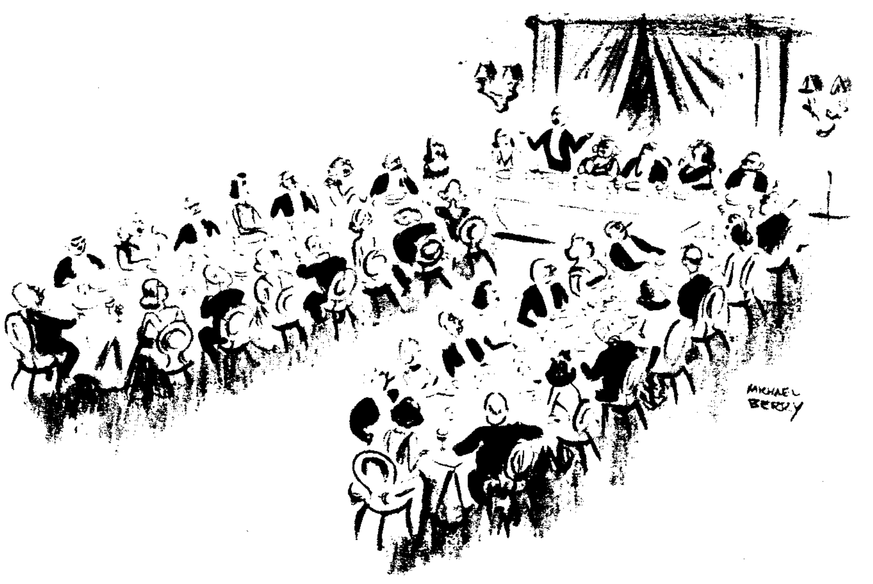
Hilda did not hear him approach. He came abreast of her and walked a few steps, lengthening his stride to match her charging pace. She looked toward him at last, and stopped, startled. She had been weeping. The gray eyes were pale as moonbeams; they assumed their guardian withdrawal slowly.

"Mammy was worried about you," Joe said easily.

She started on, saying nothing. He took her arm and slowed her step to match his normal pace. It startled him that through the bunglesome coat, he felt again the vibrant quality of her being. It disturbed him that she should be so vitally alive, yet so afraid of death. It made whatever he said to her now important, and he wished he were not angry and dispirited himself. He had an honest wish to console her.

"Did you know about Mammy Georgia?" he began. "Her three sons were killed in an accident when they were small, and her only daughter killed herself when her baby was born deformed. But you wouldn't know she carried that burden of sorrow, would you?"

There was no answer, but he had the girl's attention. She turned her face slightly toward him.



"To make a long story short, ladies and gentlemen—I feel that it would be only fair if we all helped wash the dishes!"

COLLIER'S MICHAEL BERRY

"You lost your love, Hilda, perhaps the only love you've ever had, and over there you saw other loves being lost to other women, and you knew the loss would go on and on, and you wanted the answer. The truth is, I suppose: Each man has a question in his heart and a good many of them are never answered. Perhaps that's why you and I, doctors and nurses, try to sustain that last feeble bit of life wherever we see it ebbing. The hope is always there that in another day, another hour, the answer will be found, and we must supply that precious day."

He found himself clutching her elbow now, moving it urgently back and forth. Words came to him with no effort, and he thanked God for the years of palliative phrases he had spoken before.

"It sums up in a few words, doesn't it? We cannot understand life, but we can keep it flowing. Perhaps in our way we do more than other men to answer those questions—by holding death back even for a little while. It comes to this, Hilda: Each man must answer for himself the questions in his heart, and they are different. Yours are not mine, and mine are not yours, but in either case they're real. They're so real we must solve them in some measure, but for ourselves. You can leave here tomorrow and go somewhere and look there, too, for the answer, and perhaps you'll find it, but if you do, it's because you grew up to it in that spot at that time, not because it was waiting there for you. The answer is in you, and only you can find it."

He halted. He was shaking. The girl turned full to him, and the starlight made her face unearthly in its beauty.

JOE turned and stumbled back to the sea wall. He knew, when he reached his cottage and climbed into his car and started along the beach road toward Maribel's, that he must not touch Hilda Blaine again.

Cars were parked in the gravel drive, and Joe had half a mind to turn the car, to pull out of there, but he wanted the quieting effect of Maribel's cool presence. He wanted her specific answer tonight, and after that, he wanted ten days, two weeks, as far from Webster as he could get.

The sprawling old house was shuttered in the dim-out, but Joe's feet knew the way up the shrubbed walk. Maribel's second maid admitted him, prim and discreet in her manner. Beyond the maid, Joe saw the big old living room, designed for the lush furnishings of the gold-framed-oil-painting period, looking astonished and self-conscious with its modern dress. He saw too many people, glasses emptying. The party would be noisy and tiring. He went in quietly and helped himself to whisky and water. He took a long pull, and a second, and looked around for Maribel.

She saw him at last and waved, but she made no effort to detach herself from the group surrounding her. She was beautiful; and Joe contented himself with standing apart, watching her. Men with whom he had played golf before Pete left, greeted him as though he had been away. They came across the room to talk to him. He was well liked.

Presently Maribel, drifting past, said, "Joe, you're thinner."

He wanted another drink, but he finessed it. One drink ordinarily was the length and the breadth of his drinking, and he wondered dryly if the urge for a second drink tonight came from the moment he'd just had with Hilda Blaine, or the moment he saw ahead of him with Maribel.

She had put him several places from her at the table, but he could watch her. The centerpiece was low.

Later, in the drawing room, she sat at the coffee urn; her small hands dexterous with cups and coffee spigot. She looked up, caught Joe's eye and smiled warmly; but she was punishing him, keeping him at a distance.

Joe walked over and stood beside her. He reached down and took hold of one of her busy wrists. "I want to talk to you," he said; "get a wrap and come outside. I'll wait for you at the sundial."

She looked up at him slowly, her smile turning haughty, but something in his face caused her to forgive his abrupt and commanding tone. She excused herself graciously, and Joe followed her to the foot of the staircase and stood a moment watching her ascend, and he thought: She is a beautiful woman.

He went out to the sundial and looked beyond it toward the sea. He heard the breakers crashing against the sea wall, but tonight the sound was not diverting, and he doubled his hands slowly in his pockets. Maribel came quietly through the night to stand beside him.

"What is it, Joe?" she asked. "Are you ill?"

He put his arms around her and drew her up to him and held her close against him, trying to draw warmth to himself from her.

"Maribel," he said, "will you marry me now, tonight?"

She brushed his cheek lightly with her lips, and drew back. "No, of course I won't marry you tonight. What a weird idea! Joe, you are ill." She put a cool hand on his forehead.

Joe pulled away from it impatiently. "I'm tired," he said, mumbling, "and I wanted to talk to you."

Her face, pale and earnest, glimmered in the night. "You aren't yourself tonight. You are working too hard. But you're doing awfully well." She paused. "It was pure luck, Joe, that kept you here when Pete went. You must make the best of it now, before he gets back."

A BREEZE stirred the shrubs beside him, and Joe turned his face toward the sea. He felt within him the bewilderment of awakening, and with it came the only true concern he had ever felt for Maribel. He wanted to shield her from seeing the contempt he felt for himself, and for her.

He stood, his face lifted to the sweep of sea air, and his mind went back to that first day he had come to Webster. Here, he had told himself, he would begin again, casting out the younger Joe, the Hal he had been, sensitive and questioning. Here he would step into the mold of success, hard work, careful attention to duty, unimpassioned application.

Maribel withdrew, and he sensed her going, but he was absorbed. It had been Pete's going, after all, that had locked him into the mold. He had begun to sicken, even before Pete left, of the man he had become. He had chanced his spiritual existence that day, rolling the bones with Pete, for by then he had counted on war, on its successive shocks, to carry him out of the man he was and back to the man he had been. But Pete had got the break.

He had not been conscious of it, but he had never forgiven Pete. He had given up on that day trying to get back. It was Hal and Hilda Blaine, yes, and Maribel, too, who had broken the mold he had made.

I must talk to Hilda, he thought, and he was ashamed that he had fed her words from the back of his mind at a moment when she had wanted selfless understanding.

Someone touched his arm. It was Maribel's prim little second maid.

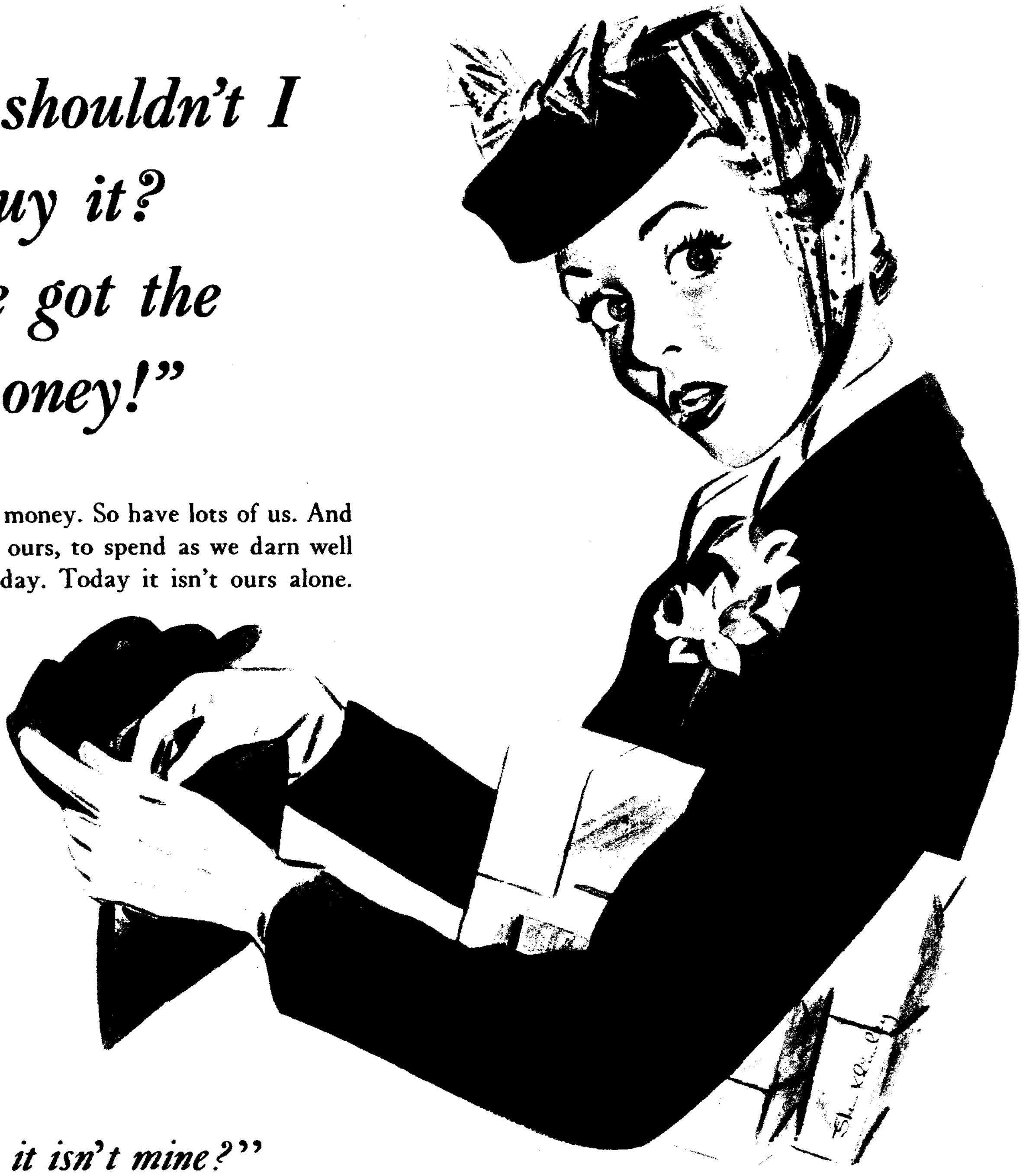
"You are wanted at the hospital," she said. "A Miss Blaine has been hurt."

He drove at reckless speed. Terror struck again and again at his heart. If, in this hour, it was already too late to offer help to Hilda, it seemed to him he would have been punished past endurance.

The hospital halls were hushed, the

"Why shouldn't I buy it? I've got the money!"

Sure you've got the money. So have lots of us. And yesterday it was all ours, to spend as we darn well pleased. But not today. Today it isn't ours alone.



"What do you mean, it isn't mine?"

It isn't yours to spend as you like. None of us can spend as we like today. Not if we want prices to stay down. There just aren't as many things to buy as there are dollars to spend. If we all start scrambling to buy everything in sight, prices can kite to hell-'n'-gone.

"You think I can really keep prices down?"

If you don't, who will? Uncle Sam can't do it alone. Every time you refuse to buy something you don't need, every time you refuse to pay more than the ceiling price, every time you shun a black market, you're helping to keep prices down.

"But I thought the government put a ceiling on prices."

You're right, a price ceiling for your protection. And it's up to you to pay no more than the ceiling price. If you do, you're party to a black market deal. And black markets not only boost prices —they cause shortages..

"Doesn't rationing take care of shortages?"

Your ration coupons will—if you use them wisely. Don't spend them unless you have to. Your ration book merely sets a limit on your purchases. Every coupon you don't use today means that much more for you—and everybody else—to share tomorrow.

"Then what do you want me to do with my money?"

Save it! Put it in the bank! Put it in life insurance! Pay off old debts and don't make new ones. Buy and hold War Bonds. Then your money can't force prices up. But it can speed the winning of the war. It can build a prosperous nation for you, your children, and our soldiers, who deserve a stable America to come home to. Keep your dollars out of circulation and they'll keep prices down. The government is helping—with taxes.

"Now wait! How do taxes help keep prices down?"

We've got to pay for this war sooner or later. It's easier and cheaper to pay as we go. And it's better to pay more taxes NOW —while we've got the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to boost prices. So . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . . Make it do . . . Or do without

HELP
US
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A UNITED STATES WAR MESSAGE PREPARED BY THE WAR ADVERTISING COUNCIL; APPROVED BY THE OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION; AND CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA

MARY MARTIN speaking:

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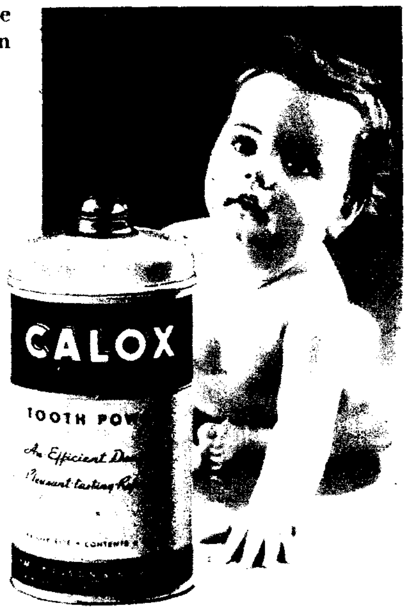


girl at the desk directing him to the doctor on duty, Bemis, in a subdued voice.

"It's a shoulder wound," Bemis said, the ubiquitous handkerchief moving over his face. "The old black woman says the girl tried to kill herself, but she can't be much of a shot. She'll be up and around again in a week, good as new. I sent Mammy Georgia home. She looked done in."

"May I see Miss Blaine?" Joe's throat and tongue were dry.

"She had an anesthetic. The bullet wasn't deep. The old lady called the ambulance and came here with her. Yes, there's no reason you can't see her. You know her well?"

"Well enough," Joe said.

THE pale hair, glossy even in the subdued light in the room, had been braided, a braid on either side of Hilda's pale face. She had no pillow, and her breathing was still rough, but not stertorous. The anesthetic was wearing off.

"You go get a cup of coffee," Joe said to the nurse in attendance. "I'll take over." He slipped his hand under Hilda's neck, listening for any variation in the rhythm of her breathing. He moved her head gently once or twice, back and forth. She opened her eyes presently and looked at him, closing and opening her eyes to bring them to a sharper focus.

"You've been hurt," Joe said. "It's all right now, but you must lie still."

"Doctor Covett," she said thickly. She reached out, and he took her hand. Her fingers were strong, and he felt the flame of her vitality coursing through him again. "Where is Mammy Georgia? Is she all right?"

"Yes," Joe said. "Mammy's gone home. She's probably asleep."

"I must see her," Hilda said, more distinctly. "I must talk with her. She thought I was going to kill myself. She tried to stop me."

"Tell me about it," Joe said. He withdrew his hand from under her head and covered the tight fingers with it.

"It was the gun that frightened her," Hilda began, striving to make her words clear and distinct. "She came over, hours after you left, to be sure I was all right." She had seen the gun. "I was going to take it out and throw it over the sea wall," Hilda continued. "When you talked to me tonight, the things you said, I could take hold of them." The gray eyes looked full into his. "I hadn't been able to take hold of anything—anything to believe in so long. But you are right, even if it's only seconds we can give, we must give those seconds. Even without understanding it, we must keep life flowing."

She indicated the glass of water on her bedside table, and Joe gave it to her. She put her lips to the glass straw, her eyes telling him that there was more she must say.

"I saw too much of death when life had always seemed important, so terribly important," she went on more clearly. "It was all I had that I loved. To me, each one of those boys was myself, and when I saw them slipping away, perhaps with no more to be grateful for behind them than I had had, and no chance now of getting more . . . and then Tom—" Tears lay in the gray eyes, but they were quiet tears. She shuddered. "Mammy Georgia might have been killed," she said.

Joe said nothing. He held the warm fingers close in his hands. It seemed to him that if he could count on their touching his again from time to time, he could get back, he could begin again, not tough and careless any more. He thought back to what he had said last night to Hilda, and he saw that he had spoken for himself, more honestly than he had known.

"You'd better sleep a while," he said.

"But I want to talk to you," she protested. "You'll be gone when I wake up."

"I'll be back, Hilda," he said. It would be weeks before he could tell her what he was thinking. He smiled, a warm, quick smile that drew answering warmth to her face. "I'll keep coming back," Joe said.

THE END

Something I Remember

Continued from page 18

blackness with knives of light. It made the great trees creak and the bamboos moan. Forest hogs ran for cover, terrified parrots darted in green and scarlet arcs through the lightning, and the oxen plunged and strained in their traces.

It was not a new thing for Christiaan Mostert, or for any of his men, or for me. It was new for Wee MacGregor, and yet the little Arab took the whole monstrous nightmare in his stride. He neither reared nor even trembled, and as I rode him from ox team to ox team through the roaring forest aisles, his manner was one of dutiful resignation.

Even when a massive cedar, ripped by lightning, fell across a span of oxen and broke the backs of two, he did not wince; and when Christian Mostert put rifle bullets into the suffering beasts, Wee MacGregor only tilted his ears in mild curiosity, as if the insanity of his masters had begun to bore him.

For an hour he worked, disdainful even of the storm, lending his strength to a bogged wagon more than once, carrying me back and forth with Mostert's orders to his men; and when the storm ended as abruptly as it had begun, Wee MacGregor met Chaldean for the first time.

Chaldean bristled arrogance. He had arrived that day from England and he stood blanketed and angry-eyed in the broad space between our stables. My father was there, standing proudly beside him, and a dozen syces (grooms) and farm boys marveled at his beauty.

It was more than beauty. It was pride in heritage and consciousness of ability, for Chaldean's breeding and his record were clean as fire. He was a descendant of St. Simon and a champion, and his colts were champions and he knew it.

He was black and smooth as a rifle barrel and as hard. The cast of his head was classic. He was deep-chested and clean-legged, and the promise of a magnificent stride lay in his height and in the power of his quarters. He was to Wee MacGregor as a Doric column to a beam of wood, and he clothed his beauty in insolence.

Wee MacGregor felt it. Straight from his labors in the forest, still wet with the rain that mingled with his sweat, he raised his head and looked upon this pampered paragon—and trembled. He let a low sound escape his throat, and Chaldean heard it.

FOR a moment, the two horses—one a drudge and one a prince—regarded each other, and then Chaldean whirled on his tether and reared from the ground and screamed the shrill scream of an angered stallion. He rose higher, against my father's strength, and beat the air with his forelegs and screamed again. My father swore and jerked him down, and the syces ran forward to hold him.

Wee MacGregor plunged, but I held him back. He fought the bridle, but I turned him. It did not last long, but it was not finished. I knew then, as I rode to the stable, that the giant thoroughbred and the little Arab had made their quarrel and what remained was only the settling of it.

Still, under the pressure of regular work, you forget such things. If you have a stable of fifty horses, you have not time to concern yourself with the grudges and the foibles of one or two. You remember certain rules and you follow them. The rule that two warring stallions must never meet is axiomatic—so self-evident that you take it for granted that they never will.

My days passed, and when on occasion I had to use Wee MacGregor again on some routine duty or another, it did not seem to me that anything about him had changed. He brooded a lot, the way some horses do, or appear to do, and often I would find him in his stall standing in the farthest corner, out of the light, staring at the wall and seeing nothing.

It is true that once or twice I noticed that the wooden latch on his door had been partly slipped back, but there again I thought nothing of it because many horses will, out of boredom, fondle a latch with their teeth or toy with a halter rope. I always shot the latch home and forgot about it.

When Rêve d'Or came to the farm, Chaldean's ego began to assert itself to such an extent that at times he was almost beyond control. Rêve d'Or was a whaler filly (that is to say, an Australian thoroughbred filly), and it would be hard to find any reason why her presence should have added so much fuel to Chaldean's vanity. She was a dark bay and beautiful in the eyes of horsemen, but I never knew why her daily passage down the areaway between Chaldean's stable and Wee MacGregor's should have brought their vendetta to the white heat that it did: there were dozens of other mares and fillies on the place.

It may have been that, in fact, she was wholly forgotten by both of them once they had established new reason for their enmity, but however that was, her groom never led her past the stables without drawing from the little Arab and the haughty thoroughbred screams of mutual rage and hatred. It ought to have been obvious to everybody that one day this burning bitterness must bring a climax, but no one thought about it.

It was not so long a time that Rêve d'Or had a lovely foal, and Chaldean (since he was of St. Simon strain) was, of course, its sire. Horse breeders are not given to romanticism in their work but rather to considerations of profit and loss, and a colt by Chaldean out of Rêve d'Or gave great expectations to my father and to those horse-wise friends who frequented our house.

It is a strange thing but a true thing that the appearance of a new foal in a stable will always excite the stallions and even the geldings to the most exorbitant antics. They will neigh and scream and beat against their boxes in a kind of wild gaiety. If they are in pasture, they will gallop the length of it time and again, kicking their heels, drumming out the good word with swift and sparkling hoofs like tireless performers at a week-long jubilee. No birthdays go unheralded. And yet, in the case of Rêve d'Or's foal, Wee MacGregor was a silent bystander.

This, I suppose, was due to his breeding. Arabs are not so excitable as thoroughbreds, and Wee MacGregor was valued all the more for his steady (if increasingly dour) character. He had even got to the point where he no longer returned Chaldean's insults, but only stood and glared at his enemy from the darkest depths of his stall. He worked hard while Chaldean basked in the sun; he arrived home clotted with sweat while Chaldean fretted under the ministrations of some diligent syce; his feet were left unshod for labor while Chaldean's were deftly plated for glory on the track. We forgot, but Wee MacGregor remembered these things. He hoarded the memories until his heart was full of them and would hold no more.

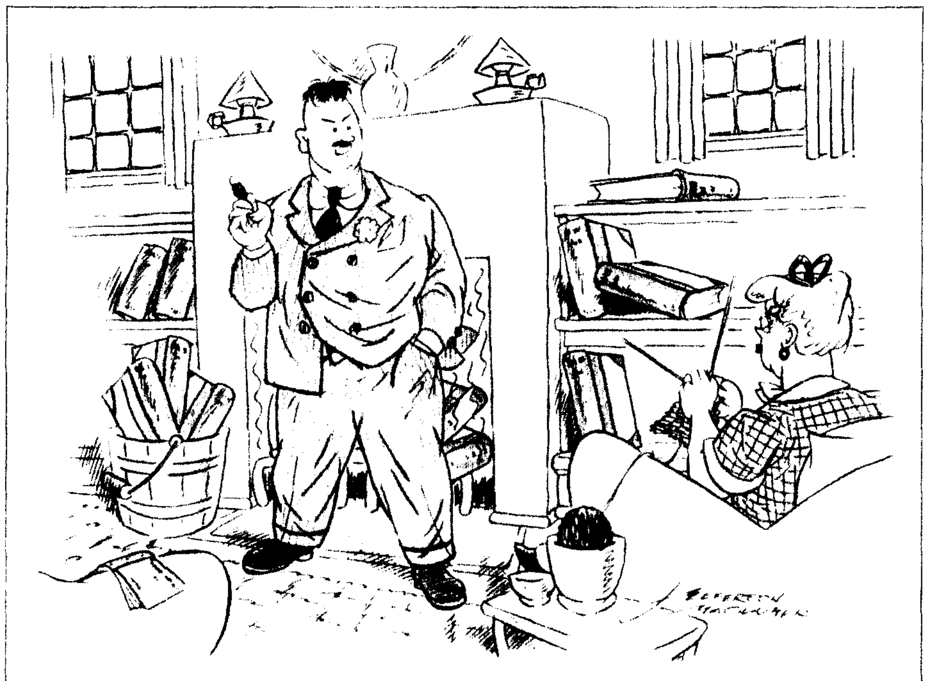
It is a hideous thing to watch two stallions fight. If you are on the back of one, it is terrifying.

FOR many months, not a morning had passed on which Wee MacGregor had not seen me mount Chaldean and ride him away to his exercise. For many months, I had forgotten the half-open latch on Wee MacGregor's door. I had forgotten that patience and practice make for perfection. Nowadays I can only believe that Wee MacGregor knew it from the first.

He caught us not far from the house. The path we always took wandered through a wattle grove which had a clearing in it. It was a big clearing surrounded by the trees and shaded by their lacelike leaves and yellow blossoms. The earth underneath was red clay and hard. It was so hard that it gave a kind of ring to Wee MacGregor's hoofs—a bold and forthright ring, for he used no cunning in his attack; he did not come from behind.

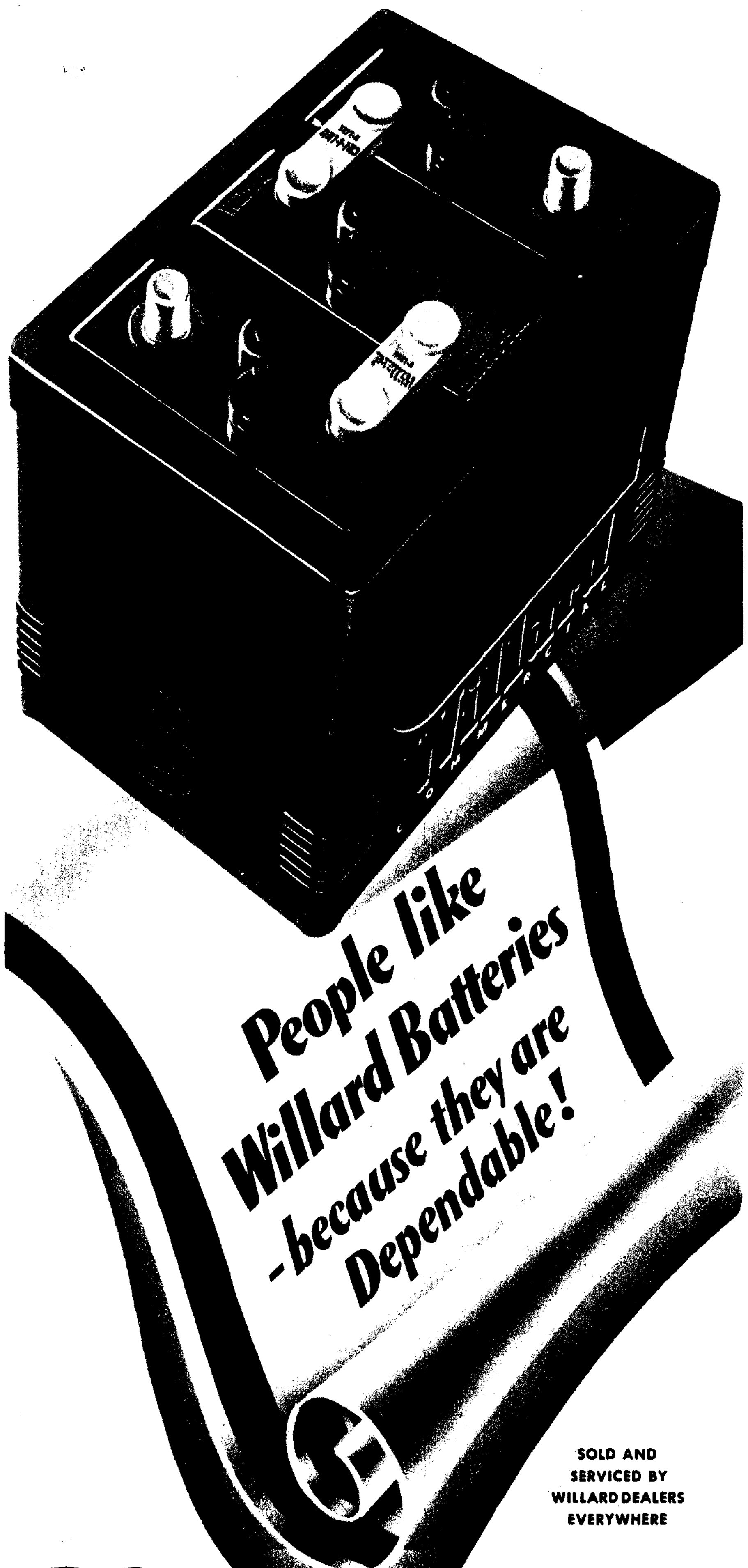
He came straight for his enemy, not cantering or rushing headlong, but lifting his firm little legs high and proudly, making taut the bow of his neck, flaunting his black tail like a battle plume. Nor were his ears laid back in anger. They were alert, anticipant and eager—as if this, at last, were the joyful moment he had dreamed of all his quiet life.

I remember that little scraps of sunlight, fallen through the leaves, lay on his chest-



"Tomorrow, dear, remind me to order another ton of encyclopedias"

COLLIER'S JEFFERSON MACHAMER



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Beryl Markham

Barbara Berch

The Week's Work

WHEN Beryl Markham titled her short story, Something I Remember (p. 18), she meant it literally. The story is an actual incident taken from her life in Africa. But Miss Markham still isn't sure whether the adventurous life she has led is a help or a hindrance to her as a writer. "That old truth-is-stranger-than-fiction gag is so correct with me," she says, "that any inventive power I might have is stifled."

Miss Markham was four years old when she was taken to Africa by her English father, and was brought up there on his horse-breeding farm, with Kibii, son of a native chieftain, as a playmate. She learned to hunt with the natives, using spears, as they did. She helped her father with the horses he bred and raced; and at seventeen, after her father's fortune had been lost, she became a professional horse trainer and breeder, while he sought to make a new fortune in Peru.

She became interested in flying while airplanes still were a rarity in her part of the world, and with the record-breaking pilot, Tom Black, as her instructor, she earned a commercial license, and was the first woman to fly the mail in Africa. She developed a sort of air taxi service in East Africa, flying medical help to persons who fell ill in remote spots, scouting the plains for game and carrying hunters close to their prey, and sometimes rescuing hunting parties marooned by floods.

In 1936, she made the first solo flight from England to America, landing in Nova Scotia. Miss Markham is living, at the moment, on a farm in Elsinore, California, but Africa still is home to her, and the source of inspiration for most of her stories.

ONE of the best-organized people we've ever encountered is Margaret Culkin Banning, whose new serial, War Wedding, will begin in the next issue of Collier's. Writing, you would say, is a full-time job with her. War Wedding makes her the author of sixteen novels, which, with all the short stories, articles, and nonfiction books she has done, add up to a sizable output for any writer. Yet she manages to do several other jobs as well. She is the mother of two children and the manager of a busy household, declining to follow the example of some careerists who delegate homemaking duties to paid helpers.

Believing that citizenship carries an obligation to help maintain good government, she takes an active part in the politics of her city, Duluth, and her state, Minnesota. She is a member of the National Directorate of the Mobilization for Human Needs, of the Duluth Woman's Club, of the American Association of University Women. She works for the success of Duluth's Community Fund, its libraries, its welfare activities. Despite all this, her social activities are easy and wide.

The women of America are proud of her, and they find more than entertainment in her written words. They enjoy, while they read, the companionship of a woman they admire and respect.

BARBARA BERCH, who writes about the horrors of Hollywood (p. 66), says it all came about because she was on a diet. If she hadn't been on a diet, she wouldn't have been in a studio restaurant, consuming the house's special celery-and-rye-bread luncheon and wouldn't have seen this seven-foot-tall Negro running around in a pair of shorts.

When she learned that he was playing a zombie in something of the same name, she dropped her celery and went to work. Miss Berch, who is twenty-four years old, did her first writing as press agent for a psychographologist and a sheet-and-pillowcase manufacturer, which, she says, naturally led her into writing about the movies. It's all a little puzzling, but who are we to expect the usual sequence of cause and effect to hold good in Hollywood? . . . A. P.

Margaret Culkin Banning

---

nut coat and burnished it like armor; I remember that his eyes were bright. I remember, too, that Chaldean swung round with graceful majesty to face this puny David and his shining courage. I could feel Chaldean's muscles harden; I could feel his veins swell to rigid ropes beneath his skin. I could hear the first notes of his battle cry, deep and low in his throat, and I looked around me.

Through the trees I could see our house, but it was far. No one was near—not my father, not a syce, not a farm hand. I might have dismounted, but you do not abandon a valuable horse to his fury; you do not throw away the rules. You hang on—and tremble.

I hung on. I trembled. The two stallions were alone in their anger, and I was alone in my fear.

When Wee MacGregor charged, when Chaldean screamed his challenge, when blood spurted on my clothes and on my bare arms, and the cyclone of dust hid all but trenchant teeth and hoofs like iron cudgels, my fear was frozen still—and I was a forgotten watcher.

I WATCHED the little Arab's first lunge. He came in, head outstretched, swift as a sword, using only his teeth—flashing his teeth—hoping to cripple Chaldean's foreleg. He was fearless. He was quick, and in this quickness he was deadly.

Chaldean went to his knees, parrying the thrust and screaming his war cry with what seemed the volume of a thousand trembling trumpets. The vibrations of that cry ran through my body.

Chaldean went down. He struck his shoulder on a root, gashing the flesh, adding crimson to our vortex of whirling color, but he rose again with inspired fury. He reared high, while I clung to him, and he caught the Arab on the flank, striking both blood and pain as a smith strikes fire from steel.

I suppose I cried out. I suppose I flailed my whip and let the reins cut my tugging hands. I was alone and not yet fifteen, and it may even have been that I wept, but these are things I don't remember. I only remember the sudden realization of the terrible power, the destructive strength that can pour from the sinews of this most docile of animals, this nodding slave of men.

Wee MacGregor fought with so cold a determination that he made almost no sound. It was clear at once that he wanted not just to win but to kill. It was clear, too, that he felt that his anger compensated for his lack of size.

Chaldean towered above him. He had advantages and he used them. He reared until the Arab was beneath him, then plunged and sank his teeth into Wee MacGregor's neck and held fast and reared again and hurled his enemy from him into the dust and blood; and there was a moment of silence.

There was a moment of silence as the little Arab found his legs and stood sucking breath into his lungs. The wound on his neck was deep and it was scarlet, but it might have been no wound at all. He gave no sign of pain.

For a frantic instant, I tried to turn Chaldean, to drive him home, but he would not budge. He knew what was coming, and it came.

If Wee MacGregor had fought viciously before, he fought insanely now. He came in with eyes like burning coals, and I tried to beat him off, but for him, I was not there. For him, nothing existed save his anger and his enemy. Abandoning caution, he closed, and the impact almost threw me from the saddle.

Again Chaldean caught him by the neck and hurled him bleeding to the ground, and again he rose, staggering a little now, but not hesitating. His courage was like a shield that beat away the thought of fear. Three times he came on and three times he fell before Chaldean's strength and fury. But on the fourth try, he found his moment.

I do not know how it happened, but somehow in the maelstrom of screams and dust and thudding hoofs, the little Arab caught in his teeth a strip of the pressure bandage bound around Chaldean's foreleg. The bandage had come undone. It was like a net, and the Arab meant to make it one. He held it firmly in his teeth and pulled, and Chaldean was helpless. He pawed and plunged and tottered and swayed, fighting to free himself. There was panic in him—and I prepared to leap from his back at last. It seemed madness to hang on for, if he fell, I should fall with him—perhaps under him.

I beat Wee MacGregor with my whip, sparing no strength, lashing his head and his neck and his withers, but he was aware of nothing save the promise of triumph. His teeth clamped tight on the bandage, he threw the whole power of his body into the effort of downing his enemy.

Chaldean faltered. He was trapped, and the Arab knew it. I knew it. I put my hands on the pommel and made ready to throw myself clear. I could hear voices coming up the road, but now there was not time. It was too late.

I was raising myself from the saddle when the bandage broke in Wee MacGregor's teeth. The ripping of the cloth and Chaldean's lunge were simultaneous. So, almost, was my own cry and Wee MacGregor's single shriek of pain when Chaldean's teeth closed on the little Arab's foreleg, twisting it, breaking the bone as if it were a stalk of corn. Chaldean reared high, and for the last time, threw his challenger to earth, from which this time he did not rise.

He lay almost still, but he was not dead, and Chaldean would not have it so. Not I, but his rage was master. Wee MacGregor tried once more to rise, but the bone of his leg was broken through. David was down, and Goliath moved forward to kill him, but he did not.

My father had come; and with him, his men. They had bound grass to sticks and made torches of them and now they beat Chaldean back with fire. They thrust the fire in his face and beat him back, step by step, and shouted at him, and I gathered the reins tight in my hands, that were bleeding now, and urged him home at last, down the dusty road, not bothering to hold my tears.

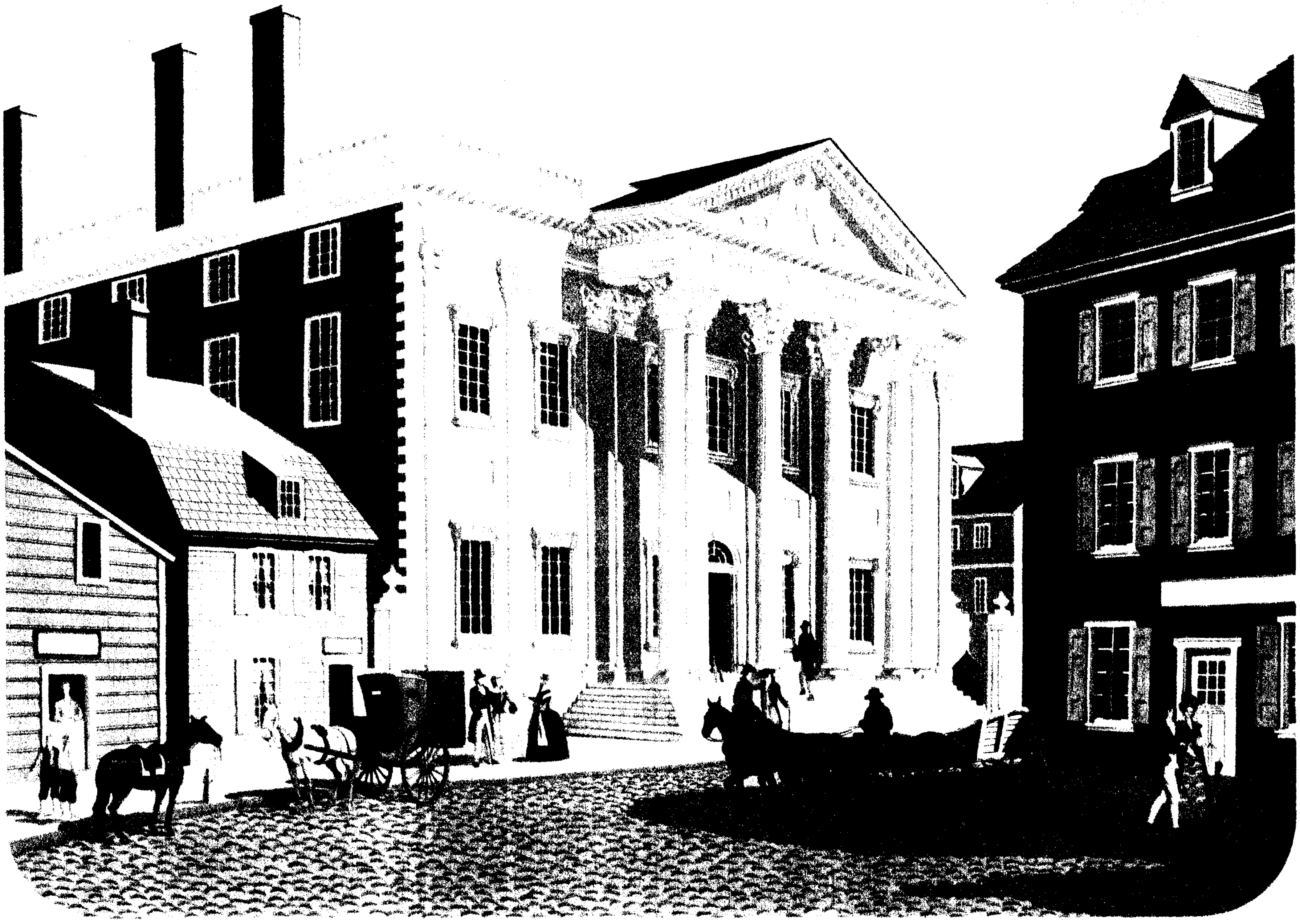
MOST times you destroy a crippled horse, but Wee MacGregor was made to live, though he never worked again. He was brought home on a rope stretcher and for weeks he stood in his stall supported by a sling until, in time, he walked once more, with halting steps.

Of course, he was never any trouble after that; he could not have been. He was pensioned, as faithful horses often are, and he never again slipped the latch of his stall—or at least not more than once.

One day, or rather at the end of one day when the sun was almost gone and I rode Rêve d'Or through the clearing in the wattle grove, we came upon the little Arab standing still as marble in what had been the arena of his great defeat. He was older then, and the fire had gone from his eye, and his chestnut coat was dull in the horizontal light. But there he stood, looking not at Rêve d'Or and not at me, but at the earth, and we passed him by. He did not whinny or make any sound or lift his head. He only stood there like a man with a dream.

But of course that was only the way it seemed to me. Horses are not like humans—at least no horse that I have ever known—and I suspect that he had come there only to catch the last warmth of the sun. I don't know, and so I can't be sure. It is all just something I remember.

THE END



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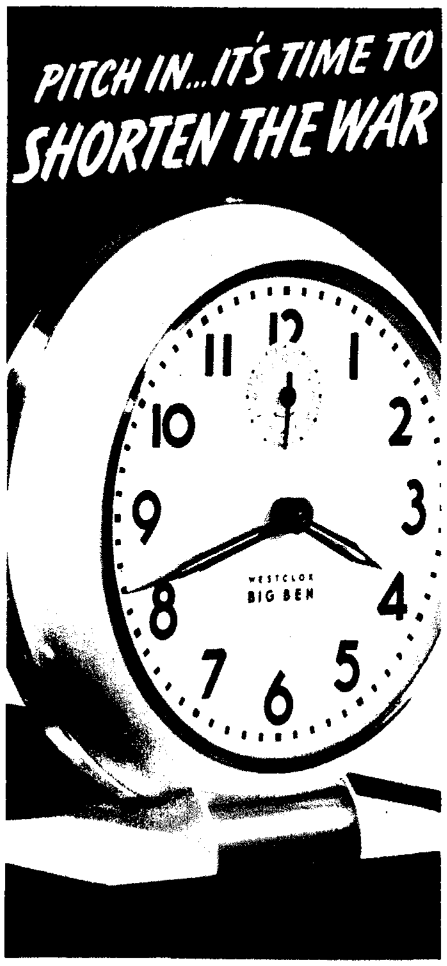

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A truly patriotic family
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For to help a U. S. fighter
They'll always pull the old belt tighter
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Happ-il-y

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We make a buy that is a honey
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"Don't Pray So Hard, Padre"

Continued from page 13

seeing his first enemy action, had just finished a strafing run on Roi Airfield when heavy ack-ack from the island closed in on him. One shell penetrated his cockpit and exploded, knocking out most of his instruments. Other bursts shattered one wing and his tail assembly. None of these hits had wounded him, however. Somehow he was able to keep the Hellcat flying. With no compass or radio to guide him—both had been shot up—he started back to his carrier.

"I flew over the runway at Roi to get a bearing," he said. "Then I headed out over the ocean in the general direction of the carrier. Half a dozen planes in formation showed up. They were coming out of the sun and at that distance they looked like one of our gangs. So I started to join up. I was flying in perfect wing position on them when I took another look and saw they were six Zeros.

"This called for some strategy. Apparently they hadn't noticed me—yet. So I tried to ease off, but they caught on right away. Then the six of them chased me around the island a couple of times. For a while, it looked as though I was cooked, but two other Hellcats came screaming down from somewhere and kept them busy while I scrammed."

Ensign Wendorf, the neophyte fighter pilot, still had his hands full nursing that crippled plane back home, but on the way, he encountered three other enemy planes, a medium bomber and two Zeros. He took them in stride. Making a run on the bomber, he squirted his wing guns until the Jap burst into flames and crashed into the water. The two Zeros, he figured, were threats to his self-preservation, so he shot a wing off one and caught the other square in his gunsight. Fifty-caliber slugs circling the Jap's cockpit made a funeral wreath for the second Zero pilot.

"Then I made a mistake," Wendorf told Doctor Marran. "I looked back over my shoulder. There was still another Zero right on my tail. He was firing, too, and one of seven bullets creased my temple as I turned my head. The bleeding was pretty bad. I couldn't see out of my left eye even after I held my hand up over the cut. Flying that last hundred miles, squinting out of one eye and handling the controls with my free hand was kind of tough. But, hell! I made it! So why complain?"

The Winners Keep Score

We knew our surprise attack at Kwajalein had stirred up a hornets' nest, so our carrier force was now charging along at full speed to pile up distance between us and Japanese air bases. A counterattack by enemy planes was expected momentarily, and our antiaircraft gunners were ready. While we were waiting for the Jap's retaliation visit, we totaled our score for the morning. Carrier X's planes had shot down twenty-seven enemy planes and had destroyed a few more on the ground. Our losses for this raid were two pilots.

Those two suicidal attacks on our ships had cost the Japs half a dozen more torpedo planes. Apparently they were willing to sacrifice even more in their attempt to hit back at us. Just before sunset, enemy planes were reported trailing us. It was obvious then that they were biding their time until the sun went down and the moon came up, giving them a perfect setup for a night torpedo-plane attack.

We weren't disappointed. Shortly before eight o'clock, a cruiser and two destroyers opened fire on a low-flying Jap plane approaching our force from astern. That was the opening of a fireworks show that continued for nearly six hours. The twin-engined torpedo planes hovered around in groups of two or three and made innumerable runs on our ships, dropping their fish when they thought they had a target lined up. It was apparent that they were out after big game, for most of the attacks were directed at the carriers in our force.

The moon was on their side that night, lighting up the heavens, the ocean and us like Times Square before the dim-out. Occasional clouds obscured it for a few minutes, but there just weren't enough clouds in the sky to satisfy us. As Jap planes scouted around our flanks to get in position for an attack from ahead, ships in the task force were silhouetted unmercifully against that bright piece of cheese overhead. Not a soul aboard Carrier X could see any romance in the moon during these trying hours; they were quite willing to give it back to the song writers.

Dodging the Tin Fish

The best defense we had, in addition to our AA guns, was high-speed maneuvering. Every ship in the force was zigzagging furiously and in rhythm, to avoid connecting with one of the torpedoes our visitors were now scattering all over the ocean.

To those of us lucky enough to be topside, it was a night of carnival fireworks, but the poor guys stationed belowdecks behind dogged-down watertight doors hardly considered it a thrilling spectacle. All they knew about it was what they heard when the AA guns sounded off, and of course they realized that an attack group of torpedo planes (estimated later at between forty and fifty) was buzzing around up there, attempting to send us to kingdom come.

It was a night replete with nightmares, too. Shortly after eleven o'clock when the attack was more than three hours old, one of the Jap planes dropped a series of parachute flares. These magnesium torches descended slowly from a high altitude, and the blinding light they gave off was doing us no good whatever, for the Japs followed up this move with another concentration of torpedo runs, using flares as a background for their targets.

Just about this time the chaplain of Carrier X was reminded of a complaint her captain had made frequently when, on previous occasions, enemy planes had been shot down by our fighter pilots before they got within sight of the ship: "Don't pray so hard next time, Padre! Our AA gunners need some practice!" The captain didn't repeat his speech this night. His gunners were getting plenty of practice.

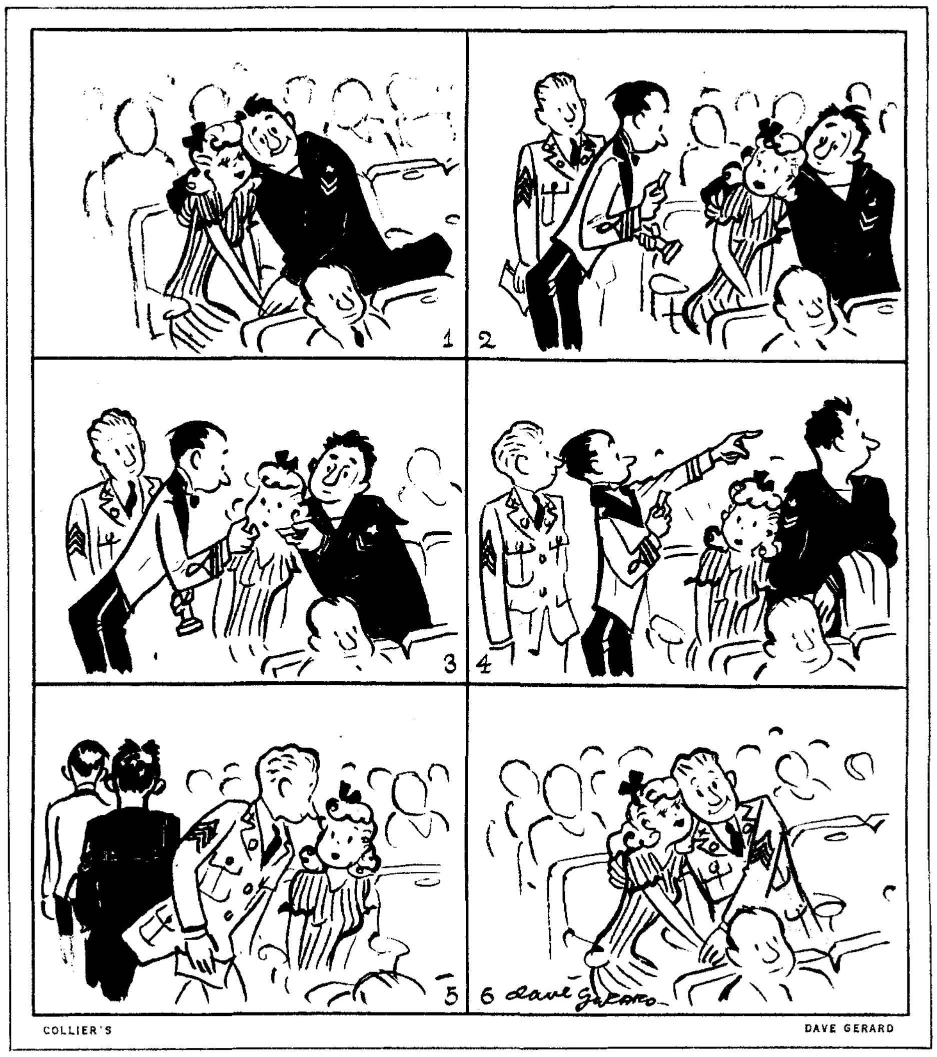
Midnight passed, and minutes dragged along while everyone aboard every ship in our outfit waited for one-thirty. That was the time of moonset, when we could slip under a cloak of darkness and use the remaining hours of the night to speed out of enemy-plane range.

The Japs also realized how important that dwindling moonlight period was to them, for just before the moon dropped below the horizon they made a final torpedo run that happily had no results. By that time, they apparently had decided they had had enough. The enemy planes hung around for a while after the light of the moon had faded; then they also faded away.

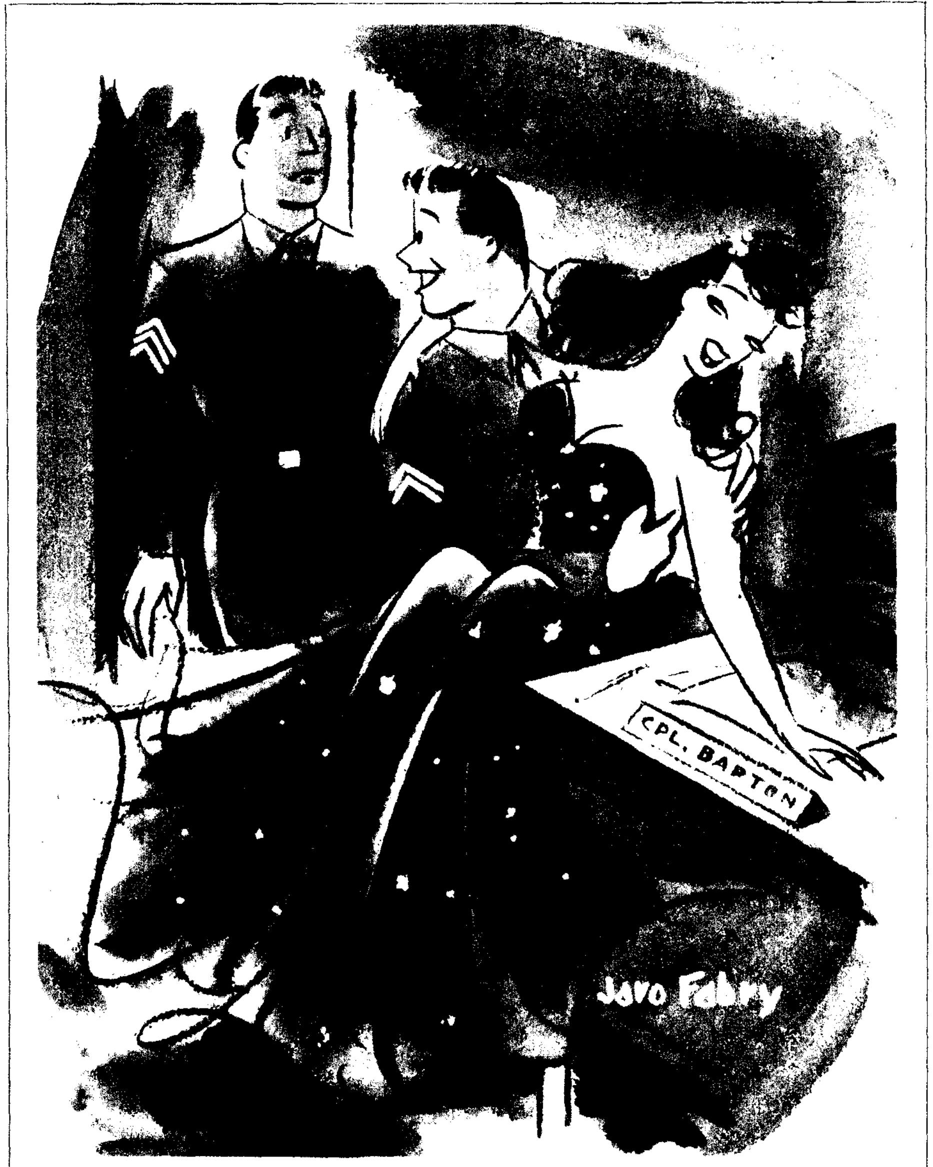
We waited around another hour before a message came over from the flagship. Baldy Pownall instructed our captain to have his men turn in and get a few hours' rest. He knew they had been at their battle stations for the better part of twenty-four hours and that they were physically and mentally exhausted.

That was a welcome message. We didn't bother to undress that night. The handiest bunk or steel deck or ready-room chair was a place to fling yourself down for a brief stretch of shut-eye as the task force, still intact, steamed on through the night.

THE END



COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



COLLIER'S "I put in a requisition for her, never dreaming—!" JARO FABRY

Any Week

Continued from page 4

Bricker they are taking the wraps off of? See what you can do about it." And the only other words with a military tinge are from Mrs. E. McCooley of Butte, Montana. "What's the matter with these Roosevelts?" she demands. "Can't they stand each other? The minute Eleanor gets home, Franklin lights out for Egypt. He won't have time to set down and say, 'Well, sir, you ought to been with me," before his wife will be taking it on the lam for India or South Africa. All the Roosevelt boys are out fighting somewhere, and the President's son-in-law can't be seen for dust. We call them the Romping Roosevelts out here, and my husband says that maybe they can't stand listening to one another. What's become of Buzzie? Running a canteen in Alaska? For Pete's sake, tell them to settle down. They make us nervous."

FURTHERMORE, we have a complaint from Mr. Al (Yank) Breselle, of somewhere or other, but at present in London, England. Mr. Breselle's letter arrives uncensored. He complains somewhat bitterly that "American girls in England are adopting English accents, particularly our girls in uniform, while it is worth a trip over here to hear English girls, particularly the ones in uniform, cultivating American accents." An American Red Cross girl recently asked Mr. Breselle "which tram takes one to Oxford Circus," and on the same day an English Wren told him, "This lousy weather gives me a good stiff pain in the neck." Not long ago, Mr. Breselle continues, the lieutenant husband of an American girl who had been in London for a year arrived. The first thing he did was to telephone her. He asked the frightfully English voice at the other end of the line whether he might speak to his wife. "But this is she, Johnny—Beatrice, you know," came the reply. "Gosh," he replied, "what's the matter with you? A bad cold?" And she: "Not at all, not at all. Feeling splendid. Frightfully anxious to see you, though. Do toddle right over, Johnny." Later, the lieutenant sought to excuse his wife, saying to Mr. Breselle: "Oh, well, she'll be okay after the war. After all, it's a hell of a long way from Terre Haute."

THE manpower shortage is so bad in Corpus Christi, Texas, that a man's got to produce some major crime to get into jail. This bit of information comes from Miss Sue Thompson of New Orleans, Louisiana. A couple of Miss Thompson's friends dropped in at the courthouse in Corpus Christi for a word with a lawyer. They were told that if they waited a little while in yon courtroom where a sanity case was about to come up, their lawyer would appear. So they entered, sat down and waited. They didn't know it, but they were in the jury pew which was filled as fast as deputy sheriffs could find jurors. The hearing began. Miss Thompson's friends then discovered where they were and tried to depart. But the court would listen to no excuses. Anyone sitting in the jury pew was a juror, and he could have his choice between that and going to jail. They decided later that the citizen on trial for his sanity was relatively sane and so voted. . . . W. D.

Things you don't know about Lahr... Gwynne... Carrillo!

BERT, WHO CAN make all America laugh, gets his biggest audience thrill playing clown for his two youngsters. He gets serious, though, about Regents and says, "That Regent crushproof box is just like a personal cigarette case." Keeps each cigarette firm and fresh.

ROOTIN', SHOOTIN' ANNE, lissome, hard-ridin' heroine of Universal's "Frontier Badmen" is a pianist, violinist and ballet dancer. She likes Regents because "Regents are 20% longer, naturally mean more value."

CURLY HAIRED LEO, featured in Universal's "Frontier Badmen," can "draw" laughs as readily with his cartoonist pencil as he does on stage and screen. Mr. Carrillo says that "drawing" on a mild cigarette is always a pleasure. "Regents," he points out, "are mild, *really* mild."

ALL THREE AGREE that Regents are milder, better tasting! Multiple Blending, an exclusive Regent process, is the reason. It makes Regents really mild, always so gentle to your throat. Next time, try Regents. They cost no more than other leading brands.
REGENT
CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Quality tobaccos... Multiple Blended make REGENT
The milder, better tasting cigarette!

Nature in False-Face

Continued from page 19

fox trying to deceive the others into getting close enough to be pounced on. Summer comes and the snow goes, and fur and feathers molt and blow away, and the grouse and rabbit and fox all change into browns and grays. Only the owl stays white, but he cheats anyway by being able to fly so quietly and swiftly.

One more animal nature fake, this time in the jungle: a coral snake looks like a string of yellow, red and black beads, and it doesn't care who sees it, for it is poisonous and its gaudy colors are a warning to hawks and other enemies to let it alone. In the course of long stretches of time, certain harmless snakes began getting more yellow and red and black until they came to look almost exactly like the poisonous chaps, and the enemies of snakes began letting these fakes alone, too, which was grand for them and their babies. Hundreds of other wild creatures imitate leaves, thorns and flowers, wasps, bees and spiders—anything which looks dangerous or not good to eat.

Although we still don't know exactly what is it, electricity seems an excellent thing to have about the house, as it lights and warms us and cooks for us. But the first man who told of electricity coming from a fish must have been thought a nature faker of the first water.

The first explorers in South America found the Indians killing and eating the big electric eels and using the shocks from smaller ones to cure their rheumatism. Some explorers, especially those who have the most exciting adventures, always find the greatest dangers, and if they ask a native, "The electric eel *is* terribly dangerous, isn't it?" the answer is always, "Si, señor." So we read about whole herds of horses being paralyzed and killed in the water, and that no fish or other creature can live anywhere near these eels, and that a shocked man falls over and drowns.

As in the case of the sharks, the many electric eels we have met did not seem to know all this. When swimming in a small bay close to one of my laboratories in British Guiana, we now and then felt a sudden prickling or our legs would sometimes give a quick jerk as an electric eel passed near or touched us. When changing the water in a tank holding several big eels on board ship, I have had a severe shock come up the water and through the pail, and have been thoroughly jarred, but that was all. None of the Indians I ever met was afraid of these animals, and that is the supreme proof.

How Shocking Are Eels?

I class the danger from electric eels with those of tarantulas, centipedes and scorpions. All these creatures have doubtless caused the death of human beings, but so have the bites of harmless snakes, and the scratch of a pin and sudden bad news. I and a number of my staff have been bitten or stung by all three creatures, and the results are most painful but soon over.

With a heart and body in good health, with blood free from disease, four fifths of all so-called dangers of the jungle, nature-fake beliefs in certain death, are nonexistent.

If only people would save up their fears for the right animals, such as the piranha fish of South American rivers! This looks as dangerous as a sunfish, but it goes in good-sized schools and its razor-sharp teeth, in efficiency, might as well be revolving crosscut saws. Caught six feet from land, a man could never reach shore before being cut to pieces.

Or consider the statuesque, mild-eyed carabao or water buffalo of the Far East. If you are cornered in an open field by one to whom the scent of a white man is new, you might as well lie down to make things easy for the animal, for you have not a chance. I have perched on a low branch of a tree for hours, watching a carabao kick my gun and camera about, until a little naked Malay boy, perhaps ten years of age or less, appeared, grinned up at me and drove the buffalo home.

Or again, if you by chance irritate a ten-foot king cobra on the slopes of a Burmese mountain, you had better, as I did, cringe behind a tree and pray, for this intelligent serpent when thoroughly angered will actually run a man down and bite him. Creatures such as these are beyond all nature faking, but if any man ever tells you that any other kind of snake, unprovoked, has attacked him, don't lend him money or enter into a business deal with him.

Wonders from "The Vasty Deep"

The sea serpent is to the nature faker as breath is to life, but in many cases, the observer has been perfectly honest in thinking he has seen a real monster of the deep.

I remember one day far out in the Pacific we caught sight of a series of fifty continuous half loops, appearing and disappearing, moving slowly along. If it had had a head and breathed out spires of smoke, it would have been a bang-up sea serpent, but unfortunately before our eyes, it suddenly broke up into half a hundred pieces, all of which headed straight for our ship. It was a school of dolphins swimming along in single file, head to tail, each one curving up out of the water now and then for a breath of air.

My most terrifying experience with sea serpents was off Penang when from a sampan, tethered to a boat boom, I watched for an hour, tens of thousands of red and black banded, poisonous sea snakes slither past against the tide, now and then rearing their heads above the gunwale. I knew that they would not leave the water, but until it was over I was never certain that *they* knew. The longest was less than four feet, so it would never be considered seriously by a believer in gigantic, more conventional sea serpents.

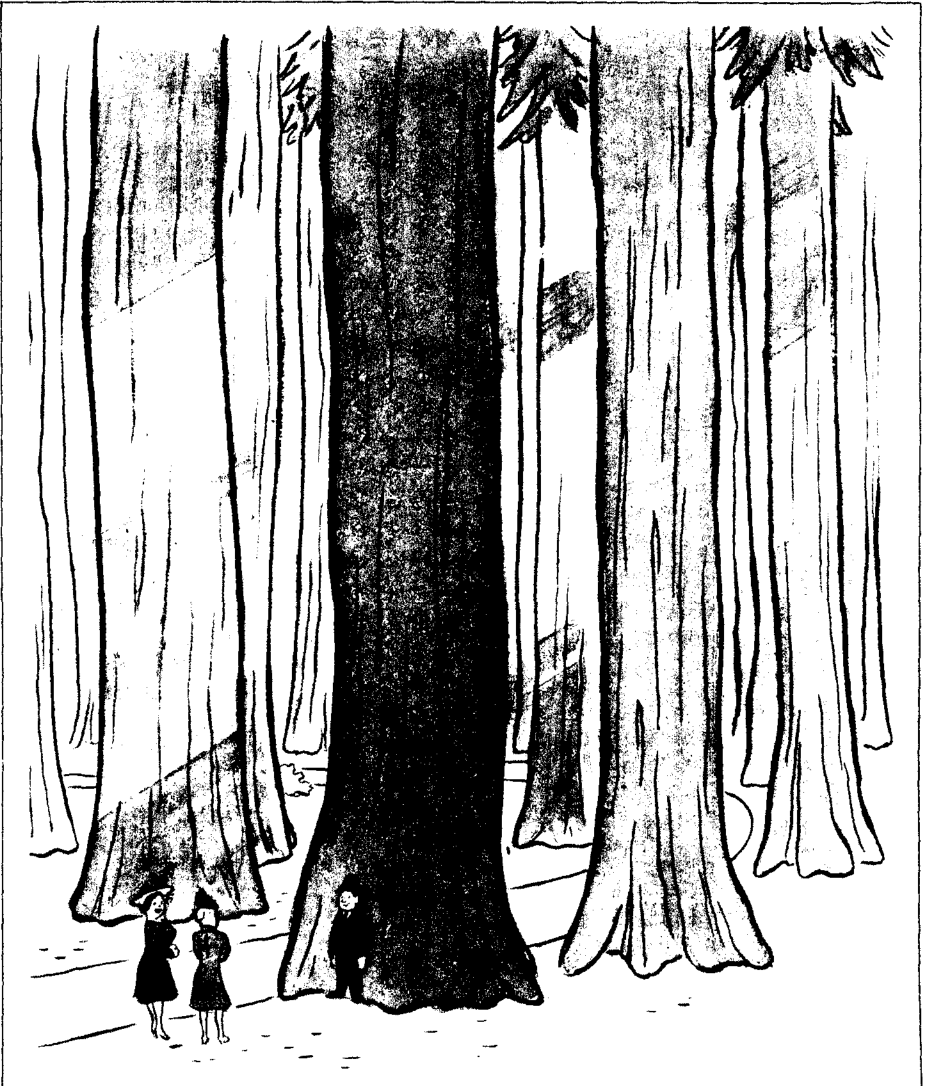
My tops sea-serpent story was one of the most exciting. I was lowered one day in the bathysphere close inshore at Bermuda, while a steady offshore breeze was blowing. At a depth of ten fathoms we moved slowly out to sea, following the drifting barge overhead. Twice we hurdled projecting reefs, and finally passed over an open, coral-covered slope.

A very large fish was holding all my attention, when suddenly I looked beyond and beneath it, and saw something long, thin and black.

It seemed to move slowly, but of this I could not be sure. I know that my telephoned reports became inarticulate and hysterical as I jammed my face against the quartz window but the black object was so long that I could see neither head nor tail.

And then, as I followed its dimming length down and down into the blue depths, I happened to look back, and my sea serpent, my unbelievable eel or monster, expired in my mind after a life of only ten seconds in my imagination: I was drifting over the Bermuda section of the transatlantic cable!

THE END



"That gives you an idea of its size. Albert is five feet six, you know"

COLLIER'S DAVID B. HUFFINE

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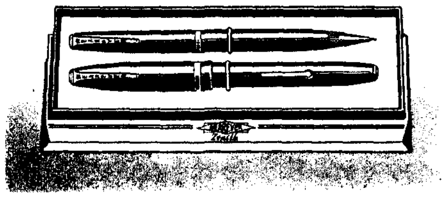


Nice Girls Get Married

Continued from page 15

"Judge!" yelled Michael. "Forget it! Come back here!"

Hearing this shout, the girl roused herself from her sun couch in time to see Judge retreating, with some reluctance, from her premises. She also saw Michael standing in his blue shorts on his patch of roof and it may be that, within the limits of the Hays Code, she observed the attractive masculinity of his figure, tanned and tall against the sky.

Still nothing might have happened, as nothing so often does, had it not been for the dog's single-minded devotion to his master's need. The next evening, as Michael was in his room donning sports clothes to go out to dinner—in California, the pursuit of edible food has become a sport—he received a startling present from Judge.

The collie strolled in from the terrace carrying in his mouth an article of clothing that proved, on examination, to be the lower or pants part of a lady's sun suit.

THE pants were pink. They belonged, without question, to the girl across the patio. Michael assumed that Judge had stolen them; but even then he wondered how the collie could have managed such a delicate bit of larceny. The garment or garments showed no evidence of appropriation by force.

"In any case," Michael said rather severely to Judge, "my moral obligation is plain." He stuffed the pants in his pocket, straightened his tie, brushed his unruly cowlick down and went to call on the girl. She herself answered his ring. She had on a tailored dress, she wore bright beads around her neck and button earrings, a streak of the sunset was in her hair and she looked as luscious as a ripe orange, thought Michael. Except that she did not look like an orange.

"Good evening," he said, in his most charming manner. "I'm Michael Lawrence. I've come to return this, or these." He handed over her property. "I don't know whether they're plural or singular."

She looked surprised, then moderately amused.

"Under the circumstances, I'd say singular. Where'd you get them?"

Michael quickly explained. He added: "My dog Judge seems to have developed a touch of kleptomania. I don't understand it. He's never gone wrong before."

She said she didn't understand it, either, but that there was no mystery about Judge's theft. That afternoon she had washed her sun-suit and then hung it over a chair on the porch to dry. (When she said "porch," Michael knew that she was a stranger in the land.) Obviously, she concluded, the dog had filched her pants while she was indoors dressing and wondering where to go for dinner. She smiled as she said this, and looked at Michael and said that she loved dogs and please not to punish Judge, because he was so sweet.

Michael said okay, and if she was still wondering where to go for dinner he knew a place in Hollywood called "The Meatball," run by a retired magician who could pull hamburgers out of his hat. Her eyes—she had violet eyes with long light lashes—grew large and round and *she* said okay and her lips remained curved around the word in a faint smile that Michael found soothing.

They had dinner together that night and every night for a week thereafter, and Michael felt progressively soothed.

Her name was Lucy Bond. She was an actress who'd had a part in a New York hit and who had been sold to Hollywood along with the play. This, in movie parlance, is what is called a package deal, which has nothing to do with our story except that when Michael, at the end of the week, asked her how she liked being part of a California package she said she loved it. She loved the climate. It gave her such a wonderful lift.

"Same here," said Michael, and ordered wine to gain more altitude.

Exuberantly, during dinner, he pointed out to her the remarkable similarity in their tastes. They both loved dogs, they both loved California, they both loved hamburgers with French fried onions. Then he sighed and added that he supposed there was some man back east who— He stopped there, for by this time they had reached that harmony of spirit which makes finished sentences unnecessary.

No, she said, there was no man who— She had been too busy earning a living on the stage to become seriously interested in—

Oh, he said, then she wasn't—

No, she wasn't— At least—

"At least what?" asked Michael, staring at her hungrily.

"At least, not yet," Lucy said; and smiled at him with her red mouth and sat expectantly still while his hand crept toward hers across the table.

"I'm gone," said Michael. "Glory be!" Love and the light wine had united to bring out the Celt in him.

She was gone, too; but being a woman she did not admit it immediately. She waited till they were having their coffee. And then she said, "I always knew it would happen to me like this. All at once, bang!"

"For me," said Michael, "it's bingo."

She laughed. She had a sweet singing gift of laughter.

"What comes next, Michael?"

"I begin to think of wanting to marry you."

"Think fast, please," Lucy said.

"Do you want to marry me?"

"Why not? You're a fine figure of a man, you're fun to be with and you make fifteen hundred dollars a week when you work, which is more than I'll ever make as an actress. And besides that—"

"I never told you I made fifteen hundred dollars a week!"

"No. Your housekeeper told our landlady and she told my maid and my maid told me."

"Oh," said Michael.

"That was before I'd even met you."

"I see."

"You don't mind, do you? Darling, you don't think I want to marry you for your money, do you?"

"Certainly not!" said Michael.

"Well, don't be too sure," Lucy said. "I once had a roommate who married a man for his money and they were terribly happy."

Michael stood up abruptly.

"Look," he said. "That guy drinking milk at the next table is probably a snooper from the censor's office. If he saw me kissing you in public he'd report me to the Screen Writers' Guild. Let's go where I can kiss you in private."

"I think that would be fine," said Lucy.

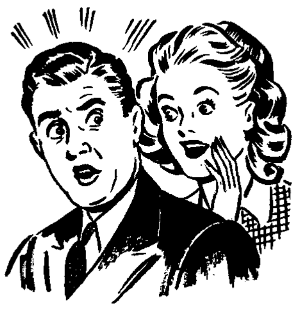
IT WAS midnight when Michael got back to his own apartment. He was in love and glad of it. Yet he still retained enough of his wits to hope, as all men eternally and wistfully hope, that he was not being tricked by nature into a form of involuntary servitude.

"Judge," said Michael earnestly to his adoring collie, "I wish you could speak."

The dog gave a dutiful yip.

"No," said Michael. "I'm not playing games now. I wish to heaven you could

A Husband has to Learn Some Time!



WHEN BOB AND I were first married, it used to worry me every time he took a laxative. He'd dose himself with some awful-tasting stuff that upset him terribly. He called it a "he-man's medicine", but it always left him feeling worse than before! **Some laxatives are too strong!**

LATER ON, BOB SWITCHED to another kind of laxative. It tasted pretty bad, too, but he figured it would be easier on him. It was easier, all right—so "easy", in fact, that it just stirred him up inside, without giving him the relief he needed. **Some laxatives are too mild!**

FINALLY, I PERSUADED BOB to give Ex-Lax a trial. I knew how effective it had been for me, and I felt sure it would help him too. I was right! Bob liked its fine chocolate taste. And Ex-Lax brought him real relief so effectively, yet so *comfortably!* It's not too strong, not too mild...

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

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As a precaution use only as directed

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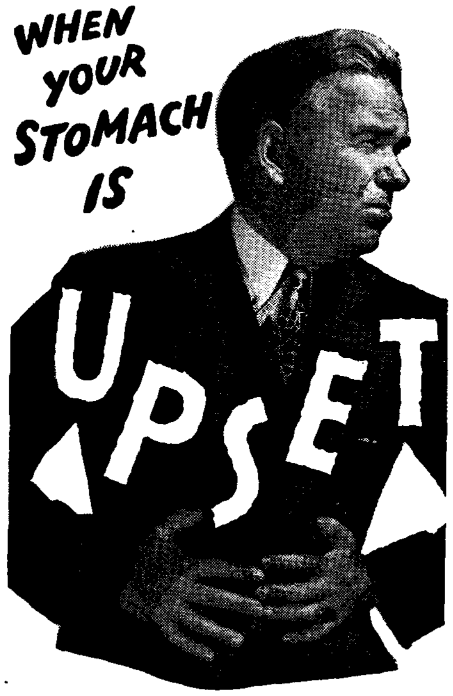
THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE



When you eat in haste you often repent at leisure – with a queasy, uneasy stomach – gas pains – or simple diarrhea.

Don't add to your upset by taking overdoses of antacids or harsh physics. Take soothing PEPTO-BISMOL, to help calm and quiet your upset stomach, and soothe irritated intestinal walls. *Get a bottle from your druggist today.* If you do not get prompt relief, consult your physician.

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tell me whether or not you really stole Lucy's pants!"

Judge thumped the floor with his tail.

"Oh, all right. I believe you. At least, I want to believe you. I'd hate to think the girl I love would deceive me, even in a little thing like that."

Judge thumped the floor some more.

"Why do I suspect her? And what do I suspect her of? Do I think that she deliberately gave you her pants, knowing that it would lead to what it has led to?" Here Michael groaned aloud. "I'm ashamed of myself," he cried to the dog. "My sweet Lucy! I'll go to sleep and dream of her, and may the angels that hover over Hollywood deliver me from this base suspicion of my love!"

Judge yipped ambiguously in the darkness.

CONTRARY to common belief, the course of true love often runs not only smoothly but with the speed of a flash fire. Screen writers in particular are aware of this phenomenon. At the risk of betraying a trade secret I will state that the high percentage of nervous breakdowns among such writers is due to their desperate struggles to keep Boy from winning Girl before it's time for the final fade-out.

You have to watch your lovers every minute or they will meet, merge and fizz like a headache powder. The fizzing causes more headaches than it cures. All Hollywood authors know this and will admit it in the privacy of their sanatoriums.

Michael Lawrence knew it. Yet he was astonished and slightly dazed to discover that the chemistry of love functioned in life as in art. Before he quite comprehended his joyous predicament, he found himself rapidly approaching that day to which all engaged men look forward with mingled ecstasy and dread.

The reason I know how Michael felt is that he took me fully into his confidence. One sunny morning—actually there was a high fog but let's ignore that—I had a telephone call from my friend.

"This is Mike," he said, as though to reassure himself of his own identity.

"I know it," I said. "How are you, Mike?"

"I'm fine—I think," Michael said; and then: "Listen. Do you realize that this is Wednesday?"

"Yes," I said, "I know it's Wednesday because yesterday I put snail dope around my lettuce plants. I do that on Tuesdays."

"You troubled with snails?" asked Michael. But I could tell that his heart was not in the question, so I merely said "Yes" and Michael said, "I'm not troubled with anything. It's just that this is Wednesday and I'm going to be married on Saturday, which is very soon."

"It is, indeed. But you're a lucky man, Mike. She's beautiful."

"How do you know?" demanded Michael, with involuntary and immemorial suspicion.

"I read the gossip columns as a supplement to my morning prune juice. You have been seen dining regularly with her at 'The Meatball' and there's a rumor that the romance was caused by your dog Judge."

"That," said Michael in surprise, "is true. What else does the rumor say?"

"It says that you and Judge met the lady walking on Wilshire Boulevard and Judge was so impressed that he came to a point in front of her, thus calling her to your attention."

"That," said Michael, "is Hollywood."

"The columnists have to live," I said.

"It's a moot point," said Michael. "Look, I want you to meet Lucy. Can you lunch with us today at one o'clock at 'The Meatball?' "

He hung up before I could answer him.

It was a delightful luncheon. Michael Lawrence was obviously drowned in love. As for Lucy, I liked her immediately and she said she liked me, which gave me a slight drowning sensation of my own. She launched at once into a gay, factual account of her first meeting with Michael, who grinned fondly as she described how Judge had stolen her sun pants. The dear dog, she said, had crept up on her terrace with the stealth of a hound stalking game in a covert.

At this point Michael's grin disappeared. He gave his beloved a puzzled look and said, "How do you know he *crept,* darling? You didn't see him."

"Imagination, darling," said Lucy, with a little, flutelike laugh. She turned her violet eyes on me as if to invite my understanding. I said to Mike, "Why, sure! Since when does anybody in this town have to see things to describe them?"

"Oh," said Michael.

"You yourself," I said, "are full of imagination."

"I'm cursed with it," Michael said, still looking strangely at his love.

"Well," said Lucy brightly. "This is all very interesting but I've got to get back to the studio. We're going to finish shooting today. It may be the end of my movie career and I don't want to miss it."

There was no regret in her voice as she said this. I decided that she was happily content with the prospect of a career as Michael's wife.

We took Lucy to her studio. Then Michael and I went back to his apartment because he said he wanted to talk to me. Judge greeted his master as usual, wagging his entire rear end—I'm speaking of the dog—and jumping up to kiss Michael. Out of politeness, the collie also jumped on me but didn't kiss me. My feelings weren't hurt. After all, I have other interests.

We went into Michael's living room and Michael walked to his bar and began absent-mindedly to make a cocktail. He had measured out the gin before I noticed his aberration.

"What are you doing? We've just had lunch."

"Oh, so we have!" Michael lifted the jigger of gin and carefully poured it back into the Vermouth bottle. "Let's have some coffee, shall we?" He established contact with his housekeeper merely by raising his voice. "Mrs. Bins! Coffee, please!"

"Roger!" shouted back Mrs. Bins, who was a student of military terminology.

Michael sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. Then he dropped down into a chair and took his head in his hands.

"What's wrong?" I said.

"Plenty," he said hollowly. "I'm up against an obstacle. It's got me worried."

"Maybe you'd better tell me about it," I said, knowing quite well that I was inviting the inevitable.

So Michael told me everything that had happened since the day he first saw Lucy in her pink sun suit. What worried him, he said, was a very delicate matter—because it involved Lucy's motive in wanting to marry him. Was she accepting him for love alone, or was there some more practical element in her willingness? "I happen to know," Michael said, "that she has no future in pictures. She's beautiful, but she doesn't photograph well. It's one of those things."

"She could go back to Broadway," I said.

"She likes California," Michael said. "The climate agrees with her."

"Well, but a nice girl like Lucy doesn't get married for the climate!"

"Listen," Michael Lawrence said. "Nice girls get married. For years I've noticed it. They get married for a thousand different reasons, but they always get married. They do it because they're nice, and they're nice because they do it. Right?"

"I suppose so," I said.

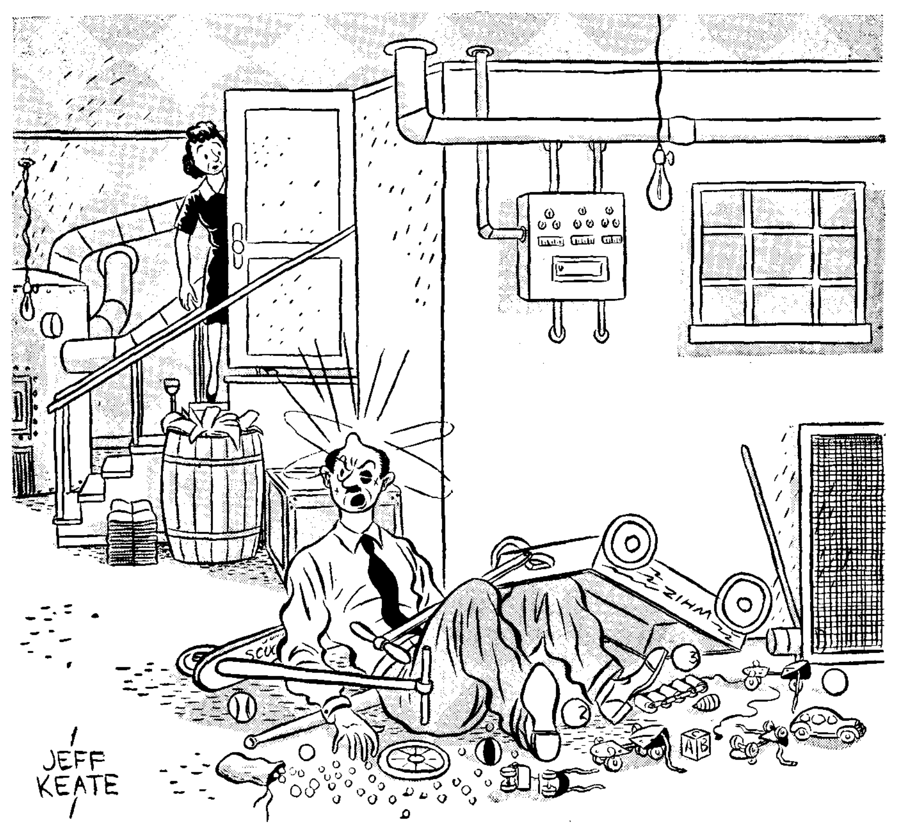
"A man," said Michael, "invariably idealizes the woman he's in love with. Afterward, comes disillusionment. I don't want to be disillusioned. I want to believe that my marriage with Lucy was arranged in that place where the angels sing."

"Why can't you believe it? What is the *obstacle* you've invented—or imagined?"

MICHAEL looked at Judge, who was lying in a sunny corner of the room. The collie's long muzzle rested on his forepaws and his bright agate eyes were fixed unwaveringly on his master.

"The obstacle," said Michael, "is based on a question that only Judge can answer. Unfortunately, Judge can't talk. He just can't tell me."

"Tell you what, for Pete's sake?"



"Well, what were the kids' skates and things doing in a neat pile in the cellar? They're usually scattered around upstairs!"

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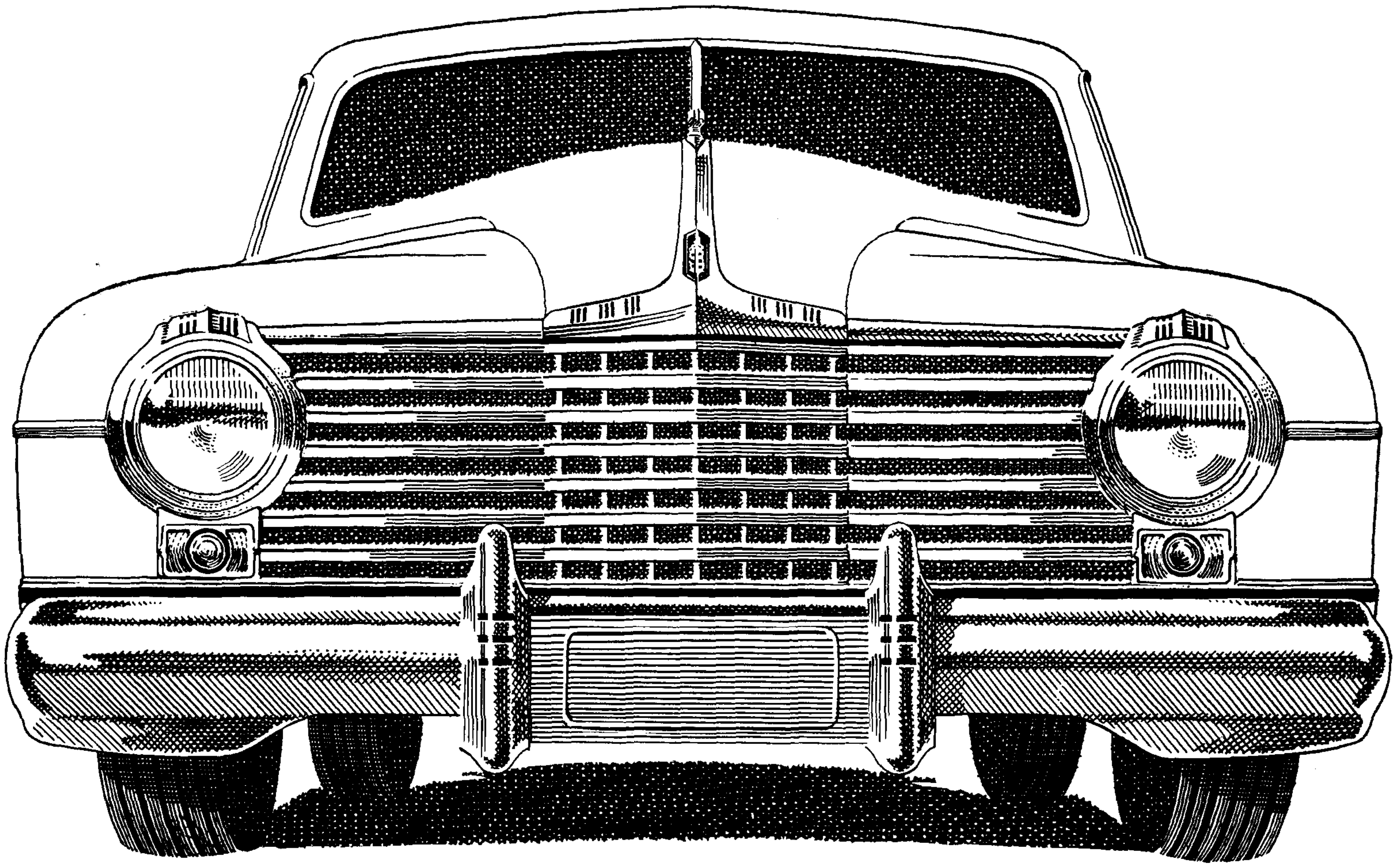

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"Whether he stole Lucy's pants or whether—! What a cad I am!"

"Never mind what you are. Go on!"

"Or whether," said Michael, "she was an accessory before the fact. In short, did Lucy knowingly and with niceness aforethought entice Judge over to her terrace and give him her pants to deliver to me—or did she not?"

"Oh. I see."

"If she did not, then our meeting was an act of God, I am a hopeless cad, and all's well with the world. If she did, then she is a smart girl who knows how to get what she wants. Not that I think I'm any great fish to land in a girl's net, but I *am* a fish—and you needn't bother to add the obvious adjective. What I mean," concluded Michael, "is that I don't know whether I've been angled for, or whether I'm in love by a natural, providential accident."

"Well," I said, "at least you're in love. That's providential enough, at your age."

"What do you mean, at my—? Yes, you're right. And I'm going to marry Lucy no matter how nice she is! But this question of her character is haunting me. Am I a child of good fortune," Michael Lawrence brooded audibly, "or am I going to be outwitted by a clever woman for the rest of my life?"

My friend was really worried. I wished I could help him, but what could I do?

Mrs. Bins came in. She had the coffee tray in one hand. In the other she carried Michael's blue shorts. She nodded pleasantly to me—we are old friends—and deposited the tray on a table. Then she held up the shorts with a gesture at once demure and insistent.

"Shall I put these in the bag, or shan't I?" she asked Michael.

"What bag?" asked Michael.

Mrs. Bins looked at me. "I'm packing him up for his honeymoon and he asks me what bag!" she said.

"Oh," said Michael. "It's that again."

Mrs. Bins continued to address me. "He won't tell me whether they're going to the mountains or the beach. If they're going to the beach he'll want his shorts. If not—"

"Mrs. Bins," interrupted Michael, "I've told you several times that we're not going anywhere on our honeymoon. This is wartime. We're going to stay right here, at home."

"Now, Mr. Lawrence!" The good woman spoke soothingly, as though to a person not quite in the possession of his senses. "S'pose we just leave them shorts out till the last minute," she said. "We can always put 'em in at the last minute."

"All right. That's fine, Mrs. Bins," said Michael.

"Roger!" said Mrs. Bins. She went out delicately holding the shorts between her thumb and forefinger.

"I'm going to put some brandy in my coffee," said Michael.

I WAS best man at the wedding, which took place in Lucy's apartment. The minister was a nice old gentleman whom Michael had found by the simple expedient of calling at the nearest church. One of Lucy's actress friends was maid of honor and there were a few guests present; not more than a dozen people in all.

In spite of the simplicity of the ceremony I was nervous. I always am at weddings, whether other people's or my own. As I stood there before the improvised altar I could read Michael's face like a book. What I read was the story of a man with a serious split in his personality.

On the human side I could see that he was deeply in love with the girl he was about to marry; and no wonder, for Lucy was radiant in a pale gold silk dress and a golden hat that rested like a sheaf of sunlight on her blond head. Sweet and lovely were the words for Lucy, and the smile on her red lips was no more triumphant, so far as I could tell, than any woman would wear at this most triumphant moment of her life.

Yet it was plain that Michael's professional self—what he called his lower or artistic nature—had woven a plot in which he was caught like a fly in a spider's web. The writer in him had raised a doubt in his mind; a nagging, whispering doubt that even the clergyman's solemn voice could not dispel. I could almost hear that whisper repeating itself like a cracked record in Michael's ear: "Did Judge steal Lucy's pants, or didn't he? Or didn't he, or didn't he, or didn't he . . . ?"

The marriage service had reached that awful point where the minister asks whether there are any objections to the proceedings. I never can remember the exact words, but it's that ominous part where you are supposed to speak now or forever after hold your peace.

NO ONE spoke. But there was a disturbance just the same.

Through the open door leading from the terrace came Michael's faithful dog Judge. I saw him first out of the corner of my eye. Next the minister saw the collie and stopped reading and made a kind of gurgling sound in his throat. Then everybody including the bride and groom saw the dog, and a gentle, amused titter swept the room. For Judge was carrying Michael's blue shorts in his mouth.

With wagging tail and dignified, almost solemn deliberation, the devoted animal advanced to the altar and dropped the shorts at Michael's feet.

The titter increased in volume. Lucy looked a bit wildly at Michael, who stood staring down at Judge, who seemed about to jump up and kiss him.

Mrs. Bins appeared from nowhere, grasped Judge firmly by the collar and led him to the side lines.

The ceremony continued to its logical and felicitous conclusion. But I scarcely heard the verdict that pronounced Michael and Lucy man and wife. I was watching Michael's face. On it I could see the working of a minor miracle.

The split in my friend's personality was healed. His soul was at peace. Because Judge had done it again. The conclusion was unescapable that the dog had stolen Michael's shorts—which Mrs. Bins had decided not to pack till the last minute—and had brought them of his own accord to his master. By this simple act the collie had exonerated Lucy of any complicity in the original theft of her sun pants. Never again would Michael doubt her innocence.

Judge was a proved kleptomaniac. But Michael didn't care. As soon as he had finished kissing his bride, which took some time and considerable energy, he rushed toward his dear dog, snatched Judge away from Mrs. Bins and enthusiastically hugged him, at the same time winking repeatedly and deliriously at me.

I was glad for Michael. So was Mrs. Bins, to whom I had explained earlier that day the problem of the obstacle created by Michael's suspicion of his beloved. Now the housekeeper and I met and drank a toast, in California champagne, to the happy removal of that obstacle.

"Judge did just fine, didn't he?" Mrs. Bins said.

"Yes," I said.

"I thought I'd never get him to take them shorts in his mouth, but once he understood what I wanted him to do, he fetched them all the way across the patio and up the steps and straight into the wedding to Mr. Lawrence."

"You timed it just right," I said.

"It was your idea," Mrs. Bins said.

"I never had a better one. But we'll keep it a secret, won't we, Mrs. Bins?"

"Roger!" Mrs. Bins said; and downed her champagne in one giddy gulp.

THE END

The Spanish Rooster

Continued from page 23

"D'ye reckon to stand thar all day?" asked Hiram.

Mel lifted the bird from his shoulder and replaced him in the basket. He slung the sack into place and picked up the pole and the basket.

"No, Uncle Hi," he said, dully but decidedly; and he turned and walked away.

Uncle Hiram hollered after him, and Aunt Amy screamed after him, and a flock of the cousins ran after him and some of them caught up with him, but he kept right on agoing; and he hadn't gone a mile before he met Captain Dawson.

The captain was a mystery, but the people of Piper's Creek and the Nashwok country generally had ceased to be interested in that aspect of him long ago. He could keep right on being mysterious and secretive the rest of his life for all they cared, so long as he continued to pay his way; and that was what he had been doing these fifteen years or more—paying his board regularly, with enough over to keep his pipe warm and his nose polished.

Mel came to a lurching halt, set the covered basket on the ground and saluted.

"Howdy, Cap'n Dawson," he said.

The old man came to a stop and acknowledged salute and greeting with a sketchy gesture of the index finger of his right hand.

"Quite irregular!" he muttered. "Improperly dressed—both of us—for that sort of thing."

He stared at Mel with polished eyes. (Or did his eyes simply reflect the polish of his nose?)

"The late highly esteemed Mrs. Barbara Brown's son Melchizedek," he said, in a deny-it-if-you-dare tone of voice.

"Yes, sir, thanky, Cap'n Dawson," babbled Mel, blushing from a sudden glow at his heart and swaying a little with fatigue and hunger.

"I never forget an honest face; and may I add that me memory's not unduly taxed?" said the captain.

Mel continued to blush and sway.

"You've been away, I believe," continued the old man.

"Yes, sir, I've been to the States close onto two years. I was at the war, sir."

"D'ye tell me so? The War of Secession. I've tried to follow it, but don't often see a newspaper. A terrible thing, a civil war. T'other kind is quite bad enough. I've always campaigned in Injah or on foreign soil. How's this war getting along, me boy?"

"It's all over, sir. General Lee had to surrender. We was too strong for him on a long haul."

The old man nodded and said, "And all for the best, I da'say, though there was something very romantic about the Virginians."

He looked more closely at Mel, then laid supporting hands on him. "You're not well, me boy! Sit down. Down you go. That's right. Faint, wot? You need a stimulant."

MEL sat down, then lay flat. His thin, weathered face was wan, but wreathed in an apologetic grin. Captain Dawson reached down into a deep pocket of his faded and outmoded coat and fetched up a large silver flask. After giving the flask an inquiring shake, he winked at it and then at the prostrate youth, then detached a silver cup from its base and moved away to a convenient spring among the roadside alders. He was back in a minute, with the brimming cup in one hand and the uncapped flask in the other. Mel sat up, received the cup and sipped once. He shuddered.

"Too powerful for me, Cap'n Dawson, sir," he murmured.

"D'ye tell me so?" exclaimed the other, snatching back the cup and regarding it with disapproving surprise.

"In that case, me boy, I'll mix you a weaker one," he added; and with a smooth movement of the arm and a backward toss of the head, he disposed of that one.

The second mixture was mild enough for Mel and soon sipped away to the last drop. The returned warrior felt better.

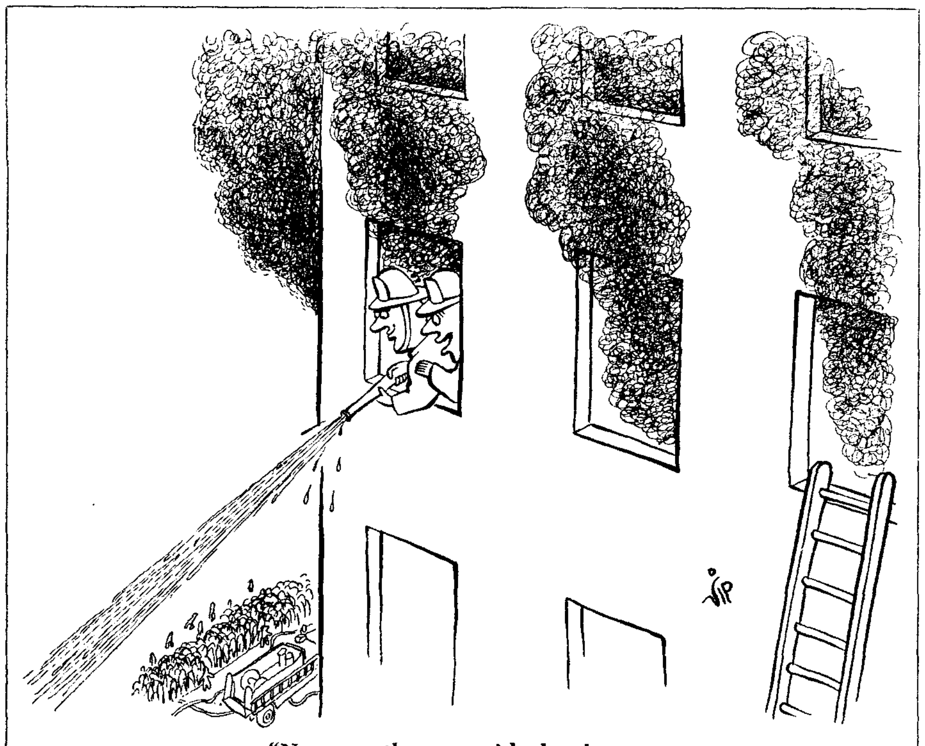
"Might I trouble you to give Don Pedro a drink too, Cap'n Dawson, sir?" he ventured.

"With pleasure," said the captain. "That's to say—who'd you say? D'ye feel all right, me boy? He's welcome, of course—any friend of yours, Melchizedek. But where the devil is he, whoever he is?"

"He's in that thar basket. He's only a bird. My Spanish rooster, sir."

The veteran of outlandish campaigns lifted the cover of the basket with childish curiosity, and out hopped Don Pedro.

"Lor' bless us!" he exclaimed, all but



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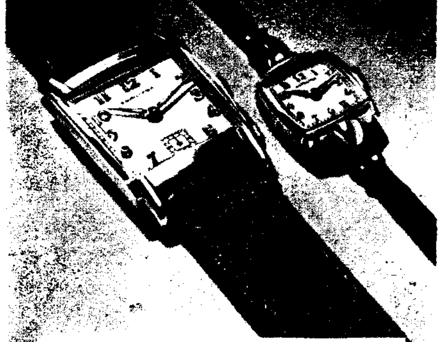

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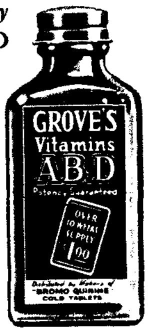

dropping the flask. "A game! A gamecock! Spanish, d'ye say? He looks Injun to me. Punjab."

While Don Pedro drank spring water and pecked up a handful of cracked corn, all that his master knew about him was told to Captain Dawson.

"That cock will fight, you can take my word for it, me boy," said the old man, very enthusiastic. "My instinct and reason both tell me so. Look at him. Look at his lines. Look at his eyes."

"Mr. Cole told me you can't tell by their eyes, sir; an' I took him out of the basket a few times on the road to give him a sight of a rooster, an' he didn't even ruffle up," replied Mel.

"What did the other cocks—roosters—do?"

"Oh, them! They took one look at him an' scooted."

"Exactly, me boy! That's what I am telling you. Cockfighting was never one of my favorite sports, but I've been around; and the only reason Don Pedro didn't ruffle up at those barnyard roosters was that he didn't have to, take my word for it."

Captain Dawson turned back and took Melchizedek home to Warren's Pond with him. He insisted on it. He carried the empty basket and Don Pedro rode Mel's shoulder.

The old man did the talking, easy and sociable and scented, not unpleasantly, with rum and tobacco and lavender shaving soap.

"The Warrens are sterling people," he said. "I'm very fond of them. I'd stay with them all the year 'round—and I'm sure they're sincere when they say they'd be glad to have me—but for the fact that every other household in the settlement has become accustomed to housing and boarding me for a month or six weeks of each year. Excepting the Hiram Brown household, as you know, me dear boy; and I'm sure you will not be offended if I tell you, one old soldier to another, I'd rather sleep out in the woods than within earshot of your Aunt Amy."

"Me too," said Mel.

"Exactly. I suspected as much. But don't think I'm fooling meself with the idea that I'm wanted for the sake of my own charming self. It's the board money, and rightly so. Most of these people consider me a useless but harmless and fairly profitable old fool, and nothing else. I'm useless and harmless, certainly. But I like to think that I mean something more than a little hard cash to the Warrens. Do you remember the daughter, Joan?"

"Yes, sir."

"A fine girl. She has character as well as charm."

"Yes, sir."

THE captain slanted a curious glimmer of parboiled eyes at Mel's abashed, open visage.

"Exactly. A friend of yours, me boy?"

"Yes, sir—only she ain't never noticed it, I guess."

"*Has* never, Melchizedek."

"I guess not, Cap'n Dawson. An' why would she?"

The old man looked somewhat baffled for a moment, but he was not silenced for long.

"What was I saying? Ah, yes—Joan . . . I may be of some use to her, useless as I am. She values my opinion on some subjects. She credits me with being a judge of human nature. And I have told her flatly, and without waiting to be asked for an opinion, that young Jim Brown isn't worth the snap of two fingers."

Mel came to a sudden and unsteady stop. "Who'd you say? Jim Brown?"

The old man stopped, too. He steadied Mel with an anxious hand.

"Yes, me boy, I said Jim Brown, forgetting for the moment that he is your cousin. But having said it, I repeat it. That young man is cheap and flashy and worthless; and if I were fifty or forty or thirty or perhaps only ten years younger, I'd not only tell him so to his face but I'd push it down his throat."

"Is he courtin' her?"

"Exactly."

"But she had real smart fellers after her, Joan had. And from as far off as the main river, some of 'em was. What for'd she be troublin' herself with refuge like Jim Brown?"

"Refuse, me boy," amended Captain Dawson. Then he chuckled sardonically. "But your cousin Jim is the smartest of the smart these days, Melchizedek. Smarter than wet paint, as we say hereabouts. He was away from home, down on the main river, when you left for the war. He reappeared within six months of your departure, driving a yellow mare and a buggy with yellow wheels and selling lightning rods and the devil only knows what else. And he is courting Joan Warren, devil a doubt of it! And not only that, but he's leading the pack. But she has heard my opinion of him; and she'll hear it again, if need be."

"Smart, is he?" muttered Mel.

He staggered aside and sat down hard on a convenient rock with moss on it.

Theirs was the most dramatic match of the season. Amid the suspense, glamor and high excitement, only one thing was forgotten: They didn't know each other.

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The rooster on his shoulder had to claw and flap to keep his toe hold. He continued to mutter.

"Smart, hey? Maybe so; but he's bad—bone-bad. I seen him kill a mouse once. The way he done it. And he uster twist little boys' fingers. Maybe he's smart, but he's bad, too—bone-bad."

"So? As bad as that! Even worse than I suspected. I tell you what I'd do if I were your age, Melchizedek. I'd bash his nose. I'd bash his crooked mouth. I'd bash that flashy, spurious cad right off the map."

Mel sighed profoundly and shook his head. "I ain't a fighter, sir. 'Tain't in me, Cap'n Dawson."

"Not in you? And you a soldier!" protested the other.

"That was different, sir. That was in a war. I was in the Army an' I had on a blue coat."

"True," murmured the old man. "There may be something in that, me boy."

With a reflective air, he assisted Mel to his feet, and they moved on their way. He looked at Don Pedro riding Mel's shoulder, and the bird returned the look.

"But don't tell me that cock won't fight," he said, in a more cheerful voice. "He'll ruffle up when the time comes, take my word for it. And who knows that the battling spirit won't detonate in your blood, too, me boy? Some fine day when you, too, have been a bit longer out of the shell.". . .

Peter Warren was always shorthanded, having a gristmill as well as a farm to look after, and no sons in the family. His wife and his daughter worked indoors and out, and his mother made the molasses cookies and sugar cookies and Washington pies, and Captain Dawson helped with the dishes and bedmaking and grammar and deportment, but his only steady hired hand was Archie MacKim; and Archie was becoming older and stiffer and more opinionated every day.

So he asked Mel Brown to make himself right at home and help himself to as big a bit as he could handle of whatever job seemed to need doing most.

This sounded good to Mel, who went right at it in a blushing, long-legged manner that wasn't as slow as it looked at one or two casual glances. He got in the last few loads of oats. He forked potatoes, putting three slow motions into each forkful; and the spuds spread themselves out on the ground steadily and orderly. He bushed out some fence jogs and mended a few fences; and, after a day of soft, easy rain, he started plowing old sod. And Captain Dawson was as proud of him as he would have been of himself if he had done the forking and plowing.

When Mel and his clanking team arrived home one evening, they saw a shiny buggy with yellow wheels in the barnyard; and when they thumped into the stable, there was a yellow mare in one of the stalls.

Mel's heart sank. He unharnessed Jack and Jill with his usual care and rubbed them down with clean, dry straw. He didn't hurry. On the contrary.

HE WENT to the stable door and gazed across at the lamplighted kitchen windows. "Thar he sets—maybe 'til ten o'clock," he muttered.

He shook the dust out of Jack and Jill's hay with even more than his usual care, and the same with the sifting of their oats. His thoughts went around and around like a man lost in a snowstorm. And the same with his actions. He suddenly found himself rubbing away at old Jack again with handfuls of straw.

"Wot ails me?" he muttered. "Wot am I scart of? Not even the Johnny Rebs ever scart me so bad I couldn't do nothin'. I kin shoot an' I kin charge in company, like I told Cap'n Dawson, but when it comes to steppin' up an' dastin' a feller single-handed—specially Jim—the notion's enough to turn my vitals to slush."

There was a lantern in the stable, but he didn't light it. He sat on the oatbin with his hands to his head a spell, and went to the open door and looked across at the kitchen windows every minute or so; and all the time his unhappy thoughts kept circling in purposeless indecision.

"You here, Melchizedek?" asked Captain Dawson, from the open door.

"Yes, sir," admitted Mel miserably.

"Are you hurt, me boy?"

"No, sir, I'm—I'm all right."

"In that case, I'll not ask why you are here, Melchizedek, skulking in the horse lines, but I'll request you to accompany me back to the house, where a main is about to take place—if your bird will fight—between Don Pedro and a cock owned by a friend of Jim Brown, who is present and very much in evidence, against all our protests. The two cads have been drinking, and I don't like the look of things at all. But I'm an old man; and I reckon that your duty lies with your rooster now—at the lowest computation."

"Yes, sir," said Mel dully, and he followed the captain across the yard and into the kitchen.

That respectable kitchen was an astonishing sight. The big table, with supper still on it, had been placed against the far wall. Granny Warren had moved with it, and sat there with a look of high disapproval on her face. The other four members of the family (counting old Archie

MacKim) and Jim Brown stood or sat or squatted around in a ragged ring, in the center of which stood a stranger to Mel with a strange rooster in his arms.

Mr. Warren had Don Pedro clasped to his chest. The room was lighted by an oil lamp on the table, another on the dresser and a third, with a tin reflector, on the wall behind the stove. All eyes, except Joan's, were upon the stranger or the bird in his arms. Joan glanced at Mel, but he was looking at the stranger and then at Jim. He stood beside the door, without a word or motion.

"D'ye want to handle your bird, or shall I do it?" the captain asked Mel.

Mel moved his dry lips, but no sound came of it. Old Captain Dawson walked across the floor and took the Spanish rooster from Peter Warren and turned and faced the stranger and the other bird. He looked very dignified.

"Ye'd oughter put a stop to it, Cap'n, instead of aigin' it on," said Granny Warren accusingly.

He bowed to her. "Madam, you are quite right, but kindly be so charitable as to make allowances for my advanced age and physical infirmities, me dear lady," he said.

"Same here, ma'am," said Archie MacKim, who, despite his stiff joints, was squatted on his toes and heels like a boy —on his hunkers is the term for it in the Nashwok country.

Peter Warren made no excuse to his mother. His health had never been rugged and he didn't weigh over a hundred and forty pounds.

Captain Dawson returned to the business in hand.

"Back to your position, if you please; and at the word from Mr. MacKim, we will toss in the birds," he instructed the man who held the big red and yellow rooster.

"Have yer fun whilst the funnin's good, Ol'-timer," said the stranger, grinning crookedly.

There was a thin scar at a corner of his lips which gave his mouth a slanted look, and one of his ears was sort of mushroomed, and a droop to his left eyelid gave him a sinister expression even when he grinned. But he backed to the edge of the ring in obvious good humor and with elaborate precision, and there squatted unsteadily on his heels. Then the captain hunkered down opposite him, with a tortured sigh.

"Let her rip!" cried Archie MacKim, who had been an all-around sport and a real whitewater boy in his day.

DON PEDRO alighted like a feather and stood straight and innocent-looking in his tracks. The other rooster was stretched out and running when he touched the floor; and he kept right on agoing, straight at Don Pedro.

Joan Warren uttered a sharp cry of warning, whereupon the Spanish rooster turned quicker than the human eye could follow and ran so fast that his legs were a blur, with the visitor right at his tail. Around the ring they went like a buggy race; and Jim Brown and his friend raised liquorish cheers and jeers.

Around they went again, with Don Pedro adding a few inches to his ignominious lead; and then, so suddenly that the spectators gasped, there they were beak to beak, standing motionless and horizontal on their terrific legs, with their ruffs on end. They stood like that for seconds in a silence in which the creakings of old Archie's and Captain Dawson's tortured knee joints were clearly audible; and then, like an explosion of smokeless powder, they both went straight up in the air.

Don Pedro went up the highest and came down last by a split second. Then up they went again, and yet again, with the Spanish rooster having the best of each jump and kicking like a mule at the top of it. From the third ascent, the red and yellow warrior landed wide and a mite off balance. He staggered, turned tail and ran, with Don Pedro in hot pursuit. After two and a half circuits of the ring, the big red-and-yellow bird swerved from the track, hurdled Archie MacKim and dived beneath the stove. Joan Warren snatched up Don Pedro, his legs still racing, and cuddled him in her arms.

Jim Brown turned to his cousin Melchizedek, smooth as unsalted butter. "Yer rooster's better than Pa wrote he was, Mel," he said, with a smile with a few gold teeth in it. "We'd oughter fetched along a second-class fighter instead of a third-class one to try 'im out on." He moved over beside Joan.

Mel neither looked at him nor answered him.

"Maybe Bill Bunker an' me could make a third-class bird of him, with plenty trainin', but he ain't worth a dollar to you, Mel," Jim said.

Mel remained silent.

"Fifteen dollars, Mel," added the smooth guy; and he made a smooth pass at the bird in Joan's arms.

THE girl twisted aside, and Mel Brown stood silent and motionless.

"That's that!" exclaimed Captain Dawson, rising with difficulty to a normal position. "You two can pay up now and retrieve your farmyard champion and clear out. Sixty—my quarterly check entire!—was my bet, even money."

"Listen to Gran'dad, will ye!" jeered Mr. Bunker. "He must've bin consortin' with the bottle. Speak yer little piece an' don't mind us, Ol'-timer."

"D'ye mean that you are hedging your bet?" asked the old man in a quiet voice.

But Bunker's reply was lost, or perhaps never spoken; for at that moment, Jim Brown made another smooth snatch at the bird in Joan's arms, or maybe at Joan herself this time, and got his hands on her.

The girl cried out in angry distress; and at that, as if at a word of command, Melchizedek came to life and hurled himself into action. The smoothy, grabbed and twirled and flung, caught his heels in a rolled-up mat and smacked a wall with the back of his head.

Mel followed right up like a windmill gone adrift, and was snubbed and staggered by a scientific jab to the chin. But he plunged in for more—and got it. He crumpled at the knees and wilted to the floor.

Jim, still smiling, swung back his right foot for a scientific application of polished shoe leather to a painful spot. But that kick was never completed. Joan, still clutching the Spanish rooster under her left arm, crowned Jim with the stove-lid lifter and all her strength and hostile intention.

Mel sat up and said, "I guess the Spanish rooster kin fight all right."

Then he opened his eyes and looked around him. He saw Jim the finger-twister prone on the floor beside him. He saw Bill Bunker sitting meekly in a chair and heard him talking like a lamb to the captain, who held something in his right hand that looked like a little brown pistol. He saw Peter and Mrs. Warren and Granny sitting around. Then he saw Joan standing within a yard of him, with Don Pedro in her arms. She was looking at him.

"Sure, he can fight, and so can you!" she said.

Mel glanced at Jim, who was beginning to stir slightly. "Jim Brown nor nobody can lay a hand on you, Joany—not when I'm around," he muttered. He continued to gaze at the fallen tyrant, wondering why he had ever feared him. "Wot did I hit 'im with?" he asked.

"Nothing only your fists, Mel boy," she told him.

THE END

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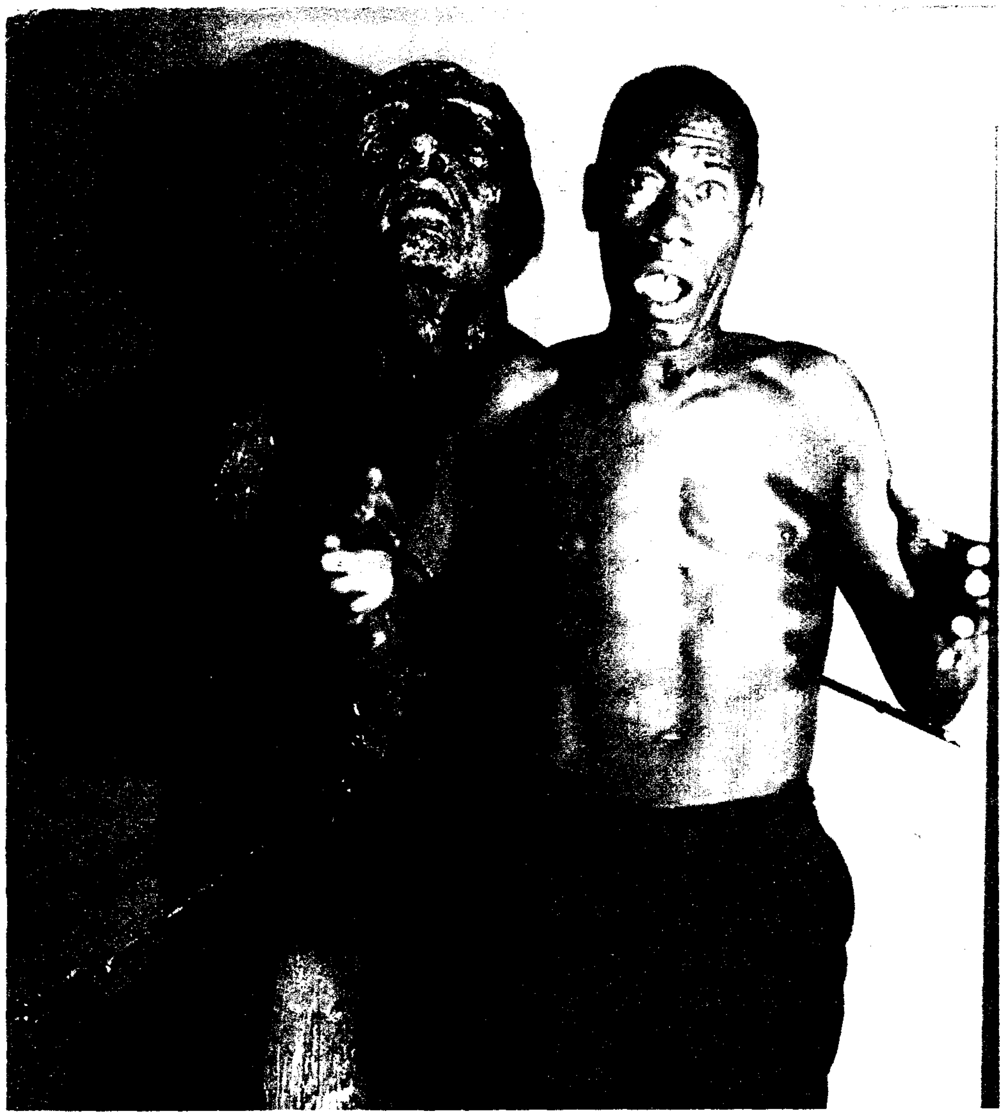


In I Walked with a Zombie, one of Director Lewton's grislier epics, Zombie Darby Jones narrowly misses being skewered along with his companion

Christine Gordon, one of the more elegant zombies—or walking dead—can't see, hear or feel anything, which makes Gino Maxeur's job a cinch

What happened when Hollywood discovered that people are willing to pay good money to scare themselves silly

THERE'S a new kind of horror picture nowadays—snappy little spook shows full of beautiful girls and sharp dialogue, good food and French lullabies. They hide under fireside-chat titles like Cat People, I Walked with a Zombie, Leopard Man, Seventh Victim, Ghost Ship, and Curse of the Cat People; they're emancipating the tired spook-show formula by chucking the monsters and going in for class; and while they cost a niggardly (for Hollywood) $80,000 to make they gross over a million apiece. We're packing the theaters to hair-raising capacity to see this new-type phenomenon that scares the living daylights out of us—quietly, gently, psychologically!

They show us pretty girls changing into man-killing cats, registered nurses who believe in zombies, and gorgeous lady executives joining screwball societies dedicated to satanic pursuits. At least we *think* they do—which is how these high-class horrors operate. They provide the overturned chair, the muffled footstep, the creaking door, the wild eye—then let our imaginations take over to do the real work.

The psychological terror boys sneer at test-tube bloodsuckers, scrambled innards and two-headed men. They use the old theory of mind over matter, remember that an ounce of imagination is worth a ton of bleeding, biting and scratching. The psychological horror show comes to life to make the rest of the industry admit that maybe there is something to this business of being subtle, after all.

The first of these brand-new scare pieces is about a beautiful lady dress designer who picks up a guy in the park, invites him to her apartment for tea, falls in love with him and marries him. Grisly? Not yet. It really gets grim on their wedding night when she tells hubby not to be mad if she doesn't let him kiss her. If he does, she's sure to turn into a cat and kill him.

Taking a Chance on Love

So he turns her over to a psychiatrist with an appreciative eye, who's willing to take a chance on being clawed to death. Comes the big love scene—then a strange little tinkle of music on dark film, a few discords—the psychiatrist is lying on the floor, good and dead for his trouble, and the lady, who is now a cat, is making for the leopard cage at the zoo to commune with her relatives. Gay?

The latest, Curse of the Cat People, carries on where the starter in this collection of creeps left off and promises to become another family affair, in chapters, like the Hardy business.

Under any other kind of treatment these scripts would only be funny. In their present form, however, they're actually masterpieces of suspense and horror, because we're only allowed to see half of what we think we're seeing.

Val Lewton is the man responsible—for horror pictures with no horror to speak of. He's a nice fat fellow with kind eyes, a gentle voice, and a profitable feeling that audiences in wartime are essentially dotty, anyway. He also says we all have war jitters, "but you come to my movies, have a fine time killing people for me, then go home, worn out, tired and relaxed."

It started in a small office at RKO last year when Charles Koerner, the boss, cast about for a hypo to liven up the studio's dying product. He remembered a title he'd kicked around for years—The Cat People—and presented it by memo to Val Lewton, a new producer on the lot.

"Naturally, I was appalled," Lewton admits.

He called in DeWitt Bodeen, a writer, and Jacques Tourneur, a director, and the three of them worked out the story of Irina Barovna, descended from the Mamelukes of Egypt, which, they chuckled, would mean cat blood in her veins. They cast Simone Simon as Irina, peopled the rest of the film with good-looking Americans who spoke snappy language, and found a hollow-cheeked sylph named Elizabeth Russell to be Simone's sister cat.

Provoking the Imagination

They continued by throwing in the three fundamental fears: darkness, sudden sound and wild animals. They pampered a tame leopard they'd hired from the Los Angeles zoo by spilling perfume on his raw meat to provoke growling at the proper time.

Stage 8 was the noisiest set on the lot, but ten weeks later Mr. Koerner had his Cat People, Mr. Lewton had a sizable hike in pay, and the RKO investors were running their fingers through the cash and murmuring "Gold!"

The second brain-gnashing resulted in I Walked with a Zombie, and another gold rush to the box office—not only in theaters specializing in "Triple Horror Show Tonight" but in neighborhood houses where the whole family gathers. So the Lewton unit has been booming since then, turning out more like it.

Lewton, himself, was born in Russia, lived there the first seven years of his life, then changed his address to West 10th Street, New York City. At seventeen he was writing poetry, at eighteen he sold his first short story, at 22 he was writing four novels a year and came out with a book on Russian Cossacks.

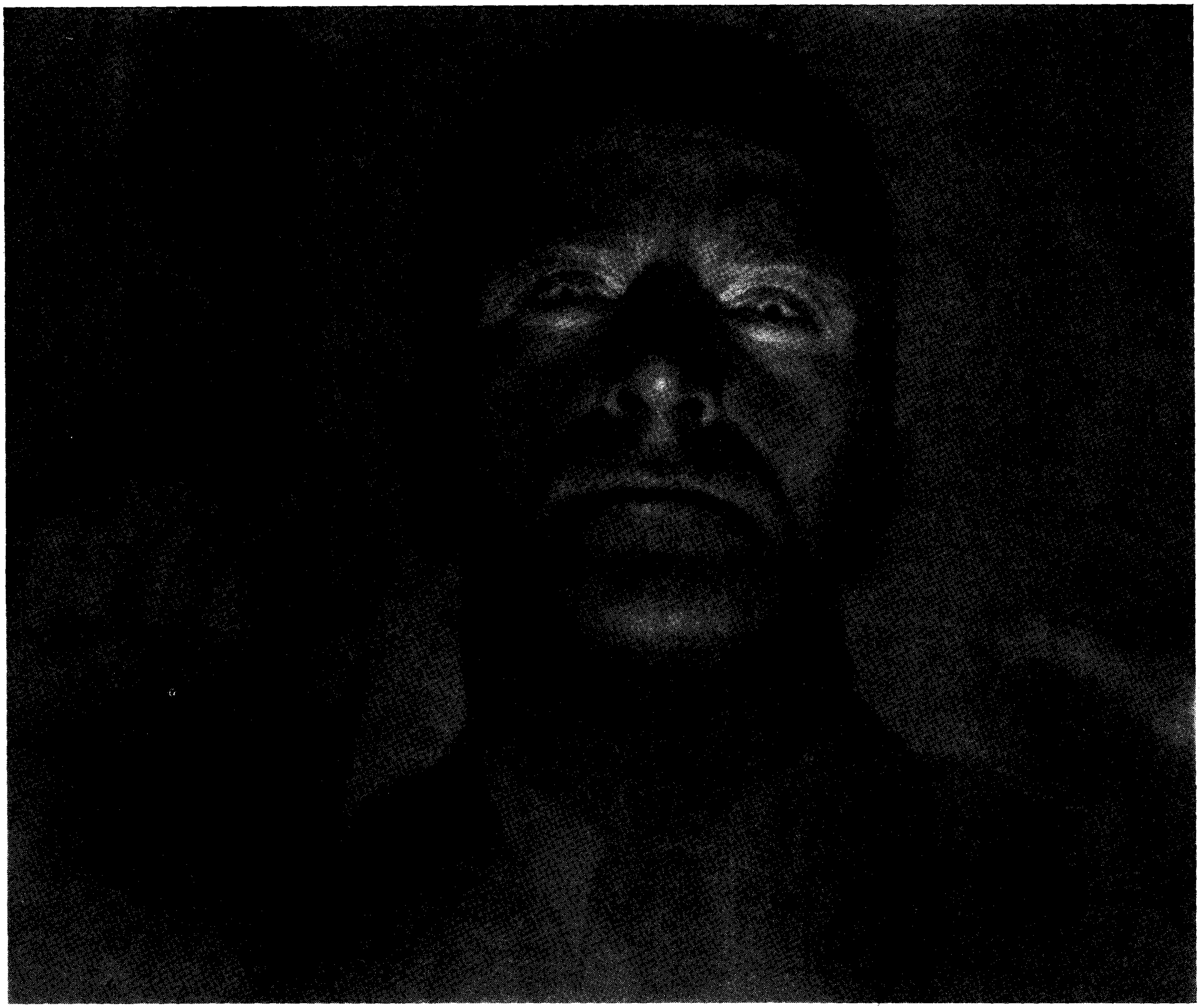
Then David Selznick, fingering Gogol's Taras Bulba with an eye to its filmability, sent out a call for writers who knew Russia. Up came Lewton, the least expensive of the two or three writers heard from, and forthwith drew a free ticket to Hollywood, with a one-day stopover in Chicago to see the World's Fair.

Selznick never made Taras Bulba, but Lewton stayed on in his keep for nine years—until RKO beckoned with a producer's berth.

Lewton lives in a house at the beach with a wife, two children, two donkeys, a dozen chickens, five dogs, eight or nine rabbits, a slew of canaries and other miscellaneous livestock. Recently the neighbors gave Lewton twenty-four hours to dispose of his animal kingdom.

"But I'll have to kill the chickens," he wept. "I can't do it, I can't do it!"

"I'll wring their ugly little necks myself," volunteered the lady who lived next door. And as she readied herself to invade the barnyard, she stood on tiptoe, pulled bogeyman Lewton's ear down to her size and came through with a bloodcurdling, "Boo!" ★★★



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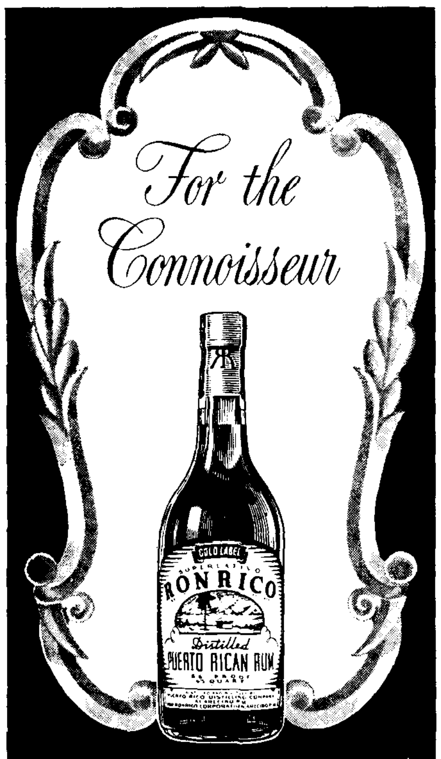

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What I Saw in Russia

Continued from page 11

The Russians—officials and representatives of the masses—are the first to point out that their standard of living is far below America's; that they lack many of those accessories to comfortable living which Americans long ago ceased to regard as luxuries—electric refrigerators, washing machines, coffee percolators, low and moderate-priced motorcars, and so on to great length. One gathers that the absence of these requisites of comfortable, modern living is largely responsible for Russia's former lack of warm hospitality toward citizens of better-equipped nations.

In the past, Russia's pride caused her to deny entrance visas to many would-be visitors. She felt that she would be judged, and misjudged, by the scarcity of material things. I am not overlooking the fact that her suspicion of the intentions of non-Socialist powers and her fear of espionage also made her stand aloof. But her want of the accessories to high-living standards as we know them, the fact that her five-year and ten-year plans for consumer goods did not achieve their ambitious goals, helped to make her self-conscious to the point of exclusiveness.

Russia is asking no favors. She will pay for the machinery and equipment she gets. I have spoken of this before and on at least one occasion I have been misunderstood or have failed to make myself clear.

In November, speaking on postwar trade with Russia, before the Congress of American-Soviet Friendship, I said, "At one point in my conversation with Mr. Stalin, he said to me: 'Any obligation undertaken by this government will be repaid in full and not by token payments.' "

This was erroneously interpreted as a declaration by Stalin that Russia proposed to pay for Lend-Lease equipment. I corrected that impression and take time and space here to say that Stalin was not referring to Lend-Lease exports, but to postwar trade.

Because of Russia's lack of transportation, and because for months the Russians never knew what plant the Nazi bombers were going to flatten next, they have many factories which are complete production units in themselves—from raw material to the finished product. Every operation necessary to the manufacture of gun, tank, airplane or whatever is made in the plants, is under a single roof, so to speak.

Integration of Manufacture

In a single Russian war plant I saw operations which in America are scattered through five hundred widely separated industrial units. Here we have the small manufacturer to think of. Our industrial system has been built on the subcontractor pattern. Russian industry, dominated by the state, was already concentrated in what, compared with our scheme of things, were a relatively few plants and centers.

Russia thinks industrially. All her plans for her future are founded on a self-sustaining manufacturing program which will make her independent. Her government is in the hands of men who have developed these plans. They tell you candidly that Russia's whole destiny is plotted along these lines. It is as though every agency of our own government were concentrating on the expansion of our own industry. But our industrial might was the achievement of individuals left to exercise their own will, fight their own battle without command from Washington. We call this free enterprise.

It was but natural that one should see in Russia today some plants and factories which are poorly constructed, laid out and lighted. With the enemy already on her land, Russia has had no time to choose, to devote precious days to architectural plans, to indulge in those refinements of construction which make for worker comfort and increased production. The Russian himself makes his small diffident apology for the conditions under which he frequently works, but he will add to that a request that the stranger consider how much better he will work, how much more he will produce when his surroundings and his equipment are comparable to those which the American worker enjoys.

I am convinced that the Russians can do more than merely follow in our industrial footsteps. The government and the governed are united as America does not dream of unity; and the Russian worker is inspired by much more than his will to defeat his enemy at war. The same drive will continue after the Nazi is defeated.

Russia has made good industrial workers out of old men, young women and boys of ten, eleven and twelve. These boys work four hours a day and are in school for four hours. Discipline is strong. One gathers that the boys, even the youngest, would prefer to devote all eight hours to supporting their brothers and fathers, who are fighting their fight in the battle lines.

"I'm okay, fellows. Let him at me!"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR

But in these youngsters lies Russia's future, in them Russia has invested her ambitions. While fighting for her very existence, Russia is building men for her future.

To these industrial workers, the war is more than real. It is grimly ever-present. Nowhere in the world is there such an intimate hookup between the army and the factory worker, and nowhere is there so little difference in spirit. On some wall of every factory and plant there is the inevitable war map. Every day the battle lines are redrawn for the worker to see and to contemplate. The munitions worker regards himself as being in the front line, hand in hand with the Russian soldier.

Periodically, chosen workers are taken across country for a day—a few days—to live with the soldiers who are actually fighting with gun and plane. Wounded fighting men, those who are able, spend hours in the plants walking up and down the assembly lines, telling their stories, while production continues uninterrupted.

Soldier and worker demand of each other what each is going to give to Russia. Each makes his promise—guns, victories. The soldier will praise the work of the man at the machine. Already, he says, "You are doing a fine American job; even now your plant is producing with true *American* fullness."

And the worker at the machine will reply with words of superlative compliment, "And you, Ivan, are fighting like a Russian soldier."

If there is any misunderstanding between the people of Russia and those of the United States, we have contributed our part to it. One cannot mingle with the Russians without realizing this. I am not a sentimentalist. I certainly am not a protagonist of the Russian political system. My experience as an American industrialist is adequate protection against being "captivated" by the studied charm of representatives of governments or interests seeking to put something over on me or those whom I represent. But I have seldom met with such sincerity, frankness and realism as I found in Russia.

Compliment from a Worker

One cannot see a Russian worker pat the machine he is working at and tell you with great satisfaction that "this machine is from America," without appreciating the compliment he is tendering. There were other machines along that line—Swiss, German, British. But this one was an *American* machine, and, from it, that worker expected to get superior work, with it, to outproduce his fellow workers. And he was sincere. Near that operator there was another, manning German-made equipment. A good machine, he said. But it gave him more satisfaction to think—and say—that here was a machine from Germany turning out guns which would kill its makers.

The workers themselves deal with absenteeism. The exhortations of management were not heard, not necessary. Foremen were concerned with production; they did not have to worry about the morale and spirit of their crews. In the interests of speed, much polish was omitted. Guns were sent forth from these factories almost roughcast on the outside. I mentioned this and a woman worker looked at me sharply, almost sternly. "Polish," she said, "doesn't kill Germans." And that's all they're interested in just now—killing Germans.

Even before the war, Russia suffered from a dearth of consumer goods, the result being an inferior standard of living for all Russians. From Joseph Stalin down through the list of officials to whom I talked, there was the common realization that a steady rise in living standards is of paramount importance in giving strength and permanence to the state that Russia has set up. So far as possible she wants to manufacture her own consumer goods.

The Russian has no desire to see his country become the arena of sales battles by rival agents of foreign manufacturers. With her will, her raw materials, the capital equipment that she hopes to buy from us, and her eagerness to be self-sufficient, she will supply her own consumer markets.

It is wholly Russian to want to do quickly what others have taken many years to achieve. They plan on a vast scale. They do not always give themselves enough time to accomplish the huge projects they conceive. They want to do everything with greater sweep than anybody else. They are a fascinating mixture of dreamer and realist.

Today, realism seems to be gaining, modifying headlong ambition, taking time into account. And yet, the Russian imagination, the enthusiasm for the spectacular, has not been sacrificed or dulled with doubt. Russia is a young country. Her ambitions are the ambitions of youth. Her enthusiasms are those of the young. Her admiration goes out to those who can do what she hopes to do. Her eagerness to

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impress Americans startles you. Those who can speak even a few words of English do so with disconcerting suddenness even when they are not quite sure of the precise meaning of what they're saying.

I was passing a huge sentry in the corridor leading to Stalin's office. He was stony in his immobility, his face as expressionless as an egg. With his eyes fixed, straight ahead, he blurted: "American, I loff you."

I replied—something to the effect of "Thanks, same to you," but his face gave no sign of comprehension. They were, I was told, the only English words he could speak or understand.

I went to Russia bent on learning. I discovered immediately after arriving that I was to be both pupil and counsel. Foremen, managing directors and even ordinary workers answered my questions quickly and fully but immediately countered with questions of their own.

The Fire of Youthfulness

Their hot desire to learn, the complete absence of self-satisfaction, the frank acknowledgment of their shortcomings set one afire with their enthusiasm. Everywhere this youthfulness I have spoken of was evident. Foremen were in their thirties, managing directors in their forties. For the most part, the fine precision work in all the plants was in the hands of young workers, with the older ones doing the heavy hauling.

All this combines into a directed energy which will not be denied These workers are at it eleven hours daily.

Day by day, it became clearer to me that they were not looking at me merely as the head of our War Production Board. That they were receiving a certain part of the weapons America produces was understood as well as appreciated. But once when I entered a theater to attend a famous Russian opera, I was startled by a great sign over the stage which read, "Hail to American war production." Then the orchestra struck up The Star-Spangled Banner, and everyone rose; and I realized that I was to them not an individual, not a representative of government, but a symbol of something they respect above all other things beyond their own borders—American production.

Perhaps with true Russian genius for dramatizing realities, they give American industrial power credit for even greater wonders than it has performed. The term—American production—was magical. They understood British, German and other production methods and dimensions, but the American brand was something else—decidedly something else.

Of the other things that go to make up life—the cultural, the emotional, the esthetic—they seemed sure and content. I am inclined to think that they were wholly satisfied that, in these things, they had nothing to learn from anyone, and I am in no position to debate the matter. But they were overwhelming in their eagerness to show me what great latent talent they had for industrial production.

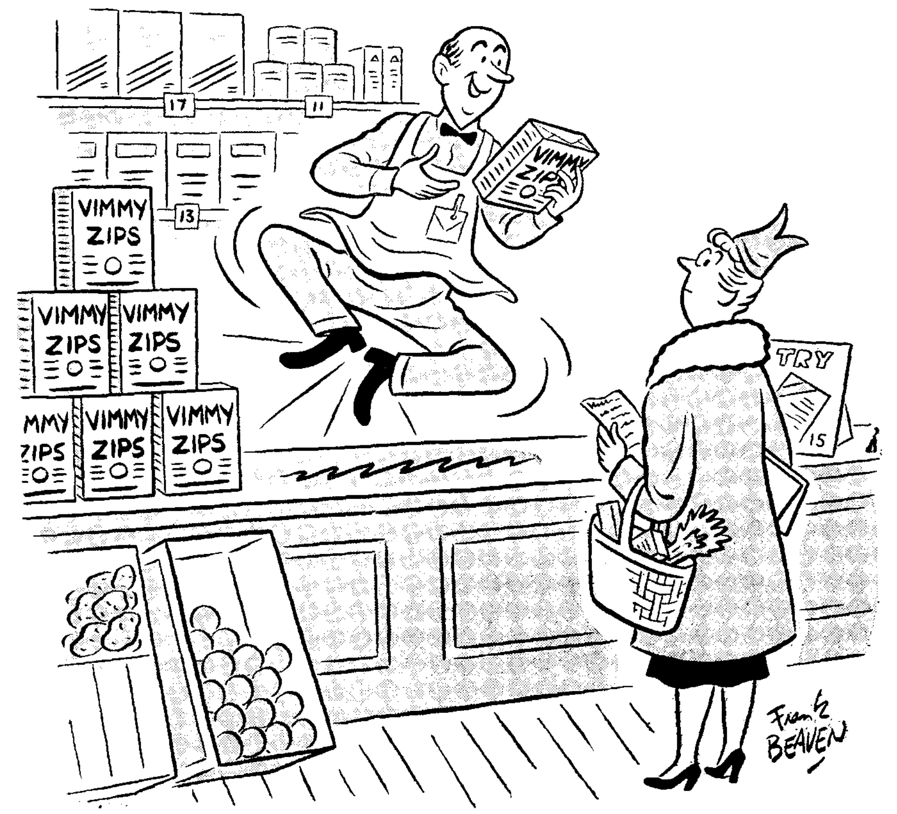
I had to stop to see the triumph of a youngster who had taken a ghost of a jaloppy—a wreck that even the most optimistic college boy here in America would condemn as hopeless—and who had tinkered and patched it back to life. It was a dismal sight. But it ran, and he was bubbling as though he had created a miracle—as indeed he had.

I paused to see a slim young woman take a slab of steel with both hands and haul it off a rack. I caught my breath as she gave a mighty lug and it slid toward her. Somehow she got her power under it, swung the heavy metal against her shoulder. One of its rough edges gashed her face. The blood poured down, but she staggered along with her burden, whipping off one glove to smear away the blood with her bare hand. Not a moment lost. Not a whimper. Not a gasp from the other workers.

In factories where as many as 2,000 workers were engaged, from seventy to eighty per cent were women. By American standards, the conditions under which they labored were unthinkable, but they knew all that. They understood that it was unavoidable. Tomorrow, they told me, when Nazism is dead, they will remedy all that.

By sending such people, on fair terms, the machinery with which to develop, by giving them gladly and unstintingly of our knowledge and experience, we shall achieve friendship and co-operation that diplomacy alone cannot hope to realize. Let no one deceive you. Russia has consecrated herself to her industrial ambitions. Presently she will realize them—without our help if necessary, but preferably with our help.

THE END



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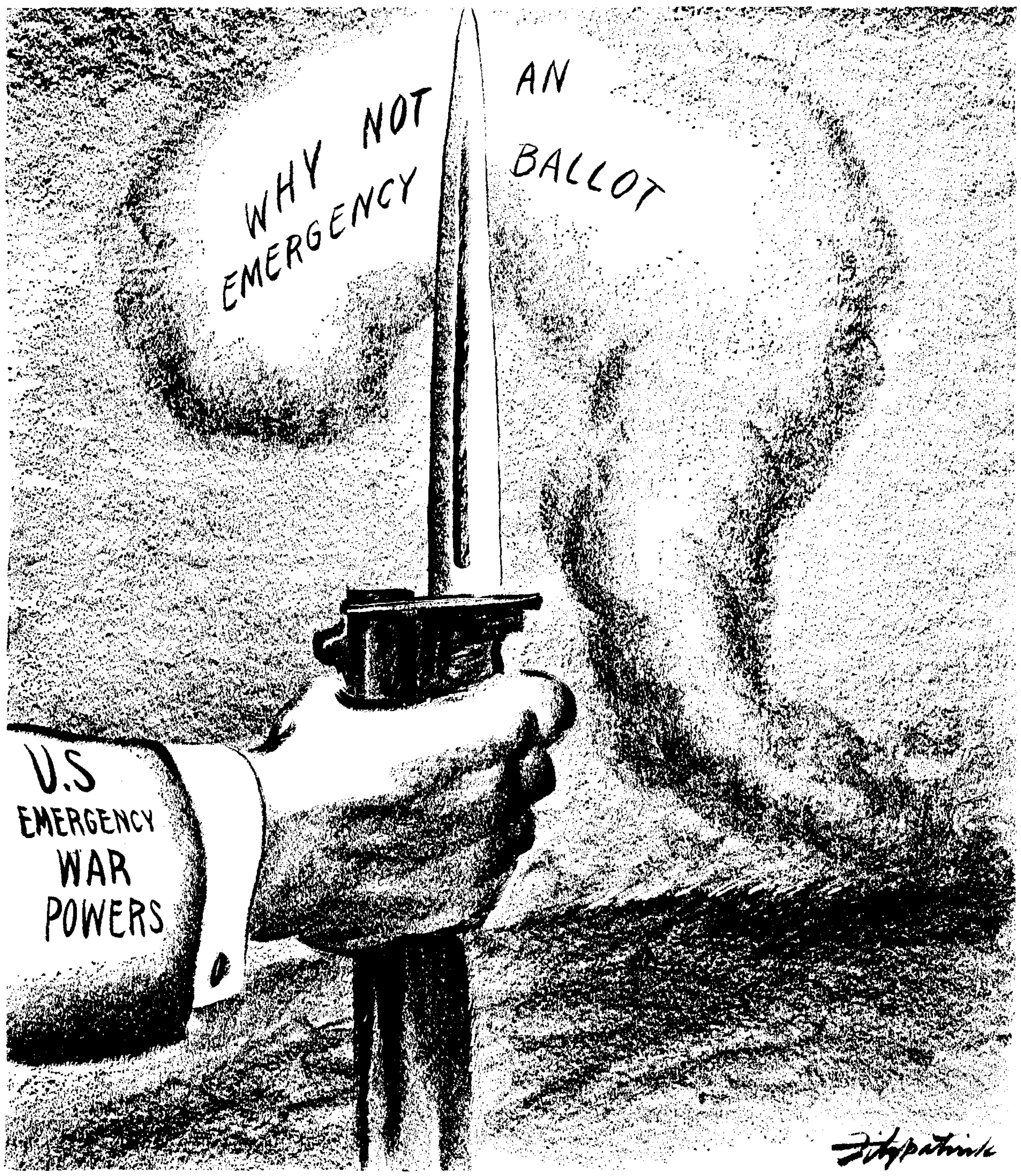


BALLOTS OF THE ARMED FORCES

THERE is much debate about how to enable the Armed Forces to vote in the 1944 Presidential election. The prime consideration, it seems to us, is that it should somehow be arranged that all our warriors who want to vote should be allowed to do so, by secret ballot, and that their votes should count as if they were cast at home.

It will not be an easy job. The Senate defeated the Green-Lucas bill to empower the federal government to handle the taking and counting of the votes from among the 10,000,000-plus fighters we expect to have under arms in November of this year. Then the Senate passed a bill handing the job to the forty-eight states.

We think the backers of this measure were and are entirely sincere. The federal government is, as they claim, encroaching more and more on rightful state preserves, and the trend is an unhealthy one. Anybody who stands up and fights for states' rights in a proper case is performing a patriotic duty.

But there is a catch in the Senate proposal to have the several states handle the Armed Forces' ballots. Each state has its own ballot qualifications and restrictions. These were adopted in peacetime, mainly, and without contemplation of the possibility that some day we would have voters strung around the world from Guadalcanal to the Aleutians and from Dakar to Northern Ireland. Hence, time limits and other restrictions in many states will have to be loosened if the Armed Forces' votes in those states are to be validated.

This is something which only each state legislature can do; and the Senate measure calls on the legislatures to do it. But only eight state legislatures are scheduled to hold regular sessions this winter. Special sessions cost money and take time. Because politicians of both parties are in the dark as to how the warriors will vote, far from the guiding influence of their hometown political leaders, not many such special sessions seem likely to be held.

So it looks as if either the federal government will handle the job, or precious few fighting men and women will vote in the 1944 elections.

It is a hard case, and hard cases, as the lawyers truthfully say, make bad law. But it looks as if there is nothing for it but to enact some legislation turning the job over to the federal government. This legislation, however, should be unmistakably earmarked as emergency wartime legislation only. It should expire absolutely when the war ends, and no shred of power should be left over to the federal government to have any peacetime participation in the states' handling of election mechanics.

Uncle Sam as Lady Bountiful

IN OUR estimation, Senator R. Owen Brewster's (Rep., Me.) recent Collier's article Don't Blame the British—Blame Us! was as salutary an utterance as has appeared in print in any Allied country in many months.

You doubtless remember this report by one of the five globe-girdling senators—all about how our oil is being poured out lavishly for the war, while the British and the Russians cagily husband their oil reserves; how we have, to this writing, sewed up no postwar rights in the airfields we have built around the world at an estimated cost of 500 millions; how a good deal of padding of "reverse Lend-Lease" figures goes on here and there. It added up to a picture of our national substance being thrown gaily and gladly to the four winds.

The salutary feature of the article, we thought, was Senator Brewster's insistence that we should not blame the British or any of our other allies for all this, that we should blame only ourselves.

We have sent out happiness boys all over the Allied and neutral world, to promise our allies and hoped-for allies almost everything under the sun, with discussions of *quid pro quo* largely ruled out as bordering on the indecent. It gives you a warm feeling of magnanimity at no cost to yourself to be openhanded with other people's money, and our happiness boys evidently have reveled in that pleasure up to their chins.

No wonder our allies and hoped-for allies have taken all this largess with alacrity, and have failed to insist that we get anything in return. Nobody discourages Lady Bountiful from giving her substance away; nobody tells her she is doing it in a foolish manner. People simply take what she hands out, snickering behind her back the while, until she is broke. Then they walk off and leave her busily engaged in finding gratitude in the dictionary.

Out of our Lady Bountiful policy, if we keep it up, we are sure to get ingratitude and general dislike after the eruption of gifts is over—not to mention a serious depletion of a lot of our basic resources, especially petroleum. That's what we're asking for.

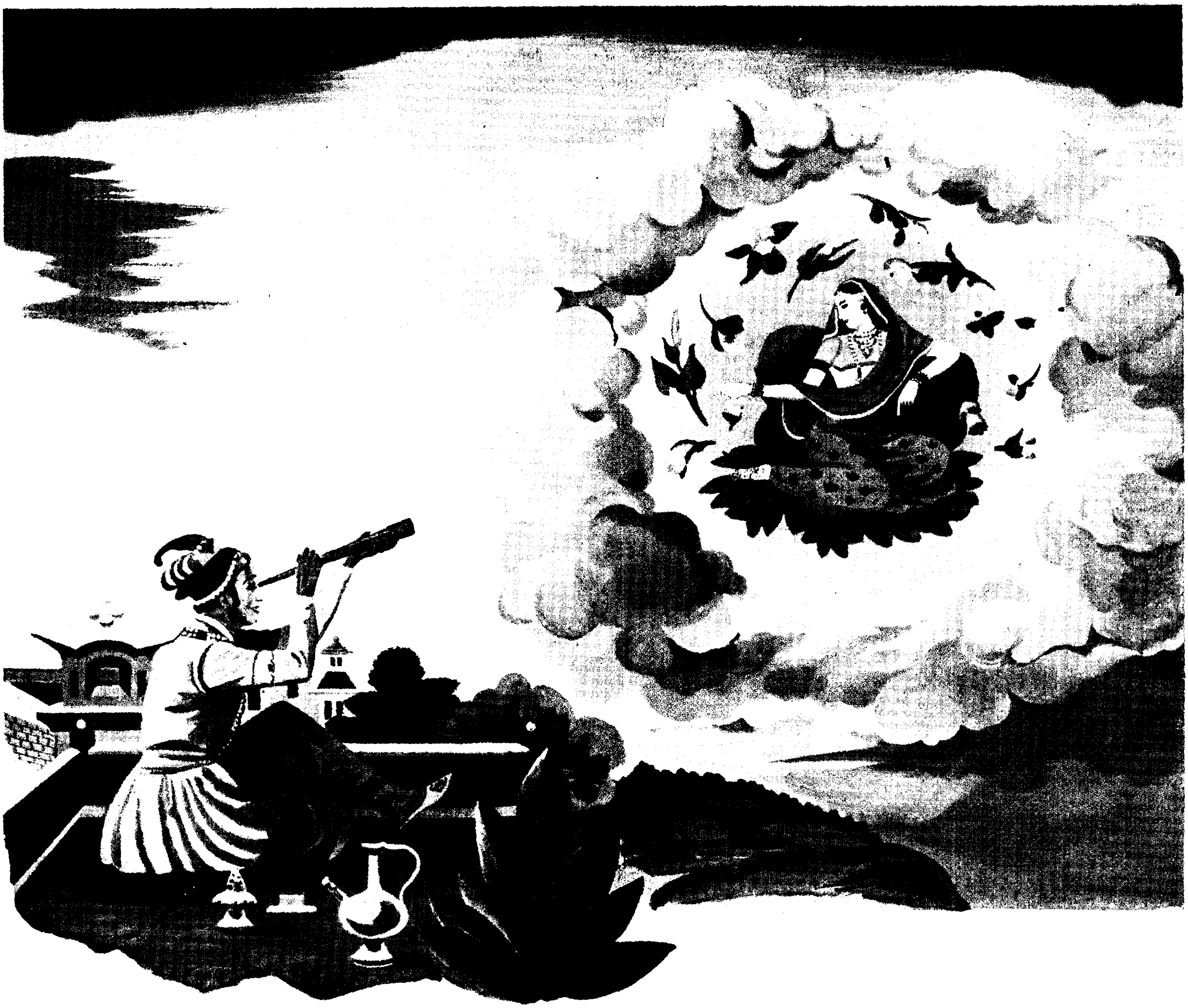
It is time to supplant this policy with some common sense and realism, instead of merely denouncing Brewster and his four fellow senatorial world travelers as anti-British heavers of monkey wrenches into the Allied war effort. No responsible person denies that we've got to help our allies throughout the war in every way we can. The objection is to our present irresponsible, prodigal and essentially stupid way of furnishing this help. If we don't reform in that respect, we shall reap a very sour and melancholy harvest of our folly.

Invest in Victory

WE CAN think of no new arguments for the widest possible buying of War Bonds by private citizens during the Fourth War Loan drive which began January 18th; goal, $14,000,000,000. The same old hard-grained facts hold true: that it's the patriotic thing to do to buy and hold bonds; that the more of them private citizens buy and hold, the better chance we'll have to avoid a runaway inflation; that by buying and holding them now, you lay up purchasing power for the expected flood of consumer goods after the war.

There is now, however, an incentive to buy which was lacking in the first two War Bond drives and only partially present in the third. Buying War Bonds in the fourth drive, you can have the exhilarating conviction that, barring totally unforeseen twists of fate, you are investing in a complete and overwhelming Allied victory. Our Armed Forces are really rolling now, all over the world. Great events impend.

The three previous loans were heavily oversubscribed. Let's do likewise with this one, and make the Axis leaders sicker than ever.



Prince Ali's magic tube comes true!

An unknown Persian centuries ago first dreamed the dream of television. In a favorite *Arabian Nights* tale, he told of a magic tube in which the lovesick Prince of India could see his beloved, or any other scene he wished, however far away.

Science took 500 years to learn this magic. In a small Farnsworth laboratory, hardly 17 years ago, were demonstrated the electronic television tubes that transform a picture into space riding electric waves, then catch those waves and turn them back into the picture.

One day, you will have a *television set* in your own home. Just as you turn on your radio today, you'll flip a switch and *see* as well as hear – through walls and across miles – sports and entertainment programs, news and history being made!

For television is a fact, delayed temporarily by war's demands. Today, men and women in the plants and laboratories of Farnsworth, pioneer of electronic television, work full time on modern military weapons. Using skills learned in making the superb Capehart, they now turn out a steady flow of fine electronic devices – the vital nerves of attack and defense.

Spurred by the race for Victory, we are learning still more of sight and sound reproduction. When the war ends, Farnsworth Phonograph-Radios will gain finer reception and tone. Then will come Farnsworth television for many commercial applications, and *studio and station equipment*. And finally, a Farnsworth television receiver, designed by Farnsworth electronic television engineers, for your home – your window opening on the world!

But Victory must come first . . . buy the War Bonds that will help win it!

Farnsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, *Indiana*. *Farnsworth* Radio and Television Transmitters and Receivers; Aircraft Radio Equipment; Farnsworth Dissector Tube; the Capehart, the Capehart-Panamuse; the Farnsworth Phonograph-Radio.

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